

# EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY  
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IN FOUR VOLUMES

IV

ION    HIPPOLYTUS    MEDEA  
ALCESTIS



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# ION



## ARGUMENT

*IN the days when Erechtheus ruled over Athens, Apollo wrought violence to the king's young daughter Creusa. And she, having borne a son, left him, by reason of her fear and shame, in the cave wherein the God had humbled her. But Apollo cared for him, and caused the babe to be brought to Delphi, even to his temple. Therein was the child nurtured, and ministered in the courts of the God's house. And in process of time Erechtheus died, and left no son nor daughter save Creusa, and evil days came upon Athens, that she was hard bestead in war. Then Xuthus, a chief of the Achæan folk, fought for her and prevailed against her Euboean enemies, and for guerdon of victory received the princess Creusa to wife, and so became king-consort in Athens. But to these twain was no child born ; so, after many years, they journeyed to Delphi to inquire of the oracle of Apollo touching issue. And there the God ordered all things so that the lost was found, and an heir was given to the royal house of Athens. Yet, through the blind haste of mortals, and their little faith, was the son well-nigh slain by the mother, and the mother by the son.*

## ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΕΡΜΗΣ

ΙΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΙΔΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΗΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ΠΥΘΙΑ *ήτοι* ΠΡΟΦΗΤΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HERMES, *the messenger of the Gods.*

ION, *son of Apollo and Creusa.*

CREUSA, *Queen of Athens, Daughter of Erechtheus, and wife of Xuthus*

XUTHUS, *an Achaean chief, king-consort of Athens*

OLD SERVANT (*of Erechtheus formerly, then of Creusa*)

SERVANT (*of Xuthus*)

PYTHIA, *the Prophetess of the temple.*

ATHENA, *Patron-goddess of Athens.*

CHORUS, *consisting of Handmaids attendant on Creusa*

*Attendants, priests, guards, and Delphian citizens*

SCENE. At Delphi, in the fore-court of the temple of Pythian Apollo, who is called also Phoebus, and Loxias  
The great altar of sacrifice stands in the centre.

## ΙΩΝ

### ΕΡΜΗΣ

Ατλας, ὁ χαλκίοισι νώτοις οὐρανὸν  
θεῶν παλαιὸν οἶκον ἐκτρίβων, θεῶν  
μῖας ἔφυσε Μαΐαν, ἣ 'μ' ἐγένετο  
Ἑρμῆν μεγίστῳ Ζηνί, δαιμόνων λάτριν.  
ἦκω δὲ Δελφῶν τήνδε γῆν, ἔν' ὀμφαλὸν  
μέσον καθίζων Φοῖβος ὑμνωδεῖ βροτοῖς  
τά τ' ὄντα καὶ μέλλοντα θεσπίζων αἰεί.  
ἔστιν γὰρ οὐκ ἄσημος Ἑλλήνων πόλις,  
τῆς χρυσιλόγχου Παλλάδος κεκλημένη,  
οὗ παῖδ' Ἑρεχθέως Φοῖβος ἔζευξεν γάμοις  
βία Κρέουσας, ἔνθα προσβόρρους πέτρας  
Παλλάδος ὑπ' ὄχθῳ τῆς Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς  
Μακρὰς καλοῦσι γῆς ἄνακτες Ἀτθίδος.  
ἄγνως δὲ πατρί, τῷ θεῷ γὰρ ἦν φίλον,  
γαστρὸς διήνεγκ' ὄγκον· ὥς δ' ἦλθεν χρόνος,  
τεκοῦσ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδ' ἀπήνεγκεν βρέφος  
εἰς ταῦτόν ἄντρον οὐπερ ἠνύασθη θεῷ  
Κρέουσα, κακτίθησιν ὥς θανούμενον  
κοίλῃς ἐν ἀντίπηγος εὐτρόχῳ κύκλῳ,  
προγόνων νόμον σφάζουσα τοῦ τε γῆγενούς  
Ἑριχθονίου· κείνῳ γὰρ ἡ Διὸς κόρη  
φρουρῶ παραζεύξασα φύλακε σώματος  
δισσὼ δράκοντε, παρθένους Ἀγλαυρίσι



# ION

*Enter HERMES*

HERMES

ATLAS, whose brazen shoulders wear the base  
Of heaven, the ancient home of Gods, begat  
Of a certain Goddess<sup>1</sup> Maia, which bare me,  
Hermes, heaven's messenger, to Zeus most high  
Now to this Delphian land I come, where Phoebus  
Hath at earth's navel his prophetic seat,  
Revealing things that are and things to be.

There is a famous city of the Greeks,  
Named Burg of Pallas of the Golden Spear.  
There Phoebus forced Erechtheus' child Creusa, 10  
Where the north-facing rocks, beneath the Mount  
Of Pallas in the Athenian land, are called  
The Long Cliffs by the lords of Attica.  
Naught knew her sire—for this was Phoebus'  
will—

The burden 'neath her heart, but in due time  
She travailed in his halls, and brought the babe  
Unto the selfsame cave wherein the God  
Had humbled her, and left it there to die  
In the fair-rounded hollow of an ark,  
Still keeping the tradition of her race 20  
And earth-born Erichthonius, by whom  
Zeus' Daughter set for warders of his life  
Two serpents, ere to the Agraulid maids

<sup>1</sup> Pleione, daughter of Ocean.

## ΙΩΝ

δίδωσι σφάζειν· ὅθεν Ἐρεχθείδαις ἔτι  
 νόμος τις ἔστιν ὄφεσιν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις  
 τρέφειν τέκν'. ἀλλ' ἦν εἶχε παρθένος χλιδὴν  
 τέκνῳ προσάψας· ἔλιπεν ὡς θανουμένῳ.  
 καὶ μ' ὦν ἀδελφὸς Φοῖβος αἰτεῖται τάδε·  
 ὦ σύγγον', ἐλθὼν λαὸν εἰς αὐτόχθονα  
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, οἴσθα γὰρ θεᾶς πόλιν,  
 λαβὼν βρέφος νεογνὸν ἐκ κοίλης πέτρας  
 αὐτῷ σὺν ἄγγει σπαργάνοισι θ' οἷς ἔχει  
 ἔνεγκε Δελφῶν τὰμὰ πρὸς χρηστήρια  
 καὶ θεὸς πρὸς αὐταῖς εἰσόδοις δόμων ἐμῶν.  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ', ἐμὸς γάρ ἐστιν, ὡς εἰδῆς, ὁ παῖς,  
 ἡμῖν μελήσει. Λοξία δ' ἐγὼ χάριν  
 πράσσων ἀδελφῷ πλεκτὸν ἐξάρας κύτος  
 ἦνευκα καὶ τὸν παῖδα κρηπίδων ἐπι  
 τίθημι ναοῦ τοῦδ', ἀναπτύξας κύτος  
 εἰλικτὸν ἀντίπηγος, ὡς ὀρῶθ' ὁ παῖς.  
 κυρεῖ δ' ἅμ' ἱππεύοντος ἡλίου κύκλῳ  
 προφήτης εἰσβαίνουσα μαντεῖον θεοῦ·  
 ὄψιν δὲ προσβαλοῦσα παιδὶ νηπίῳ  
 ἐθαύμασ' εἴ τις Δελφίδων τλαίῃ κόρη  
 λαθραῖον ὠδῖν' εἰς θεοῦ ῥίψαι δόμον,  
 ὑπὲρ δὲ θυμέλας διορίσαι πρόθυμος ἦν·  
 οἴκτῳ δ' ἀφῆκεν ὠμότητα, καὶ θεὸς  
 συνεργὸς ἦν τῷ παιδὶ μὴ ἔκπεσεῖν δόμων.  
 τρέφει δὲ νιν λαβοῦσα· τὸν σπείραντα δὲ  
 οὐκ οἶδε Φοῖβον οὐδὲ μητέρ' ἧς ἔφν,  
 ὁ παῖς τε τοὺς τεκόντας οὐκ ἐπίσταται.  
 νέος μὲν οὖν ὦν ἀμφὶ βωμίους τροφὰς  
 ἡλᾷτ' ἀθύρων· ὡς δ' ἀπηνδρώθη δέμας,  
 Δελφοὶ σφ' ἔθεντο χρυσοφύλακα τοῦ θεοῦ  
 ταμίαν τε πάντων πιστόν, ἐν δ' ἀνακτόροις

## ION

She gave the babe to nurse. For this cause there  
 The Erechtheids use to hang about their babes  
 Serpents of gold. Yea, broidery from her robe  
 She tied to her babe, and left him, as for death  
 Then did my brother Phoebus ask me this :  
 "Go, brother, to the earth-born folk of Athens  
 The glorious,—for thou know'st Athena's burg,— 30  
 And from the rock-cleft take a babe new-born,  
 With cradle and with swaddling-bands withal,  
 And bear to Delphi, to mine oracle,  
 And set him at my temple's entering-in  
 All else be mine: for this—that thou mayst  
 know,—  
 Is my son " For a grace to Loxias  
 My brother, took I up the woven ark,  
 And bare, and on the basement of this fane  
 I set him, opening first the cradle's lid  
 With-woven, that the boy might so be seen. 40  
 And, as the sun drove forth his chariot, passed  
 A priestess into the prophetic shrine,  
 Who, casting eyes upon the wordless babe,  
 Marvelled that any Delphian maid should dare  
 Into the God's house fling her child of shame,  
 And o'er the holy pale in zeal had thrust,  
 But pity banished cruelty: yea, the God  
 Wrought that the boy be not cast forth his fane  
 So took she him and nursed, nor knew the sire  
 Was Phoebus, nor the reckling's mother knew, 50  
 Nor knows the boy who brought him into life.  
 So did the youngling round the altars sport  
 That fed him. When to manhood waxed his  
 frame,  
 The Delphians made him treasurer of the God,  
 And trusted steward of all; and in the fane

# ΙΩΝ

- θεοῦ καταζῆ δεῦρ' αἰὲ σεμνὸν βίον.  
 Κρέονσα δ' ἡ τεκοῦσα τὸν νεανίαν  
 Ξούθῳ γαμεῖται, συμφορᾶς τοιαῶσδ' ὕπο.  
 ἦν ταῖς Ἀθήναις τοῖς τε Χαλκωδοντίδαις,  
 60 οἱ γῆν ἔχουσ' Εὐβοῖδα, πολέμιος κλύδων·  
 ὃν συμπονήσας καὶ ξυνεξελὼν δορὶ  
 γάμων Κρεοῦσης ἀξίωμ' ἐδέξατο,  
 οὐκ ἐγγενὴς ὢν, Αἰόλου δὲ τοῦ Διὸς  
 γεγὼς Ἀχαιός· χρόνια δὲ σπείρας λέχη  
 ἄτεκνός ἐστι, καὶ Κρέουσ' ὢν εἵνεκα  
 ἦκουσι πρὸς μαντεῖ' Ἀπόλλωνος τάδε,  
 ἔρωτι παίδων. Λοξίας δὲ τὴν τύχην  
 εἰς τοῦτ' ἐλαύνει, κοῦ λέληθεν, ὥς δοκεῖ.  
 δώσει γὰρ εἰσελθόντι μαντεῖον τόδε  
 70 Ξούθῳ τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα, καὶ πεφυκέναι  
 κείνου σφε φήσει, μητρὸς ὥς ἐλθὼν δόμους  
 γνωσθῇ Κρεοῦση, καὶ γάμοι τε Λοξίου  
 κρυπτοὶ γένωνται παῖς τ' ἔχη τὰ πρόσφορα.  
 Ἴωνα δ' αὐτόν, κτίστορ' Ἀσιάδος χθονός,  
 ὄνομα κεκληῆσθαι θήσεται καθ' Ἑλλάδα.  
 ἀλλ' εἰς δαφνώδη γύαλα βήσομαι τάδε,  
 τὸ κρανθὲν ὥς ἂν ἐκμάθω παιδὸς πέρι.  
 ὁρῶ γὰρ ἐκβαίνοντα Λοξίου γόνον  
 τόνδ', ὥς πρὸ ναοῦ λαμπρὰ θῆ πυλώματα  
 80 δάφνης κλάδοισιν. ὄνομα δ' οὐ μέλλει τυχεῖν,  
 Ἴων' ἐγὼ σφε πρῶτος ὀνομάζω θεῶν.

# ΙΩΝ

ἄρματα μὲν τάδε λαμπρὰ τεθρίππων  
 ἥλιος ἤδη λάμπει κατὰ γῆν,  
 ἄστρο δὲ φεύγει πῦρ τὸδ' ἀπ' αἰθέρος

## ION

He liveth to this day a hallowed life  
 But she, Creusa, that had borne the lad,  
 Was wed to Xuthus, by such hap as this :—  
 A surge of war 'twixt Athens rose and them  
 That in Euboea hold Chalcidice ; 60  
 Then on their side he fought, and smote their foes,  
 And for his guerdon won Creusa's hand—  
 An alien, yet Achæan born, and son  
 Of Aeolus son of Zeus But, after years  
 Of wedlock, childless are they, for which cause  
 To this shrine of Apollo have they come,  
 Yearning for seed. Now Loxias guides their fate  
 Hereto, nor hath forgotten, as might seem.  
 He shall give Xuthus, when he entereth,  
 His own child, saying to him, " Lo, thy son," 70  
 That the lad, coming home, made known may be  
 Unto Creusa, Loxias' deed abide  
 Unknown, and so the child may have his right.  
 And Ion shall he cause him to be called  
 Through Greece, the founder of an Asian realm.  
 Now to yon hollow bay-embowered I go  
 To watch how destiny dealeth with the lad  
 For yonder see I Loxias' child come forth  
 To make the temple-portals bright with boughs  
 Of bay. And by the name that he shall bear, 80  
 Ion, do I first name him of the Gods. [Exit.

*Enter ION, followed by a throng of Delphian worshippers.*

ION

Lo, yonder the Sun-god is turning to earthward his  
 splendour-blazing  
 Chariot of light ;  
 And the stars from the firmament flee from the fiery  
 arrows chasing,

# ΙΩΝ

εἰς νύχθ' ἱεράν,  
 Παρνησιάδες δ' ἄβατοι κορυφαὶ  
 καταλαμπόμεναι τὴν ἡμερίαν  
 ἀψῖδα βροτοῖσι δέχονται.  
 90 σμύρνης δ' ἀνύδρου καπνὸς εἰς ὀρόφους  
 Φοίβου πέτεται.  
 θάσσει δὲ γυνὴ τρίποδα ζάθεον  
 Δελφίς, αἰείδουσ' Ἑλλησι βοάς,  
 ἃς ἂν Ἀπόλλων κελαδήσῃ.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ Φοίβου Δελφοὶ θέραπες,  
 τὰς Κασταλίας ἀργυροειδεῖς  
 βαίνετε δίνας, καθαραῖς δὲ δρόσοις  
 φαιδρυνάμενοι στείχετε ναοὺς·  
 στόμα τ' εὖφημον φρουρεῖτ' ἀγαθόν,  
 100 φήμας τ' ἀγαθὰς  
 τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν μαντεύεσθαι  
 γλώσσης ἰδίας ἀποφαίνειν.  
 ἡμεῖς δὲ, πόνους οὓς ἐκ παιδὸς  
 μοχθοῦμεν αἰεὶ, πτόρθοισι δάφνης  
 στέφεσιν θ' ἱεροῖς ἐσόδους Φοίβου  
 καθαρὰς θήσομεν, ὑγραῖς τε πέδον  
 ῥανίσιν νοτερόν, πτηνῶν τ' ἀγέλας,  
 αἱ βλάπτουσιν σέμν' ἀναθήματα,  
 τόξοισιν ἐμοῖς φυγάδας θήσομεν·  
 110 ὥς γὰρ ἀμήτωρ ἀπάτωρ τε γεγῶς  
 τοὺς θρέψαντας  
 Φοίβου ναοὺς θεραπεύω.

ἄγ' ὦ νεηθαλὲς ὦ  
 καλλίστας προπόλευμα δάφνας,  
 ἃ τὰν Φοίβου θυμέλαν  
 σαίρεις, ὑπὸ ναοῖς

στρ.

## ION

To the sacred night :

And the crests of Parnassus untrodden are flaming  
and flushed, as with yearning [daylight returning  
Of welcome to far-flashing wheels with the glory of  
To mortal sight

To the roof-ridge of Phoebus the fume of the incense  
of Araby burning

As a bird taketh flight. [Maiden 90

On 'the tripod most holy is seated the Delphian  
Chanting to children of Hellas the wild cries, laden

With doom, from the lips of Apollo that ring  
Delphians, Phoebus's priesthood-train,

Unto Castaly's silvery-swirling spring  
Pass ye, and cleanse with the pure spray-rain  
Your bodies, or ever ye enter his fane.  
Set a watch on the door of your lips ; be there heard  
Nothing but good in the secret word

That ye murmur to them whose hearts be stirred 100

To seek to his shrine, that they seek not in vain  
And I in the toil that is mine—mine now, [bough,  
And from childhood up,—with the bay's young  
And with wreathed garlands holy, will cleanse

The portals of Phoebus ; with dew from the spring  
Will I sprinkle his pavement, and chase far thence

With the shaft from the string

The flocks of the birds : the defilers shall flee

From his offerings holy. Nor mother is mine

Neither father · his temple hath nurtured me, 110

And I serve his shrine.

Come, branch in thy freshness yet blowing, (*Str.*)

God's minister, loveliest bay,

Over the altar-steps glide :

In the gardens immortal, beside

# ΙΩΝ

κήπων ἐξ ἀθανάτων,  
 ἵνα δρόσοι τέγγουσ' ἱεραί,  
 †τὰν ἀέναον παγὰν  
 ἐκπροιεῖσαι  
 120 μυρσίνας, ἱερὰν φόβαν  
 ᾧ σαίρω δάπεδον θεοῦ  
 παναμέριος ἅμ' ἁλίου  
 πτέρυγι θοᾷ  
 λατρεύων τὸ κατ' ἡμαρ.  
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,  
 εὐαίων εὐαίων  
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

καλόν γε τὸν πόνον, ὦ  
 130 Φοῖβε, σοὶ πρὸ δόμων λατρεύω  
 τιμῶν μαντεῖον ἔδραν  
 κλεινὸς δ' ὁ πόνος μοι  
 θεοῖσιν δούλαν χέρ' ἔχειν,  
 οὐ θνατοῖς ἀλλ' ἀθανάτοις·  
 εὐφάμους δὲ πόνους μοχθεῖν  
 οὐκ ἀποκάμνω.  
 Φοῖβός μοι γενέτωρ πατήρ·  
 τὸν βόσκοντα γὰρ εὐλογῶ,\*  
 τὸ δ' ὠφέλιμον ἐμοὶ πατέρος  
 ὄνομα λέγω,  
 140 Φοῖβου τοῦ κατὰ ναόν.  
 ὦ Παιὰν ὦ Παιάν,  
 εὐαίων εὐαίων  
 εἴης, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ.

ἀλλ' ἐκπαύσω γὰρ μόχθους  
 δάφνας ὀλκοῖς,



## ION

His temple, hath burgeoned thy pride,  
 Where the sacred waters are flowing  
 Through a veil of the myrtle spray,  
 A fountain that leapeth aye  
 O'er thy tresses divine to pour 120  
 I wave thee o'er Phoebus' floor  
 As the sun's wing soars sudden-glowing  
 Such service is mine each day.  
 O Healer, O Healer-king,  
 Let blessing on blessing upring  
 Unto Leto's Son as I sing !

'Tis my glory, the service I render (*Ant.*)  
 In thy portals, O Phoebus, to thee '  
 I honour thy prophet-shrine. 130  
 Proud labour is mine—it is thine !  
 I am thrall to the Gods divine :  
 Not to men, but Immortals, I tender  
 My bondage ; 'tis glorious and free :  
 Never faintness shall fall upon me.  
 For my father thee, Phoebus, I praise,  
 Who hast nurtured me all my days :  
 My begetter, mine help, my defender  
 This temple's Phoebus shall be.  
 O Healer, O Healer-king, 140  
 Let blessing on blessing upring  
 Unto Leto's Son as I sing !

But—for now from the toil I refrain  
 Of the bay-boughs softly trailing,—

χρυσέων δ' ἐκ τευχέων ῥίψω  
 γαίας παγάν,  
 ἂν ἀποχεύονται  
 Κασταλίας δῖναι,  
 νοτερὸν ὕδωρ βάλλων,  
 150 ὅσιος ἀπ' εὐνάς ὦν.  
 εἴθ' οὕτως αἰεὶ Φοίβῳ  
 λατρεύων μὴ παυσαίμαν,  
 ἢ παυσαίμαν ἀγαθᾷ μοίρᾳ.

ἔα ἔα·  
 φοιτῶσ' ἤδη λείπουσιν τε  
 πτανοὶ Παρνασοῦ κοίτας·  
 αὐδῶ μὴ χρίμπτειν θριγκοῖς  
 μηδ' εἰς χρυσήρεις οἴκους.  
 μάρψω σ' αὖ τόξοις, ὦ Ζηνὸς  
 κῆρυξ, ὀρνίθων γαμφηλαῖς  
 160 ἰσχὺν νικῶν.

ὅδε πρὸς θυμέλας ἄλλος ἐρέσσει  
 κύκνος· οὐκ ἄλλα  
 φοινικοφαῇ πόδα κινήσεις ;  
 οὐδέεν σ' ἅ φόρμιγξ ἅ Φοίβου  
 σύμμολπος τόξων ῥύσαιτ' ἄν·  
 πάραγε πτέρυγας,  
 λίμνας ἐπίβα τᾶς Δηλιάδος·  
 αἰμάξεις, εἰ μὴ πείσει,  
 τὰς καλλιφθόγγους ῥῥῥᾶς.

170 ἔα ἔα·  
 τίς ὃδ' ὀρνίθων καινὸς προσέβα ;  
 μῶν ὑπὸ θριγκοὺς εὐναίας  
 καρφηρὰς θήσων τέκνοις ;

## ION

From the pitchers of gold shall I rain  
 The drops from the breast unfailing  
 Of the earth that spring  
 Where the foambell-ring  
 Round Castaly's fount goeth sailing.  
 It rains, it rains from my fingers fast,  
 From the hands of the undefiled wide-cast. 150  
 O that to Phoebus for ever so  
 I might render service, nor respite know,  
 Except unto happier lot I go !

*Flights of birds are seen approaching.*

Ho there, ho there !  
 Even now are they flocking, the fowl of the air,  
 On Parnassus forsaking each crag-hung lair  
 Touch not, I warn ye, the temple's coping,  
 Nor the roofs with the glistening gold slant-sloping.  
 Ha, my bow shall o'ertake thee again from afar,  
 Zeus' herald, whose talons victorious war  
 On the birds that strongest are. 160

Lo, yonder the pinion-oars come rowing  
 Of another, a swan, to the altar :—away !  
 Speed hence thy feet in the dawn rose-glowing ;  
 Else Phoebus's lyre, that accordeth its lay  
 To thy notes, from death shall redeem not thee  
 Waft onward thy wings of snow .  
 Light down on the Delian mere oversea,  
 Lest the blood-rush choke, if thou do not so,  
 Thy sweet throat's melody.

Ha, what new fowl cometh hitherward winging ? 170  
 Under our coping fain would he build  
 A nest for his young from the stubble-field ?

# ΙΩΝ

ψαλμοί σ' εἴρξουσιν τόξων.  
οὐ πείσει ; χωρῶν δίνας  
τὰς Ἀλφειοῦ παιδούργει  
ἢ νάπος Ἰσθμιον,  
ὥς ἀναθήματα μὴ βλάβπηται  
ναοί θ' οἱ Φοίβου.

180 κτείνειν δ' ὑμᾶς αἰδοῦμαι  
τοὺς θεῶν ἀγγέλλοντας φάμας  
θνατοῖς· οἷς δ' ἔγκειμαι μόχθοις,  
Φοίβῳ δουλεύσω, κοῦ λήξω  
τοὺς βόσκοντας θεραπεύων.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκ ἐν ταῖς ζαθέαις Ἀθά-  
ναις εὐκίονες ἦσαν αὐ-  
λαὶ θεῶν μόνον, οὐδ' ἀγνι-  
άτιδες θεραπείαι·  
ἀλλὰ καὶ παρὰ Λοξία  
τῷ Λατοῦς διδύμων προσώ-  
πων καλλιβλέφαρον φῶς.

στρ.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

190 ἰδοὺ τάνδ', ἄθρησον,  
Λερναῖον ὕδραν ἐναίρει  
χρυσέαις ἄρπαις ὁ Διὸς παῖς·  
φίλα, πρόσσιδ' ὅσσοις.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἄθρῳ. καὶ πέλας ἄλλος αὐ-  
τοῦ παντὸν πυρίφλεκτον αἶ-  
ρει τις· ἄρ' ὃς ἐμαῖσι μυ-  
θεύεται παρὰ πῆναις

ἀντ.

## ION

It shall hold thee aloof, my bow's fierce singing !  
 Wilt thou heed not ? Away, let thy nurslings hide  
 Where the swirls of Alpheius coil and slide,  
 Or mid Isthmian glens and groves,  
 That the offerings undefiled may abide,  
 And the temples that Phoebus loves.

Loth were I to slaughter such as ye,  
 Which bear unto mortals the augury 180  
 Of the Gods : but a burden is laid upon me :  
 I am Phœbus' thrall, and I will not refrain  
 My service to them that my life sustain.

*Enter CHORUS of Creusa's Handmaids They move to  
 right and left, admiring the sculptures on the walls  
 of the temple. Members of Chorus chant in  
 turn .—*

### CHORUS 1

Not in Athens alone then, the city divine, (Str)  
 Stand courts of the Gods, with line on line  
 Of stately columns ; nor service is thine  
 There only, O Highway-king.  
 Lo here, how in Loxias' holy place  
 The son of Latona hath splendour and grace  
 Of a twofold-gleaming temple-face.

### CHORUS 2

Ah, look thou, behold this thing— 190  
 How with golden scimitar Zeus' Son here  
 Slayeth the hydra of Lerna's mere :  
 Dear, one glance hitherward fling !

### CHORUS 1

I see it :—and lo, where another anigh (Ant)  
 Is uplifting a flame-wrapped torch on high !  
 Who is it—who ? On my broidery  
 Is the hero's story told ?

# ΙΩΝ

200

ἀσπιστὰς Ἰόλαος, ὃς  
κοινοὺς αἰρόμενος πόνους  
Δίῳ παιδὶ συναντλεῖ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'  
καὶ μὰν τόνδ' ἄθρησον  
πτεροῦντος ἔφεδρον ἵππου·  
τὰν πῦρ πνέουσαν ἐναίρει  
τρισώματον ἀλκάν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'  
παντὰ τοι βλέφαρον διώ-  
κω. σκέψαι κλόνον ἐν τείχε-  
σι λαίνοισι Γηγάντων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'  
ὦδε δερκόμεθ', ὦ φίλαι,†

210

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'  
λεύσσεις οὖν ἐπ' Ἐγκελάδῳ  
γοργωπὸν πάλλουσιν ἵππῳ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'  
λεύσσω Παλλάδ', ἐμὰν θεόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'  
τί γάρ, κεραυνὸν  
ἀμφίπυρον ὄβριμον ἐν Διὸς  
ἐκηβόλοισι χερσίν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ η'  
ὄρῳ, τὸν δάιον  
Μίμαντα πυρὶ καταιθαλοῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'  
καὶ Βρόμιος ἄλλον ἀπολέμοισι  
κισσίνοισι βάκτροις  
ἐναίρει Γᾶς τέκνων ὁ Βακχεύς.

## ION

Is it not Iolaus, the warrior there,  
Who had part in the dread emprise, and a share  
In the burdens that Zeus's scion bare ? 200

### CHORUS 3

Lo, lo, this other behold  
Who rideth a winged horse, dealing death  
To a dragon that vomiteth fiery breath,  
A monster of shape threefold.

### CHORUS 1

O yea, mine eyes turn swiftly on all . . . .  
But O, see there on the marble wall  
The battle-rout of the giant horde !

### CHORUS 4

Yea, friends, we be gazing thitherward.

### CHORUS 5

Dost mark who there on the stricken field  
O'er Enceladus waveth her Gorgon-shield ? 210

### CHORUS 6

Pallas, my Goddess !—I see her stand !

### CHORUS 7

Lo, lo, where the bolt flame-flashing  
Gleameth in Zeus' far-hurling hand  
In resistless rush down-crashing

### CHORUS 8

I see —upon Mimas his foe is the brand  
With its blasting wildfire dashing.

### CHORUS 9

And the earth-born there—no battle-wand  
Is the ivy-encircled thyrsus-rod  
That slays him, of Bromius, Reveller-god.

# ΙΩΝ

220

ΧΟΡΟΣ ι'

σέ τοι τὸν παρὰ ναὸν αὐ-  
δῶ· θέμις γυάλων ὑπερ-  
βῆναι λευκῇ ποδὶ βηλόν ; <sup>1</sup>

ΙΩΝ

οὐ θέμις, ὦ ξέναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

οὐδ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν ἂν πυθοίμαν αὐδάν ;

ΙΩΝ

τίνα τήνδε θέλεις ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ ια'

ἄρ' ὄντως μέσον ὀμφαλὸν  
γᾶς Φοίβου κατέχει δόμος ;

ΙΩΝ

στέμμασί γ' ἐνδυτόν, ἀμφὶ δὲ γοργόνες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιβ'

οὕτω καὶ φάτις αὐδᾷ.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ μὲν ἐθύσατε πέλανον πρὸ δόμων  
καί τι πυθέσθαι χρήζετε Φοίβου,  
πάριτ' εἰς θυμέλας, ἐπὶ δ' ἀσφάκτοις  
μήλοισι δόμων μὴ πάριτ' εἰς μυχόν,

230

ΧΟΡΟΣ ιγ'

ἔχω μαθοῦσα·  
θεοῦ δὲ νόμον οὐ παραβαίνομεν·  
ἃ δ' ἐκτός, ὄμμα τέρψει.

ΙΩΝ

πάντα θεᾶσθ', ὅ τι καὶ θέμις, ὄμμασι.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann : for ποδὶ γ' of MSS.



## ION

CHORUS 10 (*addressing* ION)

Sir,—thou by the fane,—I would speak unto thee :

Prithee say, if with bare feet lawful it is 220  
That the threshold we pass of the sanctuary.

ION

Nay, strangers, forfended is this.

CHORUS 11

Yet haply a thing I would learn wouldst thou show ?

ION

What is this that thou cravest to know ?

CHORUS 11

Is it so, that the walls of Phoebus rise  
Even there, where Earth's mid-navel lies ?

ION

Yea : and with wreaths is it hung, and watched by  
the Gorgon-eyes

CHORUS 12

Ay, rumour hath published it so

ION

If a cake ye have cast on the forecourt's altar-fire,  
And if there be aught that of Phoebus ye fain would  
inquire,

Draw nigh to the altar-steps : into the inner fane  
Pass none, but with bloodshed of sheep for the  
sacrifice slain.

CHORUS 13

All this understand I aright :

We would trespass on naught by the God's law 230  
hidden :

Enough is without for our feast of sight.

ION

Let your eyes gaze on upon all unforbidden.

# ΙΩΝ

## ΧΟΡΟΣ ιδ'

μεθειῖσαν δεσπόται  
με θεοῦ γύαλα τάδ' εἰσιδεῖν.

## ΙΩΝ

δμωαὶ δὲ τίνων κλήζεσθε δόμων ;

## ΧΟΡΟΣ ιε'

Παλλάδος ἔνοικα τρόφιμα μέλαθρα  
τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων·  
παρούσας δ' ἀμφὶ τὰσδ' ἐρωτᾶς.

## ΙΩΝ

γενναιότης σοι, καὶ τρόπων τεκμήριον  
τὸ σχῆμ' ἔχεις τόδ', ἥτις εἰ ποτ', ὦ γύναι.  
γνοίῃ δ' ἂν ὡς τὰ πολλά γ' ἀνθρώπου πέρι  
τὸ σχῆμ' ἰδὼν τις εἰ πέφυκεν εὐγενής.  
ἔα·

240

ἀλλ' ἐξέπληξάς μ', ὄμμα συγκλήσασα σὸν  
δακρύοις θ' ὑγράνας· εὐγενῇ παρηίδα,  
ὡς εἶδες ἀγνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.  
τί ποτε μερίμνης εἰς τόδ' ἦλθες, ὦ γύναι ;  
οὐ πάντες ἄλλοι γύαλα λεύσσοντες θεοῦ  
χαίρουσιν, ἐνταῦθ' ὄμμα σὸν δακρυρροεῖ ;

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ ξένε, τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐκ ἀπαιδεύτως ἔχει  
εἰς θαύματ' ἐλθεῖν δακρύων ἐμῶν πέρι·  
ἐγὼ δ' ἰδοῦσα τούσδ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμους  
μνήμην παλαιὰν ἀνεμετρησάμην τινά·  
οἴκοι δὲ τὸν νοῦν ἔσχον ἐνθάδ' οὐσά περ.  
ὦ τλήμονες γυναῖκες· ὦ τολμήματα  
θεῶν. τί δῆτα ; ποῖ δίκην ἀνοίσομεν,  
εἰ τῶν κρατούντων ἀδικίαις ὀλούμεθα ;

250

## ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμ' ἀνερμήνευτα δυσθυμεῖ, γύναι ;

## ION

CHORUS 14

Our lady had given us leave,—“Upon all  
These shrines,” hath she said, “may ye gaze.”

ION

And the servants ye name you of what lord’s hall?

CHORUS 15

In Pallas’s dwelling-place  
Is the mansion of princes that nurtured me;—  
But of whom thou inquest, lo, here is she.

*Enter CREUSA.*

ION

High birth is thine, and carriage consonant  
Thereto, O lady, whosoe’er thou be  
Yea, in a man oft-times may one discern,  
Marking his bearing, strain of gentle blood. 240  
Ha, thou dost move me strangely!—down-dropt  
eyes,

And noble cheeks all wet with rain of tears,  
At sight of Loxias’ pure oracle ‘  
How cam’st thou, lady, ’neath such load of care ?  
Where all beside, beholding the God’s shrines,  
Rejoice, a fountain is thine eye of tears

CREUSA

Stranger, I count it not discourtesy  
That thou shouldst marvel touching these my tears.  
But, looking on Apollo’s dwelling-place,  
I traversed o’er an ancient memory’s track 250  
Afar my thoughts were, and my body here  
Ah, wrongs of women!—wrongful-reckless deeds  
Of Gods ‘ For justice where shall we make suit,  
If ’tis our Lords’ injustice crushes us ?

ION

Lady, for what veiled grief art thou cast down ?

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· μεθήκα τόξα· τὰπὶ τῷδε δὲ  
ἐγὼ τε σιγῶ καὶ σὺ μὴ φρόντιζ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

τίς δ' εἶ ; πόθεν γῆς ἦλθες ; ἐκ ποίου πατρὸς  
πέφυκας ; ὄνομα τί σε καλεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεών ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

260 Κρέουσα μὲν μοι τοῦνομ', ἐκ δ' Ἐρεχθέως  
πέφυκα, πατρὶς γῇ δ' Ἀθηναίων πόλις.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ κλεινὸν οἰκοῦσ' ἄστυ γενναίων τ' ἄπο  
τραφεῖσα πατέρων, ὥς σε θαυμάζω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοσαῦτα κεῖντυχοῦμεν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ πέρα.

ΙΩΝ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὥς μεμύθευται βροτοῖς,

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρήμ' ἐρωτᾷς, ὦ ξέν' ; ἐκμαθεῖν θέλω.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκ γῆς πατρός σου πρόγονος ἔβλασται πατήρ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθονίος γε· τὸ δὲ γένος μ' οὐκ ὠφελεῖ.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ καὶ σφ' Ἀθάνα γῆθεν ἐξανείλετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

270 εἰς παρθένους γε χεῖρας, οὐ τεκοῦσά νιν.

ΙΩΝ

δίδωσι δ', ὥσπερ ἐν γραφῇ νομίζεται ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Κέκροπός γε σφάζειν παισὶν οὐκ ὀρώμενον.

ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσα λῦσαι παρθένους τεύχος θεᾶς.

## ION

CREUSA

Naught : I have sped my shaft : as touching this,  
Nothing I say, nor thou conjecture aught.

ION

Who art thou ? What thy country ? Of what sire  
Wert born ? What name is meet we name thee by ?

CREUSA

Creusa I, of King Erechtheus born :  
The Athenians' city is my fatherland.

260

ION

O dweller in a glorious burg, and sprung  
Of noble sires !—blest I account thee, lady

CREUSA

Thus far, nor farther, stranger, goes my weal.

ION

Ah, is it true, the legend told to men—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou, stranger, ask ? I fain would learn.

ION

That from the earth thy father's grandsire sprang ?

CREUSA

Yea, Erichthonius :—me his birth avails not.

ION

And did Athena take him forth the earth ?

CREUSA

Yea, in her maiden arms · no mother she.

270

ION

And gave it, as the pictured legend tells—

CREUSA

To Cecrops' daughters to be nursed unseen.

ION

The maids unsealed, I heard, Athena's ark.

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοιγὰρ θανούσαι σκόπελον ἤμαξαν πέτρας.

ΙΩΝ

εἶεν·

τί δαὶ τόδ' ; ἄρ' ἀληθὲς ἡ μάτην λόγος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί χρῆμ' ἐρωτᾷς ; καὶ γὰρ οὐ κάμνω σχολῇ.

ΙΩΝ

πατὴρ Ἐρεχθεὺς σὰς ἔθυσσε συγγόνους ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτλη πρὸ γαίης σφάγια παρθένους κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐξεσώθης πῶς κασιγνήτων μόνῃ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

280 βρέφος νεογνὸν μητρὸς ἦν ἐν ἀγκάλαις.

ΙΩΝ

πατέρα δ' ἀληθῶς χάσμα σὸν κρύπτει χθονός ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πληγαὶ τριαίνης ποντίου σφ' ἀπώλεσαν.

ΙΩΝ

Μακραὶ δὲ χώρος ἐστ' ἐκεῖ κεκλημένος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' ἱστορεῖς τόδ' ; ὥς μ' ἀνέμνησάς τινας.

ΙΩΝ

τιμᾶ σφε Πύθιος ἀστραπαὶ τε Πύθιαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τιμᾶ—τί τιμᾶ ;<sup>1</sup> μήποτ' ὄφελόν σφ' ἰδεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δέ ; στυγεῖς σὺ τοῦ θεοῦ τὰ φίλτατα ;

<sup>1</sup> Hermann : for MSS. τιμᾶ τιμᾶ.

## ION

CREUSA

Then hurled themselves down blood-sprent cliffs to  
death

ION

Ah, so !  
And this—true is it, or an idle tale ?—

CREUSA

What wouldst thou ask ? My leisure serveth me

ION

Thy sisters did thy sire Erechtheus slay ?

CREUSA

He endured to sacrifice them for his land

ION

How wast thou only of thy sisters saved ?

CREUSA

A babe new-born in mother's arms was I

280

ION

And did earth yawning verily hide thy sire ?

CREUSA

The Sea-god's trident smote him and destroyed.

ION

The Long Cliffs—is a place so named therein ?

CREUSA

Why dost ask this ?—thou wak'st a memory.

ION

Phoebus with Pythian lightnings honours them.

CREUSA

Honours them, quotha ! O to have seen them never !

ION

What ?—hatest thou the God's haunt well-beloved ?

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν· ξύνοιδ' ἄντροισιν αἰσχύνην τινά.

ΙΩΝ

πόσις δὲ τίς σ' ἔγημ' Ἀθηναίων, γύναι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

290

οὐκ ἄστος, ἀλλ' ἐπακτὸς ἐξ ἄλλης χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εὐγενῇ νιν δεῖ πεφυκέναι τινά.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ξοῦθος, πεφυκὼς Αἰόλου Διὸς τ' ἄπο.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ πῶς ξένος σ' ὦν ἔσχεν οὔσαν ἐγγενῇ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Εὐβοί' Ἀθήναις ἔστι τις γείτων πόλις·

ΙΩΝ

ὄροις ὑγροῖσιν, ὥς λέγουσ', ὠρισμένα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτην ἔπερσε Κεκροπίδαις κοινῷ δορί.

ΙΩΝ

ἐπίκουρος ἐλθών ; κᾶτα σὸν γαμεῖ λέχος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φερνάς γε πολέμου καὶ δορὸς λαβὼν γέρας.

ΙΩΝ

σὺν ἀνδρὶ δ' ἥκεις ἥ μόνη χρηστήρια ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

300

σὺν ἀνδρί. σηκοῖς δ' ἐνστρέφει Τροφωνίου.

ΙΩΝ

πότερα θεατῆς ἥ χάριν μαντευμάτων ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κείνου τε Φοίβου θ' ἐν θέλων μαθεῖν ἔπος.

ΙΩΝ

καρποῦ δ' ὕπερ γῆς ἥκετ', ἥ παίδων πέρι ;



## ION

CREUSA

Naught.—I and that cave know a deed of shame

ION

And what Athenian, lady, is thy lord ?

CREUSA

No citizen. An outland alien.

290

ION

Who ?—sooth, of princely birth must he have been.

CREUSA

Xuthus, the seed of Aeolus and Zeus.

ION

How might an alien win thee, native-born ?

CREUSA

A neighbour state, Euboea, Athens hath ;—

ION

Sundered by watery marches, as they tell.

CREUSA

This smote he, spear-ally of Cecrops' sons.

ION

Their war-aid ?—and thereafter won thine hand ?

CREUSA

His dower of battle, guerdon of his spear.

ION

With thy lord com'st thou hither, or alone ?

CREUSA

With him. He lingereth at Trophonius' cave.

300

ION

To gaze thereon, or for an oracle ?

CREUSA

One thing of him and Phoebus would he learn.

ION

For increase of the land, or sons, come ye ?

## ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδές ἐσμεν, χρόνι' ἔχοντ' εὐνήματα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδ' ἔτεκες οὐδὲν πώποτ', ἀλλ' ἄτεκνος εἶ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὁ Φοῖβος οἶδε τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπαιδίαν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ τλῆμον, ὥς τ' ἄλλ' εὐτυχοῦς' οὐκ εὐτυχεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ; ὥς σου τὴν τεκοῦσαν ὠλβισα.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦ θεοῦ καλοῦμαι δούλος εἰμί τ', ὦ γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

310 ἀνάθημα πόλεως, ἥ τινος πραθεῖς ὑπο ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν' Λοξίου κεκλήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς σ' ἄρ' αὐθις, ὦ ξέν', ἀντοικτείρομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὥς μὴ εἰδόθ' ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν ἐξ ὅτου τ' ἔφυν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναοῖσι δ' οἰκεῖς τοισίδ' ἡ κατὰ στέγας ;

ΙΩΝ

ἅπαν θεοῦ μοι δῶμ', ἵν' ἂν λάβῃ μ' ὕπνος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς δ' ὢν ἀφίκου ναὸν ἡ νεανίας ;

ΙΩΝ

βρέφος λέγουσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εἰδέναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τίς γάλακτί σ' ἐξέθρεψε Δελφίδων ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐπώποτ' ἔγνω μαστόν· ἡ δ' ἔθρεφέ με—

ION

CREUSA

Childless we are, who have been wedded long.

ION

Never hast thou borne issue, barren all ?

CREUSA

Phoebus doth know what childlessness is mine.

ION

Blest in all else, sad heart, unblest in this !

CREUSA

And who art thou ? Blessed the womb that bare thee !

ION

Lady, the God's thrall I am called, and am.

CREUSA

Some city's offering ?—or in slave-mart sold ?

310

ION

I know but this—I am called Loxias' thrall.

CREUSA

I then in turn, O stranger, pity thee.

ION

As one that never sire nor mother knew

CREUSA

Dwellest thou in this temple, or a house ?

ION

The God's wide halls be mine when I would sleep

CREUSA

A child, or stripling, cam'st thou to the fane ?

ION

A babe was I, say they who best should know.

CREUSA

And who of Delphi's daughters gave thee suck ?

ION

Never I knew the breast. Mine only nurse—

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

320 τίς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ'; ὥς νοσοῦς' ἡῦρον νόσους.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβου προφήτης, μητέρ' ὥς νομίζομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς δ' ἄνδρ' ἀφίκου τίνα τροφήν κεκτημένος ;

ΙΩΝ

βωμοί μ' ἔφερβον οὐπιών τ' αἰεὶ ξένος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τάλαινά σ' ἡ τεκοῦσα· τίς ποτ' ἦν ἄρα ;

ΙΩΝ

ἀδίκημά του γυναικὸς ἐγενόμην ἴσως.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔχεις δὲ βίοντον ; εὖ γὰρ ἤσκησαι πέπλοις.

ΙΩΝ

τοῖς τοῦ θεοῦ κοσμούμεθ', ᾧ δουλεύομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδ' ἦξας εἰς ἔρευναν ἐξευρεῖν γονάς ;

ΙΩΝ

ἔχω γὰρ οὐδέν, ᾧ γύναι, τεκμήριον.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

φεῦ·

330 πέπονθέ τις σῇ μητρὶ ταῦτ' ἄλλη γυνή.

ΙΩΝ

τίς ; εἰ πόνου μοι ξυλλάβοι, χαίρομεν ἄν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦς εἵνεκ' ἦλθον δεῦρο πρὶν πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποιόν τι χρήζουσ' ; ὥς ὑπουργήσω, γύναι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάντευμα κρυπτὸν δεομένη Φοίβου μαθεῖν.

# ION

CREUSA

Who, child of sorrow ? I find my wound in thine ! 320

ION

Was Phoebus' priestess . her I count my mother

CREUSA

How nurtured hast thou come to man's estate ?

ION

The altars fed me : each chance stranger gave.

CREUSA

Woe is thy mother ! Ah, and who was she ?

ION

I am record haply of a woman's wrong

CREUSA

And hast thou wealth ?—for rich is thine attire.

ION

Of Him is mine adorning, whom I serve

CREUSA

But on thy birth's track hast thou never pressed ?

ION

Ah, lady, clue hereunto have I none

CREUSA

(*Sighs*) There's one was even as thy mother  
wronged. 330

ION

Who ?—would she share my burden, glad were I.

CREUSA

For her sake came I, while delays my lord

ION

And what thy quest ? Lady, mine help is thine.

CREUSA

Craving a secret oracle of Phoebus.

# ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· ἡμεῖς τᾶλλα προξενήσομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε δὴ τὸν μῦθον· ἄλλ' αἰδούμεθα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐ τᾶρα πράξεις οὐδέν· ἀργὸς ἡ θεός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Φοίβῳ μιγῆναί φησί τις φίλων ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

Φοίβῳ γυνὴ γεγῶσα· μὴ λέγ', ὦ ξένη.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

340 καὶ παῖδά γ' ἔτεκε τῷ θεῷ λάθρα πατρός.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἔστιν· ἀνδρὸς ἀδικίαν αἰσχύνεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησιν αὐτή· καὶ πέπονθεν ἄθλια.

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δράσας, εἰ θεῷ συνεζύγη;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν παῖδ' ὃν ἔτεκεν ἐξέθηκε δωμάτων.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δ' ἐκτεθεὶς παῖς ποῦ ἔστιν; εἰσορᾷ φάος;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδεν οὐδέεις. ταῦτα καὶ μαντεύομαι.

ΙΩΝ

εἰ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι, τίνι τρόπῳ διεφθάρη;

•

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θῆρας σφε τὸν δύστηνον ἐλπίζει κτανεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

ποιῶ τόδ' ἔγνω χρωμένῃ τεκμηρίῳ;

ION

ION

Speak it : myself will undertake for thee.

CREUSA

Hear then the story :—but ashamed am I.

ION

Shame shall not help thy strait,—a deedless Goddess

CREUSA

She saith—my friend—that Phoebus humbled her

ION

Phoebus !—a woman ! Stranger, say not so

CREUSA

She bare the God's child, and her sire knew naught 340

ION

Never !—a man's crime this, and hers the shame

CREUSA

No !—herself saith. She hath suffered griefs beside.

ION

Suffered ?—for what sin wrought—this bride of  
heaven ?

CREUSA

The son she bare she cast forth from her halls.

ION

Where is her cast-out child ? Doth he see light ?

CREUSA

None knows For this I seek the oracle.

ION

But, if he be no more, how perished he ?

CREUSA

Wild beasts, she troweth, slew the hapless babe.

ION

And by what token knew she this had been ?

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

350 ἐλθοῦς ἵν' αὐτὸν ἐξέθῃς, οὐχ ἡῦρ' ἔτι.

ΙΩΝ

ἦν δὲ σταλαγμὸς ἐν στίβῳ τις αἵματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ φησι· καίτοι πόλλ' ἐπεστράφη πέδον.

ΙΩΝ

χρόνος δὲ τίς τῷ παιδί διαπεπραγμένῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σοὶ ταὐτὸν ἤβης, εἴπερ ἦν, εἶχ' ἂν μέτρον.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκουν ἔτ' ἄλλον ὕστερον τίκει γόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀδικεῖ νιν ὁ θεός· οὐ τεκοῦσα δ' ἀθλία.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ', εἰ λάθρα νιν Φοῖβος ἐκτρέφει λαβών ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ κοινὰ χαίρων οὐ δίκαια δρᾷ μόνος.

ΙΩΝ

οἴμοι· προσφδὸς ἡ τύχη τῶμῳ πάθει.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

36 ) καὶ σ', ὦ ξέν', οἴμαι μητέρ' ἀθλίαν ποθεῖν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ μή γ' ἐπ' οἰκτόν μ' ἔξαγ' οὐ ἔλελήσμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σιγῷ· πέραινε δ' ὦν σ' ἀνιστορῷ πέρι.

ΙΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν δὲ κάμνει τοῦ λόγου μάλιστά σοι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δ' οὐκ ἐκείνη τῇ τάλαιπώρῳ νοσεῖ ;

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ὁ θεὸς δὲ λαθεῖν βούλεται μαντεύσεται ;



## ION

CREUSA

She came where she had left him, and found not, 350

ION

And blood-gouts—were there any on the track ?

CREUSA

Nay, saith she . yet she traversed oft the ground.

ION

How long the time since this child's taking-off ?

CREUSA

LIVING, he had had the measure of thy years.

ION

And hath she borne no offspring after this ?

CREUSA

Still the God wrongs her : childless grief is hers

ION

What if in secret Phoebus fostereth him ?

CREUSA

Unjust!—alone to enjoy what he should share

ION

Ah me ! her heart-strings are attuned to mine !

CREUSA

For thee yearns some sad mother too, I ween. 360

ION

Ah, wake not thou mine half-forgotten grief

CREUSA

I am dumb . whereof I question thee, say on

ION

Seest thou where lies the weakness of thy plea ?

CREUSA

Ah, hapless one, wherein is she not weak !

ION

How should the God reveal that he would hide ?

# ΙΩΝ

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἵπερ καθίζει τρίποδα κοινὸν Ἑλλάδος.

## ΙΩΝ

αἰσχύνεται τὸ πρᾶγμα· μὴ ἔξελεγχέ νιν.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλγύνεται δέ γ' ἡ παθοῦσα τῇ τύχῃ.

## ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι προφητεύσει τάδε.  
 370 ἐν τοῖς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δώμασιν κακὸς φανεῖς  
 Φοῖβος δικαίως τὸν θεμιστεύοντά σοι  
 δράσειεν ἂν τι πῆμ' ἀπαλλάσσου, γύναι·  
 τῷ γὰρ θεῷ τάναντί οὐ μαντευτέον.  
 εἰς γὰρ τοσοῦτον ἀμαθίας ἔλθοιμεν ἂν,  
 εἰ τοὺς θεοὺς ἄκοντας ἐκπονήσομεν  
 φράζειν ἂ μὴ θέλουσιν ἢ προβωμίους  
 σφαγαῖσι μῆλων ἢ δι' οἰωνῶν πτεροῖς.  
 ἂν γὰρ βία σπεύδωμεν ἀκόντων θεῶν,  
 ἀνόνητα<sup>1</sup> κεκτήμεσθα τὰγάθ', ὦ γύναι·  
 380 ἂ δ' ἂν διδῶσ' ἐκόντες, ὠφελούμεθα.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλαί γε πολλοῖς εἰσι συμφοραὶ βροτῶν,  
 μορφαὶ δὲ διαφέρουσιν. ἐν δ' ἂν εὐτυχές  
 μόλις ποτ' ἐξεύροι τις ἀνθρώπων βίωφ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ Φοῖβε, κάκει κἀνθάδ' οὐ δίκαιος εἰ  
 εἰς τὴν ἀποῦσαν, ἧς πάρειςιν οἱ λόγοι.  
 σὺ δ' οὐτ' ἔσωσας τὸν σὸν δν σῶσαί σ' ἐχρήν,  
 οὐθ' ἱστορούσῃ μητρὶ μάντις ὦν ἐρεῖς,  
 ὥς εἰ μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὀγκωθῇ τάφῳ,  
 εἰ δ' ἔστιν, ἔλθῃ μητρὸς εἰς ὄψιν ποτέ,

<sup>1</sup> Stephens: for MSS ἄκοντα.



- 390 ἄλλ' οὖν, ἔαν γὰρ χρή<sup>1</sup> τάδ', εἰ πρὸς τοῦ θεοῦ  
 κωλυόμεσθα μὴ μαθεῖν ἂ βούλομαι.  
 ἄλλ', ὦ ξέν', εἰσορῶ γὰρ εὐγενή πόσιν  
 Ξοῦθον πέλας δὴ τόνδε, τὰς Τροφωνίου  
 λιπόντα θαλάμας, τοὺς λελεγμένους λόγους  
 σίγα πρὸς ἄνδρα, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνῃ λάβω  
 διακονοῦσα κρυπτά, καὶ προβῇ λόγος  
 οὐχ ἥπερ ἡμεῖς αὐτὸν ἐξειλίσσομεν.  
 τὰ γὰρ γυναικῶν δυσχερὴ πρὸς ἄρσενας,  
 καὶ ταῖς κακαῖσιν ἀγαθαὶ μεμιγμέναι  
 400 μισοῦμεθ'. οὕτω δυστυχεῖς πεφύκαμεν.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

πρῶτον μὲν ὁ θεὸς τῶν ἐμῶν προσφθεγμάτων  
 λαβὼν ἀπαρχὰς χαιρέτω, σύ τ', ὦ γύναι.  
 μῶν χρόνιος ἐλθὼν σ' ἐξέπληξ' ὀρρωδίᾳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐδέν γ'· ἀφίκου δ' εἰς μέριμναν. ἀλλὰ μοι  
 λέξον, τί θέσπισμ' ἐκ Τροφωνίου φέρεις,  
 παίδων ὅπως νῶν σπέρμα συγκραθήσεται ,

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἠξίωσε τοῦ θεοῦ προλαμβάνειν  
 μαντεύμαθ'. ἐν δ' οὖν εἶπεν· οὐκ ἄπαιδά με  
 πρὸς οἶκον ἥξειν οὐδὲ σ' ἐκ χρηστηρίων.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

- 110 ὦ πότνια Φοίβου μήτερ, εἰ γὰρ αἰσίως  
 ἔλθοιμεν, ἃ τε νῶν συμβόλαια πρόσθεν ἦν  
 ἐς παῖδα τὸν σόν, μεταπέσοι βελτίονα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ἔσται τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τίς προφητεύει θεοῦ ;

<sup>1</sup> Reiske for MSS, ἄλλ' ἔαν χρή.

# ION

Yet must I let this be, if by the God 390  
 I am barred from learning that which I desire  
 But, stranger,—for I see my princely lord,  
 Xuthus, anigh us yonder, who hath left  
 Trophonius' crypt,—of this that we have said  
 Speak to my lord naught, lest I get me shame  
 For handling secrets, and the tale fall out  
 Not after our unravelling thereof.  
 For woman's lot as touching men is hard,  
 And, since the good are with the bad confused,  
 Hated we are :—ill-starred we are from birth 400  
*Enter XUTHUS*

XUTHUS

First, to the God the firstfruits of my greetings :  
 All hail to him, and hail to thee, my wife.  
 Hath my late-lingering thrilled thee with dismay ?

CREUSA

Nay, 'tis but care that meets thee Tell to me  
 What answer from Trophonius bringest thou,  
 How we shall have joint issue, thou and I ?

XUTHUS

He took not on him to forestall the word  
 Of Phoebus This he said—nor thou nor I  
 Childless shall wend home from the oracle.

CREUSA

Queen, Phoebus' mother, grant our home-return 410  
 Prosperous All our dealings heretofore  
 Touching thy son, to happier issue fall !

XUTHUS

This shall be Who is His interpreter ?

# ΙΩΝ

## ΙΩΝ

ἡμεῖς τά γ' ἔξω, τῶν ἔσω δ' ἄλλοις μέλει,  
οἳ πλησίον θάσσουσι τρίποδος, ὧ ξένη,  
Δελφῶν ἀριστῆς, οὓς ἐκλήρωσεν πάλος.

## ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

καλῶς· ἔχω δὴ πάνθ' ὅσων ἐχρήζομεν.  
στείχοιμ' ἂν εἴσω· καὶ γάρ, ὥς ἐγὼ κλύω,  
χρηστήριον πέπτωκε τοῖς ἐπήλυσι  
420 κοινὸν πρὸ ναοῦ· βούλομαι δ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
τῇδ', αἰσία γάρ, θεοῦ λαβεῖν μαντεύματα.  
σὺ δ' ἄμφι βωμούς, ὧ γυναῖ, δαφνηφόρους  
λαβοῦσα κλῶνας, εὐτέκνους εὐχου θεοῖς  
χρησμούς μ' ἐνεγκεῖν ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος δόμων.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔσται τάδ', ἔσται. Λοξίας δ' ἔαν θέλῃ  
νῦν ἀλλὰ τὰς πρὶν ἀναλαβεῖν ἁμαρτίας,  
ἅπας μὲν οὐ γένοιτ' ἂν εἰς ἡμᾶς φίλος,  
ὅσον δὲ χρήζει, θεὸς γάρ ἐστι, δέξομαι.

## ΙΩΝ

τί ποτε λόγοισιν ἢ ξένη πρὸς τὸν θεὸν  
430 κρυπτοῖσιν αἰεὶ λαιδοροῦσ' αἰνίσσεται,  
ἥτοι φιλοῦσά γ' ἥς ὑπερμαντεύεται,  
ἢ καὶ τι σιγῶσ' ὧν σιωπᾶσθαι χρεῶν ;  
ἀτὰρ θυγατρὸς τῆς Ἑρεχθέως τί μοι  
μέλει ; προσήκει γ' οὐδέν. ἀλλὰ χρυσέαις  
πρόχοισιν ἐλθὼν εἰς ἀπορραντήρια  
δρόσον καθήσω. νουθετητέος δέ μοι  
Φοῖβος, τί πάσχει· παρθένους βία γαμῶν  
προδίδωσι, παῖδας ἐκτεκνούμενος λάθρα  
θνήσκοντας ἀμελεῖ. μὴ σύ γ'· ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ κρατεῖς,  
440 ἀρετὰς δίδωκε. καὶ γὰρ ὅστις ἂν βροτῶν  
κακὸς πεφύκη, ζημιοῦσιν οἱ θεοί.

## ION

ION

Without, I, others for the things within,  
Stranger, which nigh unto the tripod sit,  
The Delphian lords, in order of their lot.

XUTHUS

'Tis, well . now know I all I sought to know  
I will pass in , for, as I hear it told,  
Before the temple hath been slain for strangers  
A general victim I would fain this day— 420  
This day fair-omened—gain the God's response  
Thou to the bay-crowned altars bear the boughs,  
My wife, and pray the Gods that I may win  
Promise of fair sons from Apollo's fane.

CREUSA

Yea, this shall be [Exit XUTHUS to inner Temple  
If Loxias consent

Now at the last to atone for olden wrongs,  
Not wholly will he show himself my friend,  
Yet, since he is God, whate'er he grants I take  
[Exit

ION

Why doth this stranger rail upon the God  
In riddles of dark sayings evermore ? 430  
For love of her for whom she seeks the shrine ?  
Or keeping back a thing she must not speak ?  
Yet with Erechtheus' daughter what have I  
To do ? She is naught to me. But I will go  
Unto the lavers, with the golden ewers  
To pour in water-dews Yet must I plead  
With Phoebus—what ails him ? He ravisheth  
Maids, and forsakes , begetteth babes by stealth,  
And heeds not, though they die. Do thou not so '  
Being strong, be righteous. For what man soe'er 440  
Transgresseth, the Gods visit thus on him

# ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν δίκαιον τοὺς νόμους ὑμᾶς βροτοῖς  
 γράψαντας αὐτοὺς ἀνομίαν ὀφλισκάνειν ;  
 εἰ δ'—οὐ γὰρ ἔσται, τῷ λόγῳ δὲ χρήσομαι—  
 δίκας βιαίῳν δώσεται ἄνθρώποις γάμων,  
 σὺ καὶ Ποσειδῶν Ζεὺς θ' ὃς οὐρανοῦ κρατεῖ,  
 ναοὺς τίνοντες ἀδικίας κενώσετε.  
 τὰς ἡδονὰς γὰρ τῆς προμηθείας πάρος  
 σπεύδοντες ἀδικεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' ἄνθρώπους κακοὺς  
 450 λέγειν δίκαιον, εἰ τὰ τῶν θεῶν καλὰ  
 μιμούμεθ', ἀλλὰ τοὺς διδάσκοντας τάδε

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ τὰν ὠδίνων λοχιᾶν  
 ἀνελείθυιαν, ἐμὴν  
 Ἀθάναν ἱκετεύω,  
 Προμηθεῖ Τιτᾶνι λοχευ-  
 θεῖσαν κατ' ἀκροτάτας  
 κορυφὰς Διός, ᾧ μάκαιρα Νίκα,  
 μόλε Πύθιον οἶκον,  
 Ὀλύμπου χρυσέων θαλάμων  
 460 πταμένα πρὸς ἀγνιάς,  
 Φοιβήιος ἔνθα γᾶς  
 μεσσόμφαλος ἐστία  
 παρὰ χορευομένῳ τρίποδι  
 μαντεύματα κραίνει,  
 σὺ καὶ παῖς ἅ Λατογενής,  
 δύο θεαὶ δύο παρθένοι,  
 κασίγνηται σεμναὶ τοῦ Φοίβου.  
 ἱκετεύσατε δ', ᾧ κόραι,  
 τὸ παλαιὸν Ἐρεχθέως

στρ.



## ION

How were it just then that ye should enact  
For men laws, and yourselves work lawlessness?  
For if—it could not be, yet put it so—  
Ye should pay mulct to men for lawless lust,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou, the Sea-king, and Zeus the Lord of Heaven,  
Paying for wrongs should make your temples void.  
For, following pleasure past all wisdom's bounds,  
Ye work unrighteousness    Unjust it were  
To call men vile, if we but imitate  
What Gods deem good.—they are vile who teach us  
thus                                 [*Exit.*

**CHORUS**

My Queen, at whose birth-tide was given (Str.)  
Of the Lady of Travail-pang  
No help, hea, Pallas, my prayer,  
Whom the crown of a God's head bare  
By Prometheus the Titan riven  
When the Daughter of Zeus forth sprang;

Come, Victory-queen, to the dwelling  
Pythian, speeding thy wing  
From Olympus' chambers of gold  
To the streets that the World's Heart hold,      460  
Where the bodings of Phoebus are told,—  
Yea, brought to pass in the telling,—  
At the tripod that dances enring

Draw nigh at mine invocation,  
Thou and Artemis, Virgins twain,  
Phoebus's sisters divine,  
Join your intercessions with mine,  
That Erechtheus' ancient line

<sup>1</sup> The fine for violence to a virgin was, by Solon's laws, a thousand drachmas

# ΙΩΝ

470

γένος εὐτεκνίας χρονίου καθαροῖς  
μαντεύμασι κῦρσαι.

ὑπερβαλλούσας γὰρ ἔχει ἀντ.

θνατοῖς εὐδαιμονίας  
ἀκίνητον ἀφορμάν,  
τέκνων οἷς ἂν καρποτρόφοι  
λάμπωσιν ἐν θαλάμοις  
πατρίοισι νεάνιδες ἦβαι,  
διαδέκτορα πλούτου

480

ὥς ἔξουντες ἐκ πατέρων  
ἐτέροις ἐπὶ τέκνοις.  
ἀλκά τε γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς  
σύν τ' εὐτυχίαις φίλον,  
δορί τε γὰρ πατρίᾳ φέρει  
σωτήριον αἶγλαν.<sup>1</sup>

490

ἐμοὶ μὲν πλούτου τε πάρος  
βασιλικῶν τ' εἰεν θαλάμων  
τροφαὶ κήδειοι κεδνῶν γε τέκνων.  
τὸν ἄπαιδα δ' ἀποστυγῶ  
βίον, ᾧ τε δοκεῖ ψέγω·  
μετὰ δὲ κτεάνων μετρίων βιοτᾶς  
εὐπαιδος ἐχοίμαν.

ὦ Πανὸς θακήματα καὶ ἐπωδ.

παραυλίζουσα πέτρα  
μυχώδεσι Μακράϊς,  
ἵνα χοροὺς στείβουσι ποδοῖν  
Ἀγραύλου κόραι τρίγονοι  
στάδια χλοερά πρό Παλλάδος

<sup>1</sup> Herwerden: for MSS ἀλκάν.

## ION

Through the light of a clear revelation 470  
    Fan offspring at last may attain

'Tis a treasure whose seals are unbroken, (Ant)

'Tis a joy that surpasseth the lot  
    Of the many, when stalwart and tall  
    Shines fair in a father's hall

The presence of sons, to betoken  
    A line that shall perish not ;

Sons, that, when death bringeth severance,  
    Shall receive to pass on to their seed  
    The wealth that their sires' hands hold : 480  
    Yea, by these be our sorrows consoled,  
    And a joy within joy they enfold,  
And their spear flasheth light of deliverance  
    In the hour of the fatherland's need.

Ah, far above golden treasure  
    Or than princely halls do I praise  
    Dear children to cherish—mine own !  
    Mine horror were life all lone .  
    Who loveth it, wit hath he none :

But give to me substance in measure, 490  
    And children to brighten my days !

O haunts of Pan's abiding, (Epode)

O sentinel rock down-gazing

    On the Long-cliff caves dim-glimmering,  
Where, with shadowy feet in the dance soft-sliding,  
Agraulus' daughters three go pacing  
    O'er the lawns by Athena's fane dew-shim-  
        mering

# ΙΩΝ

ναῶν, συρίγγων  
 ὑπ' αἰόλας ἰαχᾶς  
 500 ὕμνων, ὅτ' ἀναλίοις  
 συρίζεις, ὦ Πάν,  
 τοῖσι σοῖς ἐν ἄντροις,  
 ἵνα τεκοῦσά τις  
 παρθένος, ὦ μελέα, βρέφος  
 Φοῖβῳ, πτανοῖς ἐξώρισε θοίναν  
 θηρσί τε φοινίαν δαῖτα, πικρῶν γάμων  
 ὕβριν. οὐτ' ἐπὶ κερκίσιν οὔτε λόγοις  
 φάτιν ἄιον εὐτυχίας μετέχειν  
 θεόθεν τέκνα θνατοῖς.

## ΙΩΝ

510 πρόσπολοι γυναῖκες, αἱ τῶνδ' ἀμφὶ κρηπίδας  
 δόμων  
 θυοδόκων φρούρημ' ἔχουσαι δεσπότην φυλάσσετε,  
 ἐκλέλοιπ' ἤδη τὸν ἱερὸν τρίποδα καὶ χρηστήριον  
 Ξοῦθος, ἧ μίμνει κατ' οἶκον ἱστορῶν ἀπαιδίαν ;

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δόμοις ἔστ', ὦ ξέν'. οὐπω δῶμ' ὑπερβαίνει  
 τόδε.  
 ὥς δ' ἐπ' ἐξόδοισιν ὄντος τῶνδ' ἀκούομεν πυλῶν  
 δοῦπον, ἐξιόντα τ' ἤδη δεσπότην ὄραν πάρα.

## ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, χαῖρ'. ἡ γὰρ ἀρχὴ τοῦ λόγου πρέπουσά  
 μοι.

## ΙΩΝ

χαίρομεν· σὺ δ' εὖ φρόνει γε, καὶ δὴ ὄντ' εὖ  
 πράξομεν.

## ION

In moonlight, while upward floats  
 A weird strain rising and falling,  
 Wild witchery-wafting notes, 500  
 O Pan, from thy pipes that are calling  
 Out of thy sunless grot<sup>1</sup>

Ah, a maid-mother there most woe-forlorn  
 Cast Phoebus's child for a banquet gory—  
 Bitter outrage's fruit '—by the birds to be torn  
 And the beasts Nor in woven web nor in story  
 Ever heard I of happiness blent with the glory  
 Of Gods' seed woman-born.

*Enter ION.*

ION

Bower-maidens, ye which keeping watch the altar- 510  
 steps beside [forth abide,  
 Of the incense-clouded fane, your master's coming-  
 Say, hath Xuthus left by this the holy tripod and  
 the shrine, [childless line?  
 Or within yet lingering asks he touching that long-

CHORUS

In the temple is he, stranger, treads not yet the  
 threshold-stone  
 List, a sound at yonder portal—through the porch-  
 way passeth one :— [for eyes to see.  
 Lo, where now he cometh forth—our master, plain

*Enter XUTHUS : attempts to embrace ION.*

XUTHUS

Joy to thee, son '—fitting prelude this is of my  
 speech to thee

ION

Joy is mine : but thou, control thee ; then were twain  
 in happy case.

<sup>1</sup> The daughters of Agraulus (cf ll 22-24, 271-4) haunted after death the scene of their suicide

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δὸς χερὸς φίλημά μοι σῆς σώματός τ' ἀμφιπ-  
τυχάς.

ΙΩΝ

520 εὖ φρονεῖς μέν ; ἥ σ' ἔμηνε θεοῦ τις, ᾧ ξένε,  
βλάβη ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

σωφρονῶ, τὰ φίλταθ' εὐρὼν εἰ φιλεῖν ἐφίεμαι.

ΙΩΝ

παῦε· μὴ ψαύσας τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ στέμματα ῥήξης  
χερί.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ἄψομαι· κοῦ ῥυσιάζω, τὰμὰ δ' εὐρίσκω φίλα.

ΙΩΝ

οὐκ ἀπαλλάξει, πρὶν εἴσω τόξα πλευμόνων λαβεῖν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὥς τί δὴ φεύγεις· με σαυτοῦ γνωρίσας τὰ φίλτατα ;

ΙΩΝ

οὐ φιλῶ φρενὺν ἀμούσους καὶ μεμηνότας ξένους.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

κτεῖνε καὶ πίμπρη· πατρὸς γάρ, ἣν κτάνης, ἔσει  
φονεύς.

ΙΩΝ

ποῦ δέ μοι πατὴρ σύ ; ταῦτ' οὖν οὐ γέλως κλύειν  
ἐμοί ;

## ION

XUTHUS

Let me kiss thine hand, and let me fold thy form in  
mine embrace !

ION

Stranger, hast thy wits ?—or is thy mind distraught  
by stroke of heaven ?

520

XUTHUS

Right my wit is, if I long to kiss my best-beloved  
regiven

ION

Hold—hands off !—the temple-garlands of Apollo rend  
not thou !

XUTHUS

Clasp thee will I !—no man-stealer ; but I find my  
darling now.

ION (*starting back, and fitting an arrow to his bow*)

Wilt not hence, or ever thou receive my shaft thy ribs  
within ?

XUTHUS

Wherefore dost thou flee me, who hast learnt to know  
thy nearest kin ?

ION

Naught I love to admonish aliens mannerless and  
sense-bereft

XUTHUS

Slay—then burn me ;<sup>1</sup> for a father's heart thine arrow  
shall have cleft.

ION

Thou my father ! Is not this a laughter-scoff for me  
to hear ?

<sup>1</sup> It being the sacred duty of the son to lay the father's  
corpse upon the pyre.

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ· τρέχων ὁ μῦθος ἄν σοι τὰ μὰ σὴμῆναιεν ἄν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί μοι λέξεις ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

530 πατήρ σός εἰμι καὶ σὺ παῖς ἐμός.

ΙΩΝ

τίς λέγει τάδ' ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς σ' ἔθρεψεν ὄντα Λοξίας ἐμόν.

ΙΩΝ

μαρτυρεῖς σαυτῷ.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' ἐκμαθὼν χρηστηρια.

ΙΩΝ

ἐσφάλῃς αἰνυγμ' ἀκούσας.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' ὄρθ' ἀκούομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὁ δὲ λόγος τίς ἐστι Φοίβου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τὸν συναντήσαντά μοι—

ΙΩΝ

τίνα συνάντησιν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

δόμων τῶνδ' ἐξιόντι τοῦ θεοῦ—

ΙΩΝ

συμφορᾶς τίνος κυρῆσαι ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

παῖδ' ἐμὸν πεφυκέναι.

ΙΩΝ

σὸν γεγῶτ', ἥ δῶρον ἄλλων ;



ION

XUTHUS

Nay, the eager-hurrying word shall show thee all my  
meaning clear.

ION

Ay, and what wilt tell?

XUTHUS

Thy father am I, and thou art my son. 530

ION

Who the voucher?

XUTHUS

Loxias, who reared the child that I have won

ION

Thou art thine own witness.

XUTHUS

Nay, the God's own oracle I heard

ION

Heardest riddles and misreadest.

XUTHUS

Then mine ears can hear no word.

ION

What was this, the word of Phoebus?

XUTHUS

That the man who met my face—

ION

Met thee—met thee?

XUTHUS

As I came from out Apollo's holy place—

ION

Ay, and what should be his fate?

XUTHUS

My true-begotten son is this.

ION

Born thy son, or given of others?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

δῶρον, ὄντα δ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΙΩΝ

πρῶτα δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ξυνάπτεις πόδα σόν ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ ἄλλω, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἡ τύχη πόθεν ποθ' ἦκει ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

δύο μίαν θαυμάζομεν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔα. τίνος δέ σοι πεφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

540

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.

ΙΩΝ

οὐδὲ Φοῖβος εἶπε ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

τερφθεὶς τοῦτο, κεῖν' οὐκ ἠρόμην.

ΙΩΝ

γῆς ἄρ' ἐκπέφυκα μητρός ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐ πέδον τίκτει τέκνα.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην σός ;

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀναφέρω δ' εἰς τὸν θεόν.

ΙΩΝ

φέρε λόγων ἀψώμεθ' ἄλλων.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἄμεινον, ὦ τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

ἦλθες εἰς νόθον τι λέκτρον ;

ION

XUTHUS

Given—and born from me he is.

ION

So on me thy foot first stumbled ?

XUTHUS

Yea, my son, on none beside.

ION

Ay, and whence this happy chance ?

XUTHUS

We marvel both it should betide

ION

Ha, what mother bare me to thee ?

XUTHUS

Sooth, thereof can I say naught 540

ION

Neither Phoebus told ?

XUTHUS

For joy of this thing, that I never sought.

ION

Ah, a child of mother Earth !

XUTHUS

Nay, children spring not from the sod

ION

How then thine am I ?

XUTHUS

I know not: I refer it to the God

ION

Come, to reasonings rather turn we.

XUTHUS

Better so, my son, in sooth.

ION

Hadst thou ever part in lawless love ?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

μωρία γε τοῦ νέου.

ΙΩΝ

πρὶν κόρην λαβεῖν Ἐρεχθέως ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

οὐ γὰρ ὕστερόν γε πω.

ΙΩΝ

ἄρα δῆτ' ἐκεῖ μ' ἔφυσας ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τῷ χρόνῳ γε συντρέχει.

ΙΩΝ

καῖτα πῶς ἀφικόμεσθα δεῦρο,

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ταῦτ' ἀμηχανῶ.

ΙΩΝ

διὰ μακρᾶς ἐλθὼν κελεύθου ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

τοῦτο καὶ μ' ἀπαιολᾷ.

ΙΩΝ

Πυθίαν δ' ἦλθες πέτραι πρίν ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

550 εἰς φανὰς γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

προξένων δ' ἔν του κατέσχεσ ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὅς με Δελφίσιν κόραις —

ΙΩΝ

ἐθιάσενσ', ἥ πῶς τὰδ' αὐδᾶς ;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Μαινάσιν γε Βακχίου.

ΙΩΝ

ἔμφρον' ἥ κάτοιινον ὄντα ;

ION

XUTHUS

Mid follies of my youth.

ION

Ere Erechtheus' daughter wed thee ?

XUTHUS

Since, to her have I been true

ION

Haply then didst thou beget me ?

XUTHUS

Time is consonant thereto

ION

Were it so, how came I hither ?

XUTHUS

Nay, I cannot fathom it.

ION

Long the journey for a babe !

XUTHUS

This too o'erpasseth all my wit.

ION

Hast thou seen ere this the Pythian Rock ?

XUTHUS

At Bacchus' festal rite. 550

ION

Lodging with a Public Host ?

XUTHUS

Yea ; and with Delphian girls by night—

ION

Made initiate—this thy meaning ?

XUTHUS

They were maidens Bacchanal.

ION

Sober, or of wine o'ercome ?

ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

Βακχίου πρὸς ἡδοναῖς.

ΙΩΝ

τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ἵν' ἐσπάρημεν.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὁ πότμος ἐξηῦρεν, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς δ' ἀφικόμεσθα ναοὺς;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ἔκβδolon κόρης ἴσως.

ΙΩΝ

ἐκπεφεύγαμεν τὸ δοῦλον.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

πατέρα νυν δέχου, τέκνον.

ΙΩΝ

τῷ θεῷ γοῦν οὐκ ἀπιστεῖν εἰκός.

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

εὖ φρονεῖς ἄρα.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τί βουλόμεσθά γ' ἄλλο—

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

νῦν ὁρᾷς ἂν χρή σ' ὁρᾶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ Διὸς παιδὸς γενέσθαι παῖς;

ΞΟΥΘΟΣ

ὃ σοί γε γίγνεται.

ΙΩΝ

ἦ θίγω δῆθ' οἷ μ' ἔφυσαν;

ION

XUTHUS  
Of Bacchus' joys did this befall.

ION  
*This* is my begetting's story<sup>1</sup>

XUTHUS  
Fate, my son, hath found it out.

ION  
Yet, how came I to the fane?

XUTHUS  
The maiden cast thee forth, I doubt.

ION  
So, I 'scape the taint of serfdom.<sup>1</sup>

XUTHUS  
Son, thy father now receive.

ION  
'Tis the God : I may not doubt him

XUTHUS  
Yea, 'tis wisdom to believe

ION  
What thing higher can I wish for—

XUTHUS  
Now thou seest clear and true

ION  
Than the fatherhood of Zeus?

XUTHUS  
O yea, by birth is this thy due<sup>2</sup>

ION  
Shall I clasp him, my begetter?

<sup>1</sup> Only free-born Delphian women could take part in the "Orgies."

<sup>2</sup> Xuthus being descended from Zeus

# ΙΩΝ

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

560

πιθόμενός γε τῷ θεῷ.

ΙΩΝ

χαῖρέ μοι, πάτερ,

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

φίλον γε φθέγμ' ἔδεξάμην τόδε.

ΙΩΝ

ἡμέρα θ' ἡ νῦν παρούσα.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

μακάριόν γ' ἔθηκε με.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλη μήτηρ, πότε ἄρα καὶ σὸν ὄψομαι δέμας ;  
νῦν ποθῶ σε μᾶλλον ἢ πρὶν ἥτις εἰ ποτ' εἰσιδεῖν.  
ἀλλ' ἴσως τέθνηκας, ἡμεῖς δ' οὐδὲν ἂν δυναίμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὰ μὲν ἡμῖν δωμάτων εὐπραξίαι·  
ὁμως δὲ καὶ δέσποιναν εἰς τέκν' εὐτυχεῖν  
ἐβουλόμην ἂν τοὺς τ' Ἑρεχθέως δόμους.

ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, εἰς μὲν σὴν ἀνεύρεσιν θεὸς  
570 ὀρθῶς ἔκρανε, καὶ συνῆψ' ἐμοί τε σέ,  
σύ τ' αὖ τὰ φίλταθ' ἠῦρες οὐκ εἰδὼς πάρος.  
δ' δ' ἥξας ὀρθῶς, τοῦτο καὶ ἔχει πόθος,  
ὅπως σύ τ', ὦ παῖ, μητέρ' εὐρήσεις σέθεν,  
ἐγὼ θ' ὅποιας μοι γυναικὸς ἐξέφυς.  
χρόνῳ δὲ δόντες ταῦτ' ἴσως εὖροιμεν ἂν.  
ἀλλ' ἐκλιπὼν θεοῦ δάπεδ' ἀλητεῖαν τε σὴν  
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας στείχε κοινόφρων πατρί,  
οὗ σ' ὄλβιον μὲν σκῆπτρον ἀναμένει πατρός,  
πολὺς δὲ πλοῦτος· οὐδὲ θάτερον νοσῶν  
580 δυοῖν κεκλήσει δυσγενῆς πένης θ' ἄμα,  
ἀλλ' εὐγενῆς τε καὶ πολυκτῆμων βίου.



## ION

XUTHUS

If with Phoebus thou comply 560

ION

Hail to thee, my father !

XUTHUS

Joyfully I welcome this thy cry

ION

Hail the day that sees our meeting !

XUTHUS

Happy man it maketh me.

ION

Ah, belovèd mother, when thy visage also shall I see ?  
More than ever now I long to see thee, who thou  
be soe'er. [should be my prayer.

Ah, but thou perchance art dead, and all in vain

CHORUS

Ours too the house's happy fortune is :

Yet fain were I our queen were also blest

With offspring, and Erechtheus' ancient line

XUTHUS

My son, as touching thy discovery

The God spake sooth, and so joined thee and me 370

Thou hast found thy dearest, erst to thee unknown.

For thy just yearning, this is also mine,

That thou mayst find thy mother, O my son,

And I, the woman of whose womb thou art

This shall we find forth haply, left to time.

Now, leave the God's floor, and thine homeless state :

To Athens come, with thine heart even as mine.

There waiteth thee thy father's sceptred bliss,

And much wealth. None shall cast into thy teeth

One of these taunts, base birth or poverty. 580

High-born art thou, a mighty man of wealth.

# ΙΩΝ

σιγᾶς; τί πρὸς γῆν ὄμμα σὸν βαλὼν ἔχεις  
εἰς φροντίδας τ' ἀπῆλθες, ἐκ δὲ χαρμονῆς  
πάλιν μεταστὰς δείμα προσβάλλεις πατρί;

## ΙΩΝ

οὐ ταῦτ' οὖν εἶδος φαίνεται τῶν πραγμάτων  
πρόσωθεν ὄντων ἐγγύθεν θ' ὁρωμένων.  
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν μὲν συμφορὰν ἀσπάζομαι,  
πατέρα σ' ἀνευρών· ὦν δὲ γιγνώσκω πέρι  
ἄκουσον. εἰναί φασι τὰς αὐτόχθονας  
590 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας οὐκ ἐπέισακτον γένος,  
ἵν' εἰσπεσοῦμαι δύο νόσω κεκτημένος,  
πατρός τ' ἐπακτοῦ καὐτὸς ὦν νοθαγενής.  
καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχων τοῦνιδος, ἀσθενὴς μὲν ὦν,  
[ὁ μὴδὲν ὦν καξ<sup>1</sup>] οὐδένων κεκληήσομαι.  
ἦν δ' εἰς τὸ πρῶτον πόλεος ὀρμηθεὶς ζυγὸν  
ζητῶ τις εἶναι, τῶν μὲν ἀδυνάτων ὑπο  
μισσησόμεσθα· λυπρὰ γὰρ τὰ κρείσσονα·  
ὅσοι δὲ χρηστοὶ δυνάμενοί τ' εἶναι σοφοὶ  
600 σιγῶσι κοῦ σπεύδουσιν εἰς τὰ πράγματα,  
γέλωτ' ἐν αὐτοῖς μωρίαν τε λήψομαι  
οὐχ ἡσυχάζων ἐν πόλει ψόγου πλέα.  
τῶν δ' αὖ δοκούντων<sup>2</sup> χρωμένων τε τῇ πόλει  
εἰς ἀξιώμα βὰς πλεον φρουρήσομαι  
ψήφοισιν· οὕτω γὰρ τὰδ', ὦ πάτερ, φιλεῖ·  
οἱ τὰς πόλεις ἔχοντες ἀξιώματα  
τοῖς ἀνθαμίλλοις εἰσὶ πολεμιώτατοι.  
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐς οἶκον ἀλλότριον ἐπηλυσ ὦν  
γυναικὰ θ' ὥς ἄτεκνον, ἣ κοινουμένη  
τὰς συμφορὰς σοι πρόσθεν, ἀπολαχοῦσα νῦν  
610 αὐτὴ καθ' αὐτὴν τὴν τύχην οἴσει πικρῶς,

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger and Valckenaer : lacuna in MSS

<sup>2</sup> Wecklein for MSS λογίων

## ION

Silent?—Now wherefore earthward droops thine eye,  
And thou art deep in thought, and from thy joy  
Art changed, and strikest dread into thy sire?

### ION

The face of things appeareth not the same  
Far off, and when we scan them nigh at hand  
So do I greet with gladness this my lot  
Who find a sire: howbeit hear what burden  
Weighs on my soul. The glorious earth-born state,  
Athens, men say, hath naught of alien strain 590  
I shall thrust in, stained with a twofold taint—  
An outland father, and my bastard self.  
And, bearing this reproach, nor strong in friends,  
“Nobody” shall be called—“Nobody’s Son.”  
Then, if I press to Athens’ highest ranks,  
And seek a name, of dullards shall I win  
Hatred, for jealousy ever dogs success  
Good men, whose wisdom well could helm the state,  
Who yet hang back, who never speak in public,  
To them shall I be laughing-stock and fool,  
Who, in a town censorious, go not softly 600  
And statesmen who have made their mark, mid  
whom

I seek repute, will hedge me in, and check  
By the assembly’s votes ’Tis ever so;  
They which sway nations, and have won repute,  
To young ambitions are the bitterest foes.

Then, coming to a strange house, alien I,  
And to a childless lady, who hath shared  
With thee her sorrow heretofore, but now  
Shall bear in bitterness her reproach alone, 610

# ΙΩΝ

πῶς δ' οὐχ ὑπ' αὐτῆς εἰκότως μισήσομαι,  
 ὅταν παραστῶ σοι μὲν ἐγγύθεν ποδός,  
 ἢ δ' οὐσ' ἄτεκνος τὰ σὰ φίλ' εἰσορᾷ πικρῶς ;  
 καὶ τ' ἢ προδοὺς σύ μ' ἐς δάμαρτα σὴν βλέπῃς,  
 ἢ τὰμὰ τιμῶν δῶμα συγχέας ἔχῃς ;  
 ὅσας σφαγὰς δὴ φαρμάκων τε θανασίμων  
 γυναῖκες εὖρον ἀνδράσιν διαφθοράς.  
 ἄλλως τε τὴν σὴν ἄλοχον οἰκτείρω, πάτερ,  
 ἄπαιδα γηράσκουσιν· οὐ γὰρ ἀξία  
 620 πατέρων ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν οὐσ' ἀπαιδία νοσεῖν.  
 τυραννίδος δὲ τῆς μάτην αἰνουμένης  
 τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἡδύ, τὰν δόμοισι δὲ  
 λυπηρά· τίς γὰρ μακάριος, τίς εὐτυχής,  
 ὅστις δεδοικῶς καὶ παραβλέπων βίου  
 αἰῶνα τείνει ; δημότης ἂν εὐτυχής  
 ζῇν ἂν θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ τύραννος ὢν,  
 ᾧ τοὺς πονηροὺς ἡδονὴ φίλους ἔχειν,  
 ἐσθλοὺς δὲ μισεῖ κατθανεῖν φοβούμενος.  
 εἴποις ἂν ὥς ὁ χρυσὸς ἐκνικᾷ τάδε,  
 630 πλουτεῖν τε τερπνόν· οὐ φιλῶ ψόγους κλύειν  
 ἐν χερσὶ σφύζων ὄλβον οὐδ' ἔχειν πόνους·  
 εἴη δ' ἔμοιγε μέτρια μὴ λυπουμένφ.  
 ἂ δ' ἐνθάδ' εἶχον ἀγάθ' ἀκουσόν μου, πάτερ·  
 τὴν φιλτάτην μὲν πρῶτον ἀνθρώποις σχολήν,  
 ὄχλον τε μέτριον, οὐδέ μ' ἐξέπληξ' ὁδοῦ  
 πονηρὸς οὐδεῖς· κείνο δ' οὐκ ἀνασχετόν,  
 εἴκειν ὁδοῦ χαλῶντα τοῖς κακίοσσιν.  
 θεῶν δ' ἐν εὐχαῖς ἢ λόγοισιν ἢ βροτῶν,  
 ὑπηρετῶν χαίρουσιν, οὐ γοωμένοις.  
 640 καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἐξέπεμπον, οἱ δ' ἦκον ξένοι,  
 ὥσθ' ἡδὺς αἰεὶ καινὸς ὢν καινοῖσιν ἦ.  
 ὃ δ' εὐκτὸν ἀνθρώποισι, καὶ ἀκουσιν ἦ,

## ION

How shall I not, with reason, have her hate,  
 When by thy knee I stand, she on thy love  
 Looketh with bitter eyes of childlessness,—  
 When thou must cast me off and cleave to her,  
 Or honour me, and wreck thine household's peace ?  
 How oft the dagger and the deadly bowl  
 Have women found to slay their lords withal !  
 Nay, father, more—I pity thus thy wife  
 Who grows grey childless. 'Tis not worthy her,  
 Sprung from proud sires—this curse of childlessness 620

And sovrantry, so oft, so falsely praised,  
 Winsome its face is, but behind the veil  
 Is torment. Who is happy, fortunate who,  
 That, fearing violence, glancing aye askance,  
 Weareth out life ? Nay, rather would I live  
 Happy-obscure, than be exalted prince,—  
 One who must joy to have for friends the vile,  
 Who hates the good, and ever dreads to die  
 “ Ah,” thou wilt say, “ gold overbears all this,  
 And wealth is sweet ” Would I clutch lucre—  
     groan 630  
 Under its load, with curses in mine ears ?  
 Nay, wealth for me in measure, sorrowless.

But, father, hear what blessings here were mine :—  
 First, leisure, dearest of delights to men .  
 Friendly the folk ; no villain jostleth me  
 Out of the path : it galls the very soul  
 To yield the pass, and vail to baser men  
 My life was prayer to Gods, converse with men,  
 Ministrant unto joy and not to grief,  
 Welcoming coming, speeding parting guests, 640  
 A new face smiling still on faces new  
 And that which men, though loth, must ask in prayer,

# ΙΩΝ

δίκαιον εἶναί μ' ὁ νόμος ἢ φύσις θ' ἅμα  
 παρείχε τῷ θεῷ. ταῦτα συννοούμενος  
 κρείσσω νομίζω τὰνθάδ' ἢ τὰκεῖ, πάτερ.  
 ἔα δ' ἐμαυτῷ ζῆν' ἴση γὰρ ἢ χάρις,  
 μεγάλοισι χαίρειν σμικρά θ' ἡδέως ἔχειν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας, εἶπερ οὓς ἐγὼ φιλῶ  
 ἐν τοῖσι σοῖσιν εὐτυχήσουσιν λόγοις.

## ΞΟΤΘΟΣ

650 παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ', εὐτυχεῖν δ' ἐπίστασο·  
 θέλω γὰρ οὐπὲρ σ' ἡῦρον ἄρξασθαι, τέκνον,  
 κοινῆς τραπέζης daίτα πρὸς κοινὴν πεσών,  
 θῦσαί θ' ἅ σου πρὶν γενέθλι' οὐκ ἐθύσαμεν.  
 καὶ νῦν μὲν ὥς δὴ ξένον ἄγων σ' ἐφέστιον  
 δείπνοισι τέρψω· τῆς δ' Ἀθηναίων χθονὸς  
 ἄξω θεατὴν δῆθεν, ὥς οὐκ ὄντ' ἐμόν.  
 καὶ γὰρ γυναῖκα τὴν ἐμὴν οὐ βούλομαι  
 λυπεῖν ἄτεκνον οὔσαν αὐτὸς εὐτυχῶν.  
 660 χρόνῳ δὲ καιρὸν λαμβάνων προσάξομαι  
 δάμαρτ' ἑᾶν σε σκῆπτρα τᾶμ' ἔχειν χθονός.  
 Ἴωνα δ' ὀνομάζω σε τῇ τύχῃ πρέπον,  
 ὀθούνεκ' ἀδύτων ἐξιόντι μοι θεοῦ  
 ἵχνος συνῆψας πρῶτος. ἀλλὰ τῶν φίλων  
 πλήρωμ' ἀθροίσας βουθύτῳ σὺν ἡδονῇ  
 πρόσσειπε, μέλλων Δελφίδ' ἐκλιπεῖν πόλιν.  
 ὑμῖν δὲ σιγᾶν, δμῳίδες, λέγω τάδε,  
 ἢ θάνατον εἰπούσαισι πρὸς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν.

## ΙΩΝ

στείχοιμ' ἄν' ἐν δὲ τῆς τύχης ἄπεστί μοι·  
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἦτις μ' ἔτεκεν εὐρήσω, πάτερ,  
 670 ἀβίωτον ἡμῖν· εἰ δ' ἐπεύξασθαι χρεῶν,

## ION

Uprightness, use and nature bred in me  
For Phoebus' service. Thinking on all this,  
Father, I more esteem things here than there.  
Mine own life let me live Content with little  
Hath charm no less than joy in great estate

### CHORUS

Well hast thou said, so be that those I love  
In these thy words may find their happiness

### XUTHUS

Of this no more but learn to bear thy fortune. 650  
For, where I found thee, there would I begin,  
By making thee a solemn public feast,  
And thy birth-sacrifice, not offered yet  
Now to the feast as my guest bringing thee,  
I'll make thee cheer · then to the Athenians' land  
Bring thee as one that travelleth, not as mine  
For, sooth, I have no heart to vex my wife  
With mine own bliss, while she is childless still  
And I shall find a time to bring my queen  
To suffer thee to take my sceptred sway.

660

Ion<sup>1</sup> I name thee, of that happy chance  
In that, as forth Apollo's shrine I came,  
First lighted I on thee Now all thy friends  
To this glad feast of sacrifice gather thou,  
To bid, as leaving Delphi soon, farewell.  
You, handmaids, I command, speak not hereof  
Death—if ye say to my wife anything<sup>1</sup>

### ION

I go : yet to my fortune one things lacks ·  
For, save I find her who gave life to me,  
My life is naught. If one prayer be vouchsafed, 670

<sup>1</sup> *ἴων*, "coming," because met at his *coming forth*.

# ΙΩΝ

ἐκ τῶν Ἀθηνῶν μ' ἡ τεκοῦς' εἶη γυνή,  
ὥς μοι γένηται μητρόθεν παρρησία.  
καθαρὰν γὰρ ἦν τις εἰς πόλιν πέσῃ ξένος,  
κἂν τοῖς λόγοισιν ἄστὸς ᾗ, τό γε στόμα  
δοῦλον πέπαται κοῦκ ἔχει παρρησίαν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρώ δάκρυα καὶ πενθίμους στρ.  
ἀλαλαγὰς στεναγμάτων τ' εἰσβολάς,  
ὅταν ἐμὰ τύραννος εὐπαιδίαν  
πόσιν ἔχοντ' εἰδῇ,  
680 αὐτὴ δ' ἅπαις ᾗ καὶ λελειμμένη τέκνων.  
τίν', ὦ παῖ πρόμαντι Λατοῦς ἔχρη-  
σας ὑμνωδίαν ;  
πόθεν ὁ παῖς ὅδ' ἀμφὶ ναοὺς σέθεν  
τρόφιμος ἐξέβα, γυναικῶν τίνος ;  
οὐ γάρ με σαίνει  
θέσφατα, μή τιν' ἔχῃ δόλον.  
δειμαίνω συμφορὰν  
ἐφ' ὃ ποτε βάζεται.  
690 ἄτοπος ἄτοπα γὰρ παραδίδωσί μοι  
τάδε θεοῦ φήμα.  
ἔχει δόλον τύχαν θ' ὁ παῖς  
ἄλλων τραφεῖς ἐξ αἱμάτων.  
τίς οὐ τάδε ξυνοίσεται ;

φίλαι, πότερ' ἐμᾶ δεσποίνα ἀντ.  
τάδε τορῶς ἐς οὓς γεγωνήσομεν,  
πόσιν, ἐν ᾧ τὰ πάντ' ἔχουσ' ἐλπίδων  
μέτοχος ἦν τλάμων ;  
700 νῦν δ' ἡ μὲν ἔρρει συμφοραῖς, ὁ δ' εὐτυχεῖ,  
πολιὸν εἰσπεσούσα γῆρας, πόσις δ'



# ION

Of Athens' daughters may my mother be,  
That by my mother may free speech be mine  
The alien who entereth a burg  
Of pure blood, burgher though he be in name,  
Hath not free speech, he bears a bondman's tongue.

[*Exeunt XUTHUS and ION.*]

## CHORUS

O vision of tears, and of fierce heart-burning (*Str.*)  
Breaking forth into shrieks and the onrush of  
sighing,

When my lady beholdeth her chieftain returning  
In glory of fatherhood—knoweth that yearning  
Of childlessness waiteth her, hunger undying ! 680

Seer-son of Latona, what strain hast thou chanted ?

Whence came he, the waif in thy temple-porch  
lying ?

Thy fosterling—yea, but a mother yet wanted !

And the oracle stirreth mine heart to defying  
Of its tones with the whisper of treachery haunted.

I fear whereunto it will grow,

This fate thou hast caused us to know :

Too strange for my credence it is 690

Child fathered of fortune and treason !

Child alien of blood !—it were reason

That all should cry yea unto this.

Friends, shall I bear to my lady the story ? (*Ant*)

Shall I speak in her ear, her lord's baseness  
revealing ?

Whom she counted her all and in all—heretofore he  
Had share in her dreams of a yet-coming glory.

Now in woe is she whelmed, but his heart hath

found healing,

[*strewing* !]

That he flouts the dear tresses and eld's silver- 700

ἀτίετος φίλων  
μέλεος, ὃς θυραῖος ἐλθὼν δόμους  
μέγαν ἐς ὄλβον οὐκ ἔσωσεν τύχας  
ὄλοιτ' ὄλοιτο  
πότνιαν ἑξαπαφὼν ἐμάν·  
καὶ θεοῖσιν μὴ τύχοι  
καλλίφλογα πέλανον ἐπὶ  
πυρὶ καθαγνίσας· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν εἴσεται

710

\* \* \* \* \*

τύραννος ἢ φίλα φίλον.<sup>1</sup>  
ἤδη πέλας δείπνων κυρεῖ  
παῖς καὶ πατήρ νέος νέων.

ἰὼ δειράδες Παρνασοῦ πέτρας ἐπ' ὦδ.  
ἔχουσαι σκόπελον οὐράνιον θ' ἔδραν,  
ἵνα Βάκχιος ἀμφιπύρους ἀνέχων πεύκας  
λαιψηρὰ πηδᾷ νυκτιπόλοις ἅμα σὺν Βάκχαις  
μή τί ποτ' εἰς ἐμὴν πόλιν ἵκοιθ' ὁ παῖς,  
νέαν δ' ἀμέραν ἀπολιπὼν θάνοι.  
στενομένα γὰρ ἂν πόλις ἔχοι σκῆψιν  
ξενικὸν εἰσβολάν.  
ἄλλις ὁ πάρος ἀρχαγὸς ὦν  
Ἐρεχθεὺς ἀναξ.

720

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ πρέσβυ παιδαγωγ' Ἐρεχθέως πατρὸς  
τοῦμοῦ ποτ' ὄντος, ἡνίκ' ἦν ἔτ' ἐν φάει,  
ἔπαιρε σαυτὸν πρὸς θεοῦ χρηστήριον,  
ὥς μοι συνησθῆς, εἴ τι Λοξίας ἀναξ  
θέσπισμα παίδων εἰς γονὰς ἐφθέγγατο·  
σὺν τοῖς φίλοις γὰρ ἡδὺ μὲν πράσσειν καλῶς·  
ὃ μὴ γένοιτο δ', εἴ τι τυγχάνοι κακόν,

730

<sup>1</sup> Bayfield for MSS τυραννίδος φίλα,

## ION

O carliff and outlander, he that came stealing  
On the wealth of a house he saved not from un-  
doing<sup>1</sup>— [dealing—

Who would cozen my lady with treacherous  
False one, away to thy ruin, thy ruin!

O'er the consecrate cake he shall lay  
Mid your altar-flames, Gods, let them play

Unavailing! Ah but my queen 710

Shall know that I hold her the dearer!

Lo this strange feast draweth nearer

When the sire's strange son shall be seen

Heights of Parnassus, rock-ridges upbearing (*Epode*)

The watchtower crags and the cloudland dome,

Where Bacchus, uptossing the pines flame-glaring,

Leaps mid his Bacchantes through darkness that  
roam,

May never yon boy to my city come faring!

Be his birth-day the day of his doom! 720

For in sooth should our city be hard bestead

If an alien host to her hearths shall be led

Suffice us Erechtheus, the kingly head

Of the Ancient Home!

*Enter CREUSA and OLD SERVANT, climbing the ascent  
to the Temple.*

CREUSA

Thou reverend child-ward of my sometime sire

Erechtheus, while he walked yet in the light,

Bear up, and press to yon God's oracle,

That thou mayst share my joy, if Loxias King

A boding-pledge of sons hath uttered forth

'Tis sweet with friends to share prosperity:

And if—which God forbid—if ill befall,

730

<sup>1</sup> By perpetuating the race of true-born Erechtheids

# ΙΩΝ

εἰς ὄμματ' εὔνου φωτὸς ἐμβλέψαι γλυκύ.  
ἐγὼ δέ σ', ὥσπερ καὶ σὺ πατέρ' ἐμόν ποτε,  
δέσποιν' ὅμως οὐσ' ἀντικηδεύω πατρός.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, ἄξι' ἀξίων γεννητόρων  
ἦθη φυλάσσεις κοῦ καταισχύνας' ἔχεις  
τοὺς σοὺς παλαιοὺς ἐκγόνους αὐτόχθονας.  
ἔλχ' ἔλκε πρὸς μέλαθρα καὶ κόμιζέ με.  
αἰπεινά τοι μαντεῖα· τοῦ γήρως δέ μοι  
740 συνεκπονούσα κῶλον ἱατρὸς γενοῦ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔπου νυν· ἵχνος δ' ἐκφύλασσε' ὅπου τίθης.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰδοῦ.

τὸ τοῦ ποδὸς μὲν βραδύ, τὸ τοῦ δὲ νοῦ ταχύ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

βάκτρῃ δ' ἐρείδου περιφερῇ στίβον χθονός.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τοῦτο τυφλόν, ὅταν ἐγὼ βλέπω βραχύ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας· ἀλλὰ μὴ πάρες κόπῃ.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκ οὖν ἐκὼν γε· τοῦ δ' ἀπόντος οὐ κρατῶ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

γυναῖκες, ἰστών τῶν ἐμῶν καὶ κερκίδος  
δούλευμα πιστόν, τίνα τύχην λαβὼν πόσις  
βέβηκε παίδων ὧν περ εἶνεχ' ἤκομεν,  
750 σημήνατ'· εἰ γὰρ ἀγαθὰ μοι μηνύσετε,  
οὐκ εἰς ἀπίστους δεσπότης βαλεῖς χαράν,

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ δαῖμον.

## ION

'Tis sweet to gaze in eyes of sympathy  
Now thine old loving tendance of my sire  
I, though thy lady, render back to thee.

OLD SERVANT

My daughter, spurt worthy of noble sires  
Thou keepest, and thou hast not put to shame  
Thine old forefathers, children of the soil  
Draw, draw me towards the shrines, and bring me on  
Steep is the god-ward path : be thou physician  
Unto mine age, and help my toiling limbs. 740

CREUSA

Follow . take heed where thou dost plant thy feet

OLD SERVANT

Lo there !  
Slow is the foot, still by the mind outstripped

CREUSA

Try with thy staff the ground : lean hard thereon

OLD SERVANT

Blind guide is this when mine eyes serve so ill

CREUSA

Sooth said : yet yield not thou to weariness.

OLD SERVANT

I would not, but my lost strength I command not.

CREUSA

Women, which do leal service at my loom  
And shuttle, show what fortune hath my lord  
Found touching issue, for which cause we came.  
For, if ye speak good tidings unto me, 750  
Your queen shall not forget the debt of joy.

CHORUS

Ah fate !

## ΙΩΝ

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸ φροίμιον μὲν τῶν λόγων οὐκ εὐτυχές.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠὸ τλᾶμον.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἢ τι θεσφάτοισι δεσποτῶν νοσῶ;

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἶεν· τί δρῶμεν, θάνατος ὧν κεῖται πέρι,

### ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τίς ἦδε μοῦσα, χῶ φόβος τίνων πέρι;

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

εἴπωμεν ἢ σιγῶμεν; ἢ τί δράσομεν;

### ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

εἴφ'· ὥς ἔχεις γε συμφοράν τιν' εἰς ἐμέ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

760

εἰρήσεταιί τοι, κεῖ θανεῖν μέλλω διπλῇ.  
οὐκ ἔστι σοι, δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἀγκάλαις λαβεῖν  
τέκν' οὐδὲ μαστῶ σῶ προσαρμόσαι ποτέ.

### ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὦμοι, θάνοιμι.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θύγατερ—

### ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ συμφορᾶς.  
ἔλαβον, ἔπαθον ἄχος ἀβίστον, φίλαι.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

διοιχόμεσθα, τέκνον.

### ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
διανταῖος ἔτυπεν ὀδύνα με πλε-  
μόνων τῶνδ' ἔσω.

## ION

OLD SERVANT (*aside*)

No happy-boding prelude of their speech !

CHORUS

Ah hapless !

OLD SERVANT (*aside*)

Ha, smks mine heart for my lords' oracle !

CHORUS

What shall we do when death is in the path ?

CREUSA

What means this strain, and wherefore is your fear ?

CHORUS

Speech ?—silence ?—what is it that we should do ?

CREUSA

Speak : something ye keep back that toucheth me

CHORUS

Thou shalt be told,—yea, though I die twice over 760

'Tis not for thee, my queen, in arms to fold

Children, nor press them ever to thy breast

CREUSA

Ah, would I might die !

OLD SERVANT

Daughter—

CREUSA

Ah wretch !—ah me for my misery !

I have gotten sore hurt, my friends · what is life  
unto me ?

OLD SERVANT

Undone—thou and I !

O child !

CREUSA

Ah me, ah me ! for the anguish-dart

Hath pierced me through, and hath plunged deep  
into mine heart

# ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μήπω στενάζῃς,

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἀλλὰ πάρεισι γόοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πρὶν ἂν μάθωμεν—

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

770

ἀγγελίαν τίνα μοι;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰ ταῦτ' ἀπράστων δεσπότης τῆς συμφορᾶς  
κοινωνός ἐστιν, ἣ μόνῃ σὺ δυστυχεῖς

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κείνῳ μέν, ὦ γεραιέ, παῖδα Λοξίας  
ἔδωκεν, ἰδία δ' εὐτυχεῖ ταύτης δίχα.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τόδ' ἐπὶ τῷδε κακὸν ἄκρον ἔλακες ἔλακες  
ἄχος ἐμοὶ στένειν

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πότερα δὲ φῦναι δεῖ γυναικὸς ἔκ τινος  
τὸν παῖδ' ὃν εἶπας, ἣ γεγῶτ' ἐθέσπισεν;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

780

ἤδη πεφυκότ' ἐκτελῇ νεανίαν  
δίδωσιν αὐτῷ Λοξίας· παρῇ δ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

πῶς φῆς; ἄφατον ἄφατον ἀναύδητον  
λόγον ἐμοὶ θροεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κᾶμουγε. πῶς δ' ὁ χρησμὸς ἐκπεραίνεται  
σαφέστερόν μοι φράζε, χῶστις ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅτῳ ξυναντήσειεν ἐκ ναοῦ συθεῖς  
πρώτῳ πόσις σός, παῖδ' ἔδωκ' αὐτῷ θεός.



## ION

OLD SERVANT

Nay, moan not yet—

CREUSA

But wailings the soul of me fill !

OLD SERVANT

Ere we shall learn—

CREUSA

What tidings remain for me still ? 770

OLD SERVANT

If in the same calamity our lord  
Have part, or thine alone misfortune be.

CHORUS

Ancient, to him hath Loxias given a son,  
And private joy is his, unshared of her.

CREUSA

Ah sorrow on sorrow, for crown of sorrow, and woes  
for my sighing !

OLD SERVANT

But of some woman must he yet be born,  
This child ?—or did the God proclaim him born ?

CHORUS

Already born—nay more, a stripling grown 780  
Doth Loxias give him I was there, and heard.

CREUSA

How sayest thou ?—nameless, unspeakable things in  
mine ears art thou crying—

OLD SERVANT

And mine. But how works out the oracle ?  
More clearly tell me · who the lad is, tell

CHORUS

Whomso thy lord should first meet as he passed  
From the God's fane, the God gave him for son

# ΙΩΝ

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

790 ὅτοτοτοῖ· τὸ δ' ἔμὸν ἄτεκνον ἄτεκνον ἔλαβεν  
ἄρα βίοντον, ἐρημία δ' ὀρφανούς  
δόμους οἰκήσω.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς οὖν ἐχρήσθη; τῷ συνήψ' ἔχνος ποδὸς  
πόσις ταλαίνης; πῶς δὲ ποῦ νιν εἰσιδών;

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἶσθ', ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, τὸν νεανίαν  
ὃς τόνδ' ἔσαιρε ναόν; οὗτος ἔσθ' ὁ παῖς.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἂν ὑγρὸν ἀμπταίνην αἰθέρα πόρσω γαί-  
ας Ἑλλανίας, ἀστέρας ἐσπέρους,  
οἶον οἶον ἄλγος ἔπαθον, φίλαι.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

800 ὄνομα δὲ ποῖον αὐτὸν ὀνομάζει πατήρ;  
οἶσθ', ἥ σιωπῇ τοῦτ' ἀκύρωτον μένει;

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἴων', ἐπείπερ πρῶτος ἤντησεν πατρί.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μητρὸς δ' ὁποίας ἐστίν;

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔχω φράσαι.  
φρούδος δ', ἔν' εἰδῆς πάντα τὰπ' ἐμοῦ, γέρον,  
παιδὸς προθύσων ξένια καὶ γενέθλια,  
σκηναὶς ἐς ἱερὰς τῆσδε λαθραίως πόσις,  
κοινῇ ξυνάψων δαῖτα παιδὶ τῷ νέφ.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

810 δέσποινα, προδεδόμεσθα, σὺν γάρ σοι νοσῶ,  
τοῦ σοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, καὶ μεμνηχανημένως  
ὑβριζόμεσθα δωμάτων τ' Ἐρεχθέως

## ION

CREUSA

Ah me ! ah me !—and my weird  
Of barrenness, barrenness grippeth my life !—  
desolation-oppressed 790  
Shall I live on, living in childless halls !

OLD SERVANT

Who was the child foretold ? whom met he first,  
Our sad queen's lord ? How saw he him, and where ?

CHORUS

Rememberest thou, O dear my queen, the youth  
That swept the temple's floor ? That son is he.

CREUSA

Oh to flee on the wings of a bird  
Through the ocean of air, and from Hellas afar to  
the stars of the west !

Such pain on me, friends, such anguish falls !

OLD SERVANT

And what name hath his father given to him ? 800  
Know'st thou ? Or bideth this unfixed, unsaid ?

CHORUS

Ion, since he was first to meet his sire.

OLD SERVANT

His mother, who ?

CHORUS

Thereof can I say naught  
My lady's spouse hath stol'n—that all my tale  
Be known of thee—into the festal tent,  
'To sacrifice for welcoming and birth,  
And spread a public feast for this new son.

OLD SERVANT

Betrayed, Queen, are we—for thy pain is mine—  
Of this thy lord, by treason-stratagems  
Insulted ; from Erechtheus' palace-halls 810

# ΙΩΝ

ἐκβαλλόμεσθα· καὶ σὸν οὐ στυγῶν πόσιν  
 λέγω, σὲ μέντοι μᾶλλον ἢ κείνον φιλῶν·  
 ὅστις σε γήμας ξένος ἐπείσειλθὼν πόλιν  
 καὶ δῶμα καὶ σὴν παραλαβὼν παγκληρίαν,  
 ἄλλης γυναικὸς παῖδας ἐκκαρπούμενος  
 λάθρα πέφηνεν· ὡς λάθρα δ', ἐγὼ φράσω·  
 ἐπεὶ σ' ἄτεκνον ἦσθετ', οὐκ ἔστεργέ σοι  
 ὅμοιος εἶναι τῆς τύχης τ' ἴσον φέρειν,  
 λαβὼν δὲ δοῦλα λέκτρα νυμφεύσας λάθρα  
 820 τὸν παῖδ' ἔφυσεν, ἐξενωμένον δέ τῳ  
 Δελφῶν δίδωσιν ἐκτρέφειν· ὁ δ' ἐν θεοῦ  
 δόμοισιν ἄφετος, ὡς λάθροι, παιδεύεται.  
 νεανίαν δ' ὡς ἦσθετ' ἐκτεθραμμένον,  
 ἐλθεῖν σ' ἔπεισε δεῦρ' ἀπαιδίας χάριν.  
 καὶ θ' ὁ θεὸς οὐκ ἐψεύσαθ', ὅδε δ' ἐψεύσατο  
 πάλαι τρέφων τὸν παῖδα, καὶ πλεκεν πλοκάς  
 τοιάσδ'· αἰλοὺς μὲν ἀνέφερ' εἰς τὸν daίμονα,  
 †ἐλθὼν δὲ καὶ τὸν χρόνον ἀμύνεσθαι θέλων†  
 τυραννίδ' αὐτῷ περιβαλεῖν ἔμελλε γῆς.  
 830 καινὸν δὲ τοῦνομ' ἀνὰ χρόνον πεπλασμένον,  
 Ἴων, ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἷμοι, πανούργους ἄνδρας ὡς αἰὲ στυγῶ,  
 οἱ συντιθέντες τᾶδικ' εἵτα μηχαναῖς  
 κοσμοῦσι. φαῦλον χρηστὸν ἂν λαβεῖν φίλον  
 θέλοιμι μᾶλλον ἢ κακὸν σοφώτερον.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τῶνδ' ἀπάντων ἔσχατον πείσει κακόν·  
 ἀμῆτορ', ἀναρίθμητον, ἐκ δούλης τινὸς  
 γυναικὸς, εἰς σὸν δῶμα δεσπότην ἄγειν.  
 ἀπλοῦν ἂν ᾖ γὰρ τὸ κακόν, εἰ παρ' εὐγενοῦς  
 840 μητρός, πιθὼν σε, σὴν λέγων ἀπαιδίαν,

## ION

Cast forth ! And this I say, as hating not  
Thy lord, but better loving thee than him,  
Who came a stranger to thy burg and home,  
Wedded thee, and received thine heritage,  
And of another woman gat him sons  
Clandestine · this “ clandestine ” will I prove .—  
Knowing thee barren, he was not content  
To share thy fortune, to partake thy lot,  
But took a slave to his clandestine bed,  
Begot this son, from Athens sent him, gave 820  
Unto some Delphian’s fostering · for concealment  
Was he reared in the temple, consecrate

Then, when he knew the stripling fully grown,  
He drew thee hither by the hope of sons.  
So, not the God hath lied, but this man lied,  
Rearing so long the lad, weaving such plots  
Detected here, he would cast it on the God :  
But, safe in Athens, he would set her crown  
Upon him, guarding ’gainst the chance of time  
But this *new name’s* misdated forgery ! 830  
Ion—set eye on him then first, forsooth !

### CHORUS

Ah me ! how evermore I loathe the knave  
That plotteth wrongs, and then with stratagem  
Tricks forth ! Be mine the friend of simple soul  
Yet honest, rather than the craftier villain.

### OLD SERVANT

And a worse ill than all this must thou know,  
To take into thine house for lord thereof  
A slave’s brat, motherless, of none account !  
’Twere but one ill, if from a free-born womb,  
With thy consent, pleading thy barrenness, 840

ἔσώκισ' οἴκους· εἰ δὲ σοὶ τόδ' ἦν πικρόν,  
 τῶν Αἰόλου νιν χρῆν ὀρεχθῆναι γάμων.  
 ἐκ τῶνδε δεῖ σε δὴ γυναικεῖόν τι δρᾶν·  
 ἢ γὰρ ξίφος λαβοῦσαν ἢ δόλω τινὶ  
 ἢ φαρμάκοισι σὸν κατακτεῖναι πόσιν  
 καὶ παῖδα, πρὶν σοὶ θάνατον ἐκ κείνων μολεῖν.  
 [εἰ γάρ γ' ὑφήσεις τοῦδ', ἀπαλλάξει βίου·  
 δυοῖν γὰρ ἐχθροῖν εἰς ἓν ἐλθόντοιν στέγος,  
 ἢ θάτερον δεῖ δυστυχεῖν ἢ θάτερον.]  
 ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν σοι καὶ συνεκπονεῖν θέλω,  
 καὶ συμφονεύειν παῖδ' ἐπεισελθὼν δόμοις  
 οὐ δαίθ' ὀπλίζει, καὶ τροφεῖα δεσπόταις  
 ἀποδοὺς θανεῖν τε ζῶν τε φέγγος εἰσορᾶν.  
 ἐν γάρ τι τοῖς δούλοισιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,  
 τοῦνομα· τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα τῶν ἐλευθέρων  
 οὐδὲν κακίων δούλος, ὅστις ἐσθλὸς ᾖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ γώ, φίλη δέσποινα, συμφορὰν θέλω  
 κοινουμένη τήνδ' ἢ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν καλῶς.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὦ ψυχά, πῶς σιγάσω ;  
 πῶς δὲ σκοτίας ἀναφήνω  
 εὐνάς, αἰδοῦς δ' ἀπολειφθῶ ;  
 τί γὰρ ἐμπόδιον κώλυμ' ἔτι μοι ;  
 πρὸς τίν' ἀγῶνας τιθέμεσθ' ἀρετῆς,  
 οὐ πόσις ἡμῶν προδότης γέγονεν ;  
 στέρομαι δ' οἴκων, στέρομαι παίδων,  
 φροῦδαι δ' ἐλπίδες, ἃς διαθέσθαι  
 χρήζουσα καλῶς οὐκ ἐδυνήθην,  
 σιγῶσα γάμους,  
 σιγῶσα τόκους πολυκλαύτους.

ἀλλ' οὐ τὸ Διὸς πολυάστρον ἔδος

# ION

He found an heir. Or, if this liked thee not,  
 He ought to have sought a wife of Aeolus' race  
 Now, something worthy of woman must thou do—  
 Grasp thou the sword, or by some wiliness  
 Or poison slay thine husband and his son,  
 Ere treacherous death shall come from them to thee  
 For, if thou flinch, 'tis thou shalt lose thy life.  
 For, when two foes beneath one roof be met,  
 This one or that one must the victim be  
 Willing am I with thee to share this work, 850  
 To enter the pavilion, slay the lad  
 Where he prepares the feast :—repaying so  
 My lords their nurture, let me die or live !  
 There is but one thing bringeth shame to slaves,  
 The name : in all beside no slave is worse.  
 Than free men, so he bear an upright soul

## CHORUS

I too, dear mistress, I consent to share  
 Thy fate,—or death, or honourable life

## CREUSA

O, how keep silence, my soul ?  
 Yet how shall I dare to unroll 860  
 Deeds hidden of darkness, and cast the shame behind  
 me ? [bind me ?  
 Yet what thing remaineth to fetter me, what thing to  
 With whom can I stand in virtue's glorious strife ?  
 Hath not mine husband a traitor been shown to his  
 wife ?  
 I am wholly of home bereft, am of children bereft :  
 Of the hopes unavailing I cherished not one is left,  
 Who dreamed I should order all things well,  
 Yet naught of that bridal of horror tell,  
 Naught of the birth amid tears that befell  
 Now nay—by the palace of Zeus star-brightened, 870

# ΙΩΝ

καὶ τὴν ἐπ' ἐμοῖς σκοπέλοισι θεὰν  
 λίμνης τ' ἐνύδρου Τριτωνιάδος  
 πότνιαν ἄκταν,  
 οὐκέτι κρύψω λέχος, ὥς στέρνων  
 ἀπονησαμένη ῥᾶων ἔσομαι.  
 στάζουσι κόραι δακρύοισιν ἐμαί,  
 ψυχὰ δ' ἀλγεῖ κακοβουληθεῖς  
 ἔκ τ' ἀνθρώπων ἔκ τ' ἀθανάτων,  
 οὓς ἀποδείξω  
 880 λέκτρων προδότας ἀχαρίστους.

ὦ τὰς ἐπταφθόγγου μέλπων  
 κιθάρας ἐνοπᾶν, ἅτ' ἀγραύλοισ  
 κέρασιν ἐν ἀψύχοις ἀχεῖ  
 μουσᾶν ὕμνους εὐαχήτους,  
 σοὶ μομφάν, ὦ Λατοῦς παῖ,  
 πρὸς τάνδ' αὐγὰν αὐδάσω.  
 ἦλθές μοι χρυσῷ χαίταν  
 μαρμαίρων, εὐτ' εἰς κόλπους  
 890 κρόκεα πέταλα φάρεσιν ἔδρεπον  
 ἀνθίζειν χρυσανταυγῇ·  
 λευκοῖς δ' ἐμφὺς καρποῖσιν  
 χειρῶν εἰς ἄντρον κοίτας  
 κραυγὰν ὦ μαῖτέρ μ' αὐδῶσαν  
 θεὸς ὁμευνέτας  
 · ἄγες ἀναιδεία  
 Κύπριδι χάριν πρᾶσσω.

τίκτω δ' ἅ δύστανός σοι  
 κοῦρον, τὸν φρίκα ματρὸς  
 εἰς εὐνὰν βάλλω τὰν σάν,  
 900 ἵνα με λέχεσι μέλεα μέλεος  
 ἐξεύξω τὰν δύστανον.



## ION

By the watchtower crag where my Goddess's  
throne is,

By the holy shore of the mere Tritonis

Full-brimming mid Libya's plain,

Mine outrage no more will I hide, that lightened

My bosom may be of its pain.

Mine eyes are a fountain of tears fast-welling,

And mine heart is betrayed and anguish-riven,

Betrayed of lovers on earth, in heaven !

I will speak it, that thankless name forth telling,

And the tale of the traitor to love shall be given. 880

Lord of the seven-voiced lyre, who attunest the cry of  
its strings, [note sings

Under whose fingers the lifeless awaketh, a sweet

From the horn of the ox of the field, the chant of the

Muses outrings—

Child of Latona, I cry to the Sun—I will publish  
thy shame ! [the flowers as I came

Thou, with thy tresses a-shimmer with gold, through

Plucking the crocuses, heaping my veil with their

gold-litten flame, 890

Cam'st on me, caughtest the poor pallid wrists of mine  
hands and didst hale

Unto thy couch in the cave,—“ Mother ! mother ! ” I  
shrieked out my wail,—

Wroughtest the pleasure of Cypris : no shame made  
the god-lover quail.

Wretched I bare thee a child, and I cast him with  
shuddering throe [a bride-bed of woe.

Forth on thy couch where thou forcedst thy victim, 900

Lost—my poor baby and thine ! for the eagles  
devoured him ;—and lo,

# ΙΩΝ

οἷμοι μοι· καὶ νῦν ἔρρει  
 πτανοῖς ἄρπασθεις θοῖνα  
 παῖς μοι καὶ σὸς τλάμων,  
 σὺ δὲ κιθάρα κλάζεις  
 παιᾶνας μέλπων.

910

ὦή, τὸν Λατοῦς αὐδῶ,  
 ὃς ὀμφὰν κληροῖς  
 πρὸς χρυσεούς θάκους καὶ  
 γαίας μεσσήρεις ἔδρας,  
 εἰς οὓς αὐδὰν καρύξω·  
 ἰὼ κακὸς εὐνάτωρ,  
 ὃς τῷ μὲν ἐμῷ νυμφεύτα  
 χάριν οὐ προλαβὼν  
 παῖδ' εἰς οἴκους οἰκίζεις·  
 ὁ δ' ἐμὸς γενέτας καὶ σὸς ἀμαθῆς  
 οἰωνοῖς ἔρρει συλαθείς, [οἰκεῖα]  
 σπάργαντα ματέρος ἐξαλλάξας.  
 μισεῖ σ' ὁ Δᾶλος καὶ δάφνας  
 ἔρνεα φοίνικα παρ' ἄβροκόμαν,  
 ἔνθα λοχεύματα σέμν' ἐλοχεύσατο  
 Λατὼ Δίῳσιν σε καρποῖς.

920

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἷμοι, μέγας θησαυρὸς ὥς ἀνοίγνυται  
 κακῶν, ἐφ' οἷσι πᾶς ἂν ἐκβάλῃ δάκρυ.

## ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ, οἴκτου σὸν βλέπων ἐμπίπλαμαι  
 πρόσωπον, ἔξω δ' ἐγενόμην γνώμης ἐμῆς.  
 κακῶν γὰρ ἄρτι κῦμ' ὑπεξαντλῶν φρενί,  
 πρύμνηθεν αἶρει μ' ἄλλο σὼν λόγων ὑπο,  
 οὓς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν  
 μετῆλθες ἄλλων πημάτων κακὰς ὁδούς.

930

## ION

Victory-songs to thy lyre dost thou chant ' Ho, I  
call to thee, son  
Born to Latona, Dispenser of Boding, on gold-  
gleaming throne  
Midmost of earth who art sitting :—thine ears shall  
be pierced with my moan ' 910

Ah, ravisher-bridegroom thou !

What ailed thee to give to my spouse—  
Requiting no service, I trow !—

A son to be heir to his house ?  
But my baby and thine, O heartless, was taken  
For a prey of the eagles . long ere now  
Were the swaddling-bands of his mother forsaken.

Thy Delos doth hate thee, thy bay-boughs abhor thee,  
By the palm-tree of feathery frondage that rose 920  
Where in sacred travail Latona bore thee  
Unto Zeus for the fruit of her throes.

### CHORUS

Ah me, what mighty treasure-house is opened  
Of sore affliction whereat all shall weep '

### OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, gazing on thy face I fill  
With pity . yea, my mind is all distraught.  
For, while one surge of ills yet drowns my soul,  
High rolls astern another from thy words  
For, soon as thou hadst told thy present ills,  
Thou followedst the dark track of other woes. 930

# ΙΩΝ

τί φής ; τίνα λόγον Λοξίου κατηγορεῖς ;  
 ποῖον τεκεῖν φής παῖδα ; ποῦ θεῖναι πόλεως  
 θηρσὶν φίλον τύμβευμ' ; ἀνελθέ μοι πάλιν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

αἰσχύνομαι μέν σ', ὦ γέρον, λέξω δ' ὅμως.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὥς συστενάζειν γ' οἶδα γενναίως φίλοις.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἄκουε τοῖνυν· οἶσθα Κεκροπίας πέτρας  
 πρόσβορρον ἄντρον, ἃς Μακρὰς κυκλήσκομεν ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἔνθα Πανδὸς ἄδυτα καὶ βωμοὶ πέλας.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ' ἀγῶνα δεινὸν ἠγωνίσμεθα.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

940 τίν' ; ὥς ἀπαντᾷ δάκρυά μοι τοῖς σοῖς λόγοις.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

Φοίβω ξυνήψ' ἄκουσα δύστηνον γάμον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ θύγατερ· ἄρ' ἦν ταῦθ' ἃ γ' ἡσθόμην ἐγώ ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀληθῆ δ' εἰ λέγεις, φαίημεν ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

νόσον κρυφαίαν ἥνικ' ἔστενες λάθρα ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τότ' ἦν ἃ νῦν σοι φανερά σημαίνω κακά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ τ' ἐξέκλεψας πῶς Ἀπόλλωνος γάμους ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἔτεκον· ἀνάσχου ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ κλύων, γέρον.

## ION

What say'st thou? What dost lay to Loxias' charge?  
What child hast borne? In Athens where didst cast  
him

To gladden a living grave?—tell yet again.

CREUSA

Ancient, I blush before thee, yet will tell

OLD SERVANT

To weep with friends that weep, full well I know

CREUSA

Hear then :—the Rocks of Cecrops knowest thou,  
The Long Cliff named?—the northward-facing cave?

OLD SERVANT

I know: Pan's shrine and altars stand thereby

CREUSA

Even there I agonized in that dread strife—

OLD SERVANT

What?—lo, how start my tears to meet thy words! 940

CREUSA

With Phoebus linked sore loth in woeful bridal.

OLD SERVANT

Ah daughter, was it this myself had marked?

CREUSA

Had marked?—If sooth thou sayest, I will tell.

OLD SERVANT

Thy secret sighing as with hidden pain?

•

CREUSA

Yea; then befell the ills I now lay bare.

OLD SERVANT

And how didst thou conceal Apollo's rape?

CREUSA

I travailed—bear to hear my tale, old friend!—

## ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποῦ , τίς λοχεύει σ' ; ἡ μόνη μοχθεῖς τάδε ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μόνη κατ' ἄντρον οὐπερ ἐξεύχθην γάμοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

950 ὁ παῖς δὲ ποῦ 'στιν, ἵνα σὺ μηκέτ' ᾗς ἅπαις ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τέθνηκεν, ὦ γεραιέ, θηρσὶν ἐκτεθεῖς.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τέθνηκ' ; Ἀπόλλων δ' ὁ κακὸς οὐδὲν ἤρκεσεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἤρκεσ' . "Αἶδου δ' ἐν δόμοις παιδεύεται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς γάρ νιν ἐξέθηκεν ; οὐ γὰρ δὴ σύ γε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἡμεῖς, ἐν ὄρφνῃ σπαργανώσαντες πέπλοις.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδὲ ξυνήδει σοί τις ἔκθεσιν τέκνου ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἱ ξυμφοραὶ γε καὶ τὸ λανθάνειν μόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἐν ἄντρῳ παῖδα σὸν λιπεῖν ἔτλης ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς δ' ; οἰκτρὰ πολλὰ στόματος ἐκβαλοῦς' ἔπη.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

φεῦ·

960 τλήμων σὺ τόλμης, ὁ δὲ θεὸς μᾶλλον σέθεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰ παῖδά γ' εἶδες χεῖρας ἐκτείνοντά μοι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

μαστὸν διώκοντ' ἡ πρὸς ἀγκύλαις πεσεῖν ;

## ION

OLD SERVANT

Who tended thee ? . . . alone in trial's hour !

CREUSA

Alone within the cave that saw my rape.

OLD SERVANT

And the boy, where ?—that thou no more be childless 950

CREUSA

Dead is he, ancient,—unto beasts cast out.

OLD SERVANT

Dead ?—and Apollo, traitor ! helped thee naught ?

CREUSA

Helped not. The child is nursed in Hades' halls.

OLD SERVANT

Who cast him forth ? Not thou—O never thou !

CREUSA

Even I My vesture darkling swaddled him.

OLD SERVANT

Nor any knew the exposing of the child ?

CREUSA

None—Misery and Secrecy alone. '

OLD SERVANT

How couldst thou leave thy babe within the cave ?

CREUSA

Ah how ?—O pitiful farewells I moaned !

OLD SERVANT

Poor heart of steel !—O God's heart harder yet ! 960

CREUSA

Ah, hadst thou seen the babe's hands stretched to me !

OLD SERVANT

Seeking the breast, the cradle of thine arms ?

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθ', ἴν' οὐκ ὦν ἄδικ' ἔπασχεν ἐξ ἐμοῦ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σοὶ δ' ἐς τί δόξ' εἰσῆλθεν ἐκβαλεῖν τέκνον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὥς τὸν θεὸν σώσουντα τὸν γ' αὐτοῦ γόνον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἴμοι, δόμων σὼν ὄλβος ὥς χειμάζεται.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί κρᾶτα κρίψας, ὦ γέρον, δακρυρροεῖς;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὲ καὶ πατέρα σὸν δυστυχοῦντας εἰσορῶν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰ θνητὰ τοιαῦτ' οὐδὲν ἐν ταύτῳ μένει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

970

μὴ νῦν ἔτ' οἴκτων, θύγατερ, ἀντεχώμεθα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί γάρ με χρή δρᾶν; ἀπορία τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὸν πρῶτον ἀδίκησαντά σ' ἀποτίνου θεόν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ πῶς τὰ κρεῖσσω θνητὸς οὖσ' ὑπερδράμω;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

πίμπρη τὰ σεμνὰ Λοξίου χρηστήρια.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέδοικα· καὶ νῦν πημάτων ἄδην ἔχω.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τὰ δυνατὰ νυν τόλμησον, ἄνδρα σὸν κτανεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

αἰδούμεθ' εὐνὰς τὰς τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἐσθλὸς ἦν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ παῖδα τὸν ἐπὶ σοὶ πεφηνότα.



## ION

CREUSA

Where he lay not, and so had wrong of me

OLD SERVANT

And in what hope didst thou cast forth the babe ?

CREUSA

That the God yet would save him—his own child

OLD SERVANT

Ah me, what tempest wrecks thine house's weal !

CREUSA

Why dost thou, ancient, veil thine head, and weep ?

OLD SERVANT

Seeing calamity, thy sire's and thine.

CREUSA

'Tis man's lot : naught continueth at one stay.

OLD SERVANT

Cling we no more to wailings, daughter, now.

970

CREUSA

What must I do ?—so helpless misery is

OLD SERVANT

Avenge thee on the God who wronged thee first.

CREUSA

How ?—I, a mortal, triumph o'er the strong ?

OLD SERVANT

Set thou the torch to Loxias' holy shrine

CREUSA

I fear :—even now I have enough of woes.

•

OLD SERVANT

Then dare the thing thou canst : thine husband slay

CREUSA

I cannot—for old love and loyalty's sake.

OLD SERVANT

The boy, at least, thus foisted upon thee.

## ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πῶς ; εἰ γὰρ εἶη δυνατόν· ὥς θέλοιμί γ' ἄν.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

980 ξιφηφόρους σοὺς ὀπλίσασ' ὀπάοντας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στείχοιμ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ ποῦ γενήσεται τόδε ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἱεραῖσιν ἐν σκηναῖσιν, οὐ θοινᾷ φίλους.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίσημον ὁ φόνος, καὶ τὸ δοῦλον ἀσθενές.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦμοι, κακίζει. φέρε, σύ νυν βούλευέ τι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν ἔχω γε δόλια καὶ δραστήρια.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἀμφοῖν ἂν εἶην τοίνδ' ὑπηρέτης ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄκουε τοίνυν· οἶσθα γηγενῇ μάχην ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οἶδ', ἦν Φλέγρα Γίγαντες ἔστησαν θεοῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐνταῦθα Γοργόν' ἔτεκε Γῆ, δεινὸν τέρας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

990 ἦ παισὶν αὐτῆς σύμμαχον, θεῶν πόνον ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· καί νιν ἔκτειν' ἡ Διὸς Παλλᾶς θεά.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἄρ' οὐτός ἐσθ' ὁ μῦθος δν κλύω πάλαι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ταύτης Ἀθάνα δέρος ἐπὶ στέρνοις ἔχει.

## ION

CREUSA

How ? - would 'twere possible !—how fain would I !

OLD SERVANT

With daggers arm the servants of thy train. 980

CREUSA

I will go straight :—but when to strike the blow ?

OLD SERVANT

In the pavilion, where he feasts his friends.

CREUSA

Murder in public—and by weakling thralls !

OLD SERVANT

Woe ! thine heart fails Do thine own plotting now

CREUSA

Ha, mine is secret guile and triumph sure

OLD SERVANT

Yea, both ?—then will I be thy minister.

CREUSA

Hear then :—thou knowest of the Earth-born War ?

OLD SERVANT

Yea, giants stood in Phlegra 'gainst the Gods

CREUSA

There Earth brought forth the Gorgon, monster  
dread—

OLD SERVANT

To help her sons, and press the Gods full hard ? 990

CREUSA

Yea, and Zeus' Daughter, Goddess Pallas, slew it

OLD SERVANT

Meseems I heard this legend long ago—

CREUSA

How on her breast Athena bore its skin

# ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἦν αἰγίδ' ὀνομάζουσι, Παλλάδος στολήν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τόδ' ἔσχεν ὄνομα θεῶν ὅτ' ἤξεν εἰς δόρυ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ποιόν τι μορφῆς σχῆμ' ἔχουσαν ἀγρίας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

θώρακ' ἐχίδνης περιβόλοις ὀπλισμένον.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δῆτα, θύγατερ, τοῦτο σοῖς ἐχθροῖς βλάβος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Ἐριχθόνιον οἶσθ' ἦ οὐ ; τί δ' οὐ μέλλεις, γέρον ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1000 ὃν πρῶτον ὑμῶν πρόγονον ἐξανῆκε γῇ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τούτῳ δίδωσι Παλλὰς ὄντι νεογόνῳ—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί χρῆμα ; μέλλον γάρ τι προσφέρεις ἔπος.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δισσούς σταλαγμοὺς αἵματος Ποργοῦς ἄπο.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἰσχὺν ἔχοντας τίνα πρὸς ἀνθρώπου φύσιν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὸν μὲν θανάσιμον, τὸν δ' ἀκεσφόρον νόσων.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ἐν τῷ καθάψας' ἀμφὶ παιδὶ σώματος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

χρυσοῖσι δεσμοῖς· ὃ δὲ δίδωσ' ἐμῷ πατρί.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

κείνου δὲ κατθανόντος εἰς σ' ἀφίκετο ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ναί· καπὶ κάρπῳ γ' αὖτ' ἐγὼ χερὸς φέρω.

## ION

OLD SERVANT

Ay, named the Aegis, Pallas's array ?

CREUSA

Of Gods named, from her battle-eager charge

OLD SERVANT

What was the fashion of its grisly form ?

CREUSA

A breastplate fenced with ring on ring of snakes

OLD SERVANT

But, daughter, how shall this thing harm thy foes ?

CREUSA

Knowest thou Erichthonius ?—thou must.

OLD SERVANT

First father of your line, whom earth brought forth ? 1000

CREUSA

To him gave Pallas in his hour of birth—

OLD SERVANT

What ?—thy word falters in the utterance

CREUSA

Two drops of blood—of that same Gorgon's blood.

OLD SERVANT

What power have they upon the life of man ?

CREUSA

For death one, one for healing of disease.

OLD SERVANT

And hung them on the child—wherein enclosed ?

CREUSA

A golden clasp    He gave it to my sire.

OLD SERVANT

And, when Erechtheus died, to thee it passed ?

CREUSA

Yea ; and I bear it ever on my wrist.

# ΙΩΝ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1010 πῶς οὖν κέκρανται δίπτυχον δῶρον θεᾶς ,

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

κοίλης μὲν ὅστις φλεβὸς ἀπέσταξεν φόνω—

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί τῷδε χρῆσθαι ; δύνασιν ἐκφέρει τίνα ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

νόσους ἀπείργει καὶ τροφὰς ἔχει βίου.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὁ δεύτερος δ' ἀριθμὸς ὃν λέγεις τί δρᾷ ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

κτείνει, δρακόντων ἰδὸς ὧν τῶν Γοργόνος.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

εἰς ἓν δὲ κραθέντ' αὐτὸν ἢ χωρὶς φορεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

χωρὶς· κακῷ γὰρ ἐσθλὸν οὐ συμμίσγνυται.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτη παῖ, πάντ' ἔχεις ὅσων σε δεῖ.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

τούτῳ θανεῖται παῖς· σὺ δ' ὁ κτείνων ἔσει.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1020 ποῦ καὶ τί δράσας ; σὸν λέγειν, τολμᾶν δ' ἐμόν.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις, δῶμ' ὅταν τοῦμόν μόλῃ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐκ εὖ τόδ' εἶπας· καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοῦμόν ψέγεις.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

πῶς ; ἄρ' ὑπείδου τοῦθ' ὃ καμ' ἐσέρχεται ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

σὺ παῖδα δόξεις διολέσαι, κεῖ μὴ κτενεῖς.

ΚΡΕΟΤΣΑ

ὀρθῶς· φθονεῖν γάρ φασι μητρὶαὺς τέκνους.

## ION

OLD SERVANT

How is the Goddess' gift twofold ordained ? 1010

CREUSA

Each drop that welled in death from the *hollow vein*—

OLD SERVANT

To what serves this ? What virtue beareth it ?

CREUSA

Averts diseases, fostereth the life

OLD SERVANT

The second thou hast named—what doeth it ?

CREUSA

Slayeth : 'tis venom of the Gorgon's snakes

OLD SERVANT

Mingled in one, or several, dost thou bear it ?

CREUSA

Several · good with evil blendeth not

OLD SERVANT

O child, O dearest, thou hast all thy need !

CREUSA

Hereby the lad shall die, the slayer thou.

OLD SERVANT

Where ?—by what deed ? Thou tell, and I will dare. 1020

CREUSA

In Athens, when he cometh to mine home.

OLD SERVANT

Ill rede is thine—as mine was in thy sight

CREUSA

Ha, doth thine heart's misgiving jump with mine ?

OLD SERVANT

Thou shouldst be murderess held, though innocent

CREUSA

Even so—the old tale of stepdame's jealousy.

## ΙΩΝ

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

αὐτοῦ νυν αὐτὸν κτεῖν', ἵν' ἀρνήσει φόνους.

### ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

προλάζυμαι γοῦν τῷ χρόνῳ τῆς ἡδονῆς.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

καὶ σὸν γε λήσεις πόσιν ἅ σε σπεύδει λαθεῖν.

### ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1030 οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον, χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς λαβὼν  
 χρύσωμ' Ἀθάνας τόδε, παλαιὸν ὄργανον,  
 ἐλθὼν ἵν' ἡμῖν βουθυτεῖ λάθρα πόσις,  
 δείπνων ὅταν λήγωσι καὶ σπονδὰς θεοῖς  
 μέλλωσι λείβειν, ἐν πέπλοις ἔχων τόδε  
 κάθες βαλὼν εἰς πῶμα τῷ νεανία,  
 ἰδίᾳ δέ, μὴ τι πᾶσι, χωρίσας ποτὸν  
 τῷ τῶν ἐμῶν μέλλοντι δεσπόζειν δόμων.  
 κἄνπερ διέλθῃ λαιμόν, οὔποθ' ἴξεται  
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας, κατθανὼν δ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖ.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1040 σὺ μὲν νυν εἴσω προξένων μέθες πόδα·  
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἐφ' ᾧ τετάγμεθ' ἐκπονήσομεν.  
 ἄγ', ὦ γεραιέ πούς, νεανίας γενοῦ  
 ἔργοισι, κεῖ μὴ τῷ χρόνῳ πάρεστί σοι.  
 ἐχθρόν δ' ἐπ' ἄνδρα στείχε δεσποτῶν μέτα,  
 καὶ συμφόνευε καὶ συνεξαίρει δόμων.  
 τὴν δ' εὐσέβειαν εὐτυχοῦσι μὲν καλὸν  
 τιμᾶν· ὅταν δὲ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι, κακῶς  
 θέλῃ τις, οὐδεὶς ἐμποδὼν κεῖται νόμος.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Εἰνοδία θύγατερ Δάματρος, ἃ τῶν στρ. α'  
 νυκτιπόλων ἐφόδων ἀνάσσεις,



## ION

OLD SERVANT

Here slay him, then so shall avail denial.

CREUSA

At least I shall the sooner taste that joy.

OLD SERVANT

Nor thy lord know thy knowledge of his secret.

CREUSA

Know'st then thy part? Receive thou from mine hand  
Athena's golden vial, wrought of old • 1030  
Go where my lord holds this false sacrifice;  
And, in the banquet's pause, when men will pour  
Wine to the Gods, this have thou 'neath thy cloak,  
And swiftly drop into the stripling's cup,—  
That for his drinking, not the general bowl,—  
Even his who seeks to lord it o'er mine house  
If once it pass his lips, ne'er shall he come  
To glorious Athens: here shall he stay—dead

OLD SERVANT

Unto thine host's house now withdraw thy foot,  
And I through mine appointed task will toil. 1040  
Come, aged foot, for deeds must thou grow young,  
Though this be not by time vouchsafed to thee.  
On, with thy mistress on, against the foe!  
Help her to slay and cast him forth her home.  
Fair faith?—O yea, fair faith for fortune fair:  
But, when ye would wreak vengeance on your foes,  
There is no law that lieth in the path

[*Exeunt* CREUSA and OLD SERVANT.]

CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

Goddess of Highways, Demeter's Daughter,<sup>1</sup>  
Queen of the nightmare darkness-ranger,

<sup>1</sup> Hekate, goddess of sorcery and secret poisoning. She haunted places where roads crossed each other, and at night sent up demons and phantoms from Hades.

# ΙΩΝ

- 1050 καὶ μεθαμερίων ὄδωσον δυσθανάτων  
 κρατήρων πληρώματ', ἐφ' οἷσι πέμπει  
 πότνια πότνι' ἐμὰ χθονίας  
 Γοργοῦς λαιμοτόμων ἀπὸ σταλαγμῶν  
 τῷ τῶν Ἐρεχθιδᾶν  
 δόμων ἐφαπτομένῳ·  
 μηδέ ποτ' ἄλλος ἄλλων ἀπ' οἴκων  
 πόλεως ἀνάσσοι
- 1060 πλὴν τῶν εὐγενετᾶν Ἐρεχθιδᾶν.

εἰ δ' ἀτελὴς θάνατος σπουδαί τε δεσποί-     ἀντ. α'  
 νας, ὃ τε καιρὸς ἄπεισι τόλμας,  
 ἃ τε νῦν φέρετ' ἐλπίς, ἥ θηκτὸν ξίφος ἥ  
 λαιμῶν<sup>1</sup> ἐξάψει βρόχον ἀμφὶ δειρήν,  
 πάθεσι πάθεα δ' ἐξανύτους  
 εἰς ἄλλας βιότου κάτεισι μορφάς.  
 οὐ γὰρ δόμων γ' ἐτέρους

1070 ἄρχοντας ἄλλοδαπούς  
 ζῶσά ποτ' ὀμμάτων ἐν φαενναῖς  
 ἀνέχοιτ' ἂν αὐγαῖς  
 ἃ τῶν εὐπατριδᾶν γεγῶσ' οἴκων.

αἰσχύνομαι τὸν πολύθυμον     στρ. β'  
 θεόν, εἰ παρὰ καλλιχόροισι παγαῖς  
 λαμπάδα θεωρὸν εἰκάδων

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger : for MSS δαίμων.

# ION

Guide thou the hand that for noontide slaughter 1050  
 Shall fill up the chalice, my lady's avenger,  
 Which beareth the venom-gouts that fell  
 From the neck of the Gorgon, the fiend of hell,  
 My lady's greeting-gift to the stranger  
 That usurpeth Erechtheus' royal sway,  
 That an alien of alien strain in our Athens never  
 may reign,  
 But the noble Erechtheids—none save they ' 1060  
(Ant 1)  
 But—the death unaccomplished?—the deed un-  
 abetted  
 Of the hour, and my mistress's purposes ended,  
 And the hopes that upbore her?—remains the  
 sword whetted, [pended;  
 Remaineth the neck in the death-noose sus-  
 And, by agony ending the agony-strife,  
 Shall she pass to the life beyond this life.  
 For never this queen from kings descended  
 Shall endure that the splendour-light of her 1070  
 eyne, [the ancient hall  
 No, not while she liveth, should fall on the shame of  
 Ruled by the upstart of alien line.

Shame for the God oft-chanted <sup>1</sup> (Str. 2)  
 In hymns, if *he*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Beside the fountains haunted  
 Of dances, see

<sup>1</sup> Dionysus, worshipped in the Eleusinian Mysteries with Demeter and Persephone. The 20th of Boedromion was ushered in by a vast torch-light procession in which those newly initiated, who had kept vigil in the temple, joined.

<sup>2</sup> Ion, whose presence, as that of an alien by blood, would be profanation, yet whose initiation could, as a matter of policy, not be avoided.

# ΙΩΝ

- ὄψεται ἐννύχιος ἄνπνος ὦν,  
 ὅτε καὶ Διὸς ἀστερωπὸς  
 ἀνεχόρευσεν αἰθήρ,  
 1080 χορεύει δὲ σελάνα  
 καὶ πεντήκοντα κόραι  
 Νηρέος, αἱ κατὰ πόντον  
 ἀενάων τε ποταμῶν  
 δίνας χορευόμεναι,  
 τὰν χρυσοστέφανον κόραν  
 καὶ ματέρα σεμνάν·  
 ἵν' ἐλπίζει βασιλεύσειν  
 ἄλλων πόνον εἰσπεσών  
 ὁ Φοῖβειος ἀλάτας.
- 1090 ὀράθ' ὅσοι δυσκελάδοισιν ἀντ. β  
 κατὰ μοῦσαν ἰόντες αἰείδεθ' ὕμνοις  
 ἀμέτερα λέχεα καὶ γάμους  
 Κύπριδος ἀθεμίτους ἀνοσίους,  
 ὅσον εὐσεβία κρατοῦμεν  
 ἄδικον ἄροτον ἀνδρῶν.  
 παλίμψαμος ἀοιδὰ  
 καὶ μοῦσ' εἰς ἄνδρας ἴτω  
 δυσκέλαδος ἀμφὶ λέκτρων.

## ION

With eyes long held from sleep  
That Twentieth Dawn upleap,  
See the torch-river's sweep, ere darkness flee,

When dances heaven star-glancing

Adoringly,

When the white moon is dancing,

1080

And 'neath the sea

The Nereids' dance enings

The eternal river-springs,

And their full chorus sings Persephone

Gold-crowned, and our Earth-mother—

Awful is she !—

Shall *he* press in, that other,

To sovrantry ?

Shall not his hopes be foiled ?—

Where kings and heroes toiled, [fee ?

Shall that proud realm be spoiled, a vagrant's

Mark—ye whose strains of slander (*Ant.* 2) 1090

Scourge evermore

Woman in song, and brand her

Wanton and whore,—

How high in virtue's place

We pass men's lawless race,

Nor spit in viper-lays your venom-store ,

But let the Muse of taunting

On men's heads pour

Her indignation, chanting

Her treason-lore ;

Sing of the outraged maid ;

Tell of the wife betrayed

By him who hath displayed his false heart's

core,—

# ΙΩΝ

1100 δείκνυσι γὰρ ὁ Διὸς ἐκ  
παίδων ἀμνημοσύναν,  
οὐ κοινὰν τεκέων τύχαν  
οἴκοισι φυτεύσας  
δεσποίνα· πρὸς δ' Ἀφροδίταν  
ἄλλαν θέμενος χάριν  
νόθου παιδὸς ἔκυρσεν.

## ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

κλεινὴν, γυναῖκες, ποῦ κόρην Ἐρεχθέως  
δέσποιναν εὖρω ; πανταχῇ γὰρ ἄστεως  
ζητῶν νιν ἐξέπλησα κούκ ἔχω λαβεῖν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

1110 τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ ξύνδουλε ; τίς προθυμία  
ποδῶν ἔχει σε, καὶ λόγους τίνας φέρεις ;

## ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

θηρώμεθ'· ἀρχαὶ δ' ἀπιχώριοι χθονὸς  
ζητοῦσιν αὐτήν, ὥς θάνη πετρομένη.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί λέξεις ; οὔτι που λελήμεθα  
κρυφαῖον εἰς παῖδ' ἐκπορίζουσαι φόνον ,

## ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

ἔγνωσ'· μεθέξεις δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑστάτοις κακοῦ.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾤφθη δὲ πῶς τὰ κρυπτὰ μηχανήματα ;

## ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

τὸ μὴ δίκαιον τῆς δίκης ἡσώμενον  
ἐξηῆρεν ὁ θεός, οὐ μιανθῆναι θέλων.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

1120 πῶς ; ἀντιάζω σ' ἰκέτις ἐξειπεῖν τάδε  
πεπυσμέναι γὰρ εἰ θανεῖν ἡμᾶς χρεῶν,  
ἥδιον ἂν θάνοιμεν, εἴθ' ὁρᾶν φάος.

# ION

This son of Zeus,<sup>1</sup> who flouted  
 A queen's heart, sore  
 With childless hunger, scouted  
 Troth-plight of yore :  
 Her right aside he thrust,  
 And mocked a nation's trust  
 For one that to his lust this bastard bore !

*Enter SERVANT in haste*

SERVANT

Where, damsels, shall I light upon our mistress,  
 Erechtheus' daughter ? All throughout the town  
 Seeking her have I ranged, and find her not.

CHORUS

What is it, fellow-thrall ? What hot-foot haste  
 Possesseth thee ? What tidings bearest thou ?

SERVANT

We are hunted ! Yea, the rulers of the land  
 Are seeking her, that she may die by stoning

CHORUS

Ah me ! what say'st thou ? Are we taken then  
 Plotting the secret murder of yon lad ?

SERVANT

Yea, thou wilt share the doom—nor thou the last

CHORUS

How were the hidden stratagems laid bare ?

SERVANT

The essay of right to vanquish wrong the God  
 Discovered, lest his temple be defiled.

CHORUS

How ?—suppliant I beseech thee, tell it out.  
 For, knowing all, if I indeed must die,  
 Death should be easier—yea, or sweeter life

<sup>1</sup> Xuthus, descended through Aeolus from Zeus.

# ΙΩΝ

## ΘΕΡΑΠΙΩΝ ΚΡΕΟΥΣΗΣ

- ἐπεὶ θεοῦ μαντεῖον ὥχετ' ἐκλιπὼν  
 πόσις Κρεούσης, παῖδα τὸν καινὸν λαβὼν  
 πρὸς δεῖπνα θυσίας θ' ἄς θεοῖς ὠπλίζετο,  
 Ξοῦθος μὲν ὥχετ' ἔνθα πῦρ πηδᾷ θεοῦ  
 βακχεῖον, ὥς σφαγαῖσι Διονύσου πέτρας  
 δεύσειε δισσὰς παιδὸς ἀντ' ὀπτηρίων,  
 λέξας· σὺ μὲν νῦν, τέκνον, ἀμφήρεις μένων  
 σκηναὺς ἀνίστη τεκτόνων μοχθήμασιν.
- 1130 θύσας δὲ γενέταις θεοῖσιν ἦν μακρὸν χρόνον  
 μένω, παροῦσι δαῖτες ἕστωσαν φίλοις.  
 λαβὼν δὲ μόσχους ὥχεθ'· ὁ δὲ νεανίας  
 σεμνῶς ἀτοίχους περιβολὰς σκηνωμάτων  
 ὀρθοστάταις ἰδρύνεθ', ἡλίου βολὰς  
 καλῶς φυλάξας, οὔτε πρὸς μέσας φλογὸς  
 ἀκτῖνας, οὔτ' αὖ πρὸς τελευτώσας βίον,  
 πλέθρου σταθμήσας μῆκος εἰς εὐγωνίαν,  
 μέτρημ' ἔχουσιν τοῦν μέσῳ γε μυρίων  
 ποδῶν ἀριθμόν, ὥς λέγουσιν οἱ σοφοί,
- 1140 ὥς πάντα Δελφῶν λαὸν εἰς θοίνην καλῶν.  
 λαβὼν δ' ὑφάσμαθ' ἱερὰ θησανρῶν πάρα  
 κατεσκίαζε, θαύματ' ἀνθρώποις ὄραν.  
 πρῶτον μὲν ὀρόφῳ πτέρυγα περιβάλλει πέπλων  
 ἀνάθημα Δίου παιδός, οὗς Ἑρακλῆς  
 Ἀμαζόνων σκυλεύματ' ἤνεγκεν θεῷ.  
 ἐνῆν δ' ὑφανταὶ γράμμασιν τοιαῖδ' ὑφαί·  
 Οὐρανὸς ἀθροίζων ἄστρ' ἐν αἰθέρος κύκλῳ·  
 ἵππους μὲν ἤλαυν' εἰς τελευταίαν φλόγα  
 Ἥλιος, ἐφέλκων λαμπρὸν Ἑσπέρου φάος.
- 1150 μελάμπεπλος δὲ Νύξ ἀσεύρωτον ζυγοῖς  
 ὄχημ' ἔπαλλεν· ἄστρα δ' ὠμάρτει θεᾷ.  
 Πλειὰς μὲν ἦι μεσοπόρου δι' αἰθέρος,



## ION

### SERVANT

Soon as Creusa's lord had left the fane  
Of Phoebus, taking his new son' with him  
For that thanksgiving-feast and sacrifice,  
Xuthus went up to where the Wine-god's fire  
Leaps heavenward, to make wet with victims' blood  
Dionysus' twin rocks for the son new-found ;  
And spake, " Abide 'now, son, and set thou up  
A wide-embracing tent by craftsmen's toil.  
If, sacrificing to the Birth-gods, long  
I tarry, feast thy friends assembled there." 1130

So took the calves and went And now the youth  
The unvalled pavilion's compass solemnly  
With tall masts reared, with good heed lest the sun  
Should dart therein his shafts of midnoon-flame,  
Or the slant javelin-gleams of dying day  
A hundred feet he meted out foursquare,—  
Having for compass of its space within  
Ten thousand, as the cunning craftsmen say,—  
As bidding to the feast all Delphi's folk. 1140  
With sacred tapestries from the treasures  
He screened it, marvellous for men to see.  
First with a canopy of shawls he ceiled it,  
The offering of Zeus' son, which Hercules  
Brought to the God, the Amazonian spoils

Therein were webs of woven blazonry :—  
Heaven shepherding his stars in folds of air ;  
His steeds the Sun drave to their goal of fire,  
After him drawing the bright Evening Star.  
And sable-vestured Night with team of twain 1150  
Upfloated ; and the stars companioned her.  
The Pleiad swam her mid-sky path along,

- ὃ τε ξιφήρης Ὀρίων ὑπερθε δὲ  
 Ἄρκτος στρέφουσ' οὐραῖα χρυσήρει πόλῳ.  
 κύκλος δὲ πανσέληνος ἠκόντιζ' ἄνω  
 μηνὸς διχήρης, Ἷάδες τε ναυτίλοις  
 σαφέστατον σημεῖον, ἥ τε φωσφόρος  
 Ἔως διώκουσ' ἄστρα τοίχοισιν δ' ἐπι  
 ἡμπισχεν ἄλλα βαρβάρων ὑφάσματα,  
 1160 εὐηρέτους ναῦς ἀντίας Ἑλληνίσιν,  
 καὶ μιξόθηρας φώτας, ἱππείας τ' ἄγρας,  
 ἐλάφων λεόντων τ' ἀγρίων θηράματα.  
 κατ' εἰσόδους δὲ Κέκροπα θυγατέρων πέλας  
 σπείραισιν εἰλίσσονται, Ἀθηναίων τινὸς  
 ἀνάθημα· χρυσεύς τ' ἐν μέσῳ συσσιτίῳ  
 κρατήρας ἔστησ'. ἐν δ' ἄκροισι βὰς ποσὶ  
 κήρυξ ἀνείπε τὸν θέλοντ' ἐγχερίων  
 ἐς δαῖτα χωρεῖν. ὥς δ' ἐπληρώθη στέγη,  
 1170 στεφάνοισι κοσμηθέντες εὐόχθου βορᾶς  
 ψυχὴν ἐπλήρουν. ὥς δ' ἀνείσαν ἡδονήν,  
 σκηνῆς<sup>1</sup> παρελθὼν πρέσβυς εἰς μέσον πέδον  
 ἔστη, γέλων δ' ἔθηκε συνδείπνοις πολύν,  
 πρόθυμα πράσσω· ἔκ τε γὰρ κρωσσῶν ὕδωρ  
 χεροῖν ἔπεμπε νίπτρα, καῖεθυμία  
 σμύρνης ἰδρώτα, χρυσεῶν τ' ἐκπωμάτων  
 ἥρχ', αὐτὸς αὐτῷ τόνδε προστάξας πόνον.  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐς αὐλοὺς ἦκον ἐς κρατήρᾳ τε  
 κοινόν, γέρων ἔλεξ'. ἀφαρπάζειν χρεὼν  
 οἶνηρὰ τεύχη σμικρά, μεγάλα δ' εἰσφέρειν,  
 1180 ὥς θᾶσσον ἔλθωσ' οἷδ' ἐς ἡδονὰς φρενῶν.  
 ἦν δὴ φερόντων μόχθος ἀργυρηλάτους  
 χρυσέας τε φιάλας· ὁ δὲ λαβὼν ἐξαίρετον,  
 ὥς τῷ νέῳ δὴ δεσπότη χάριν φέρων,

<sup>1</sup> Barnes to supply lacuna in MSS.

## ION

And sword-begirt Oion; and, above, [sphere.  
 The Bear's tail wheeled around the gold-gemmed  
 The Moon's full circle of the parted month  
 Shot silver shafts: the Hyads, surest sign  
 To shipmen; and the Light-uplifter, Dawn,  
 Chasing the star-out. And upon the walls  
 Draped he yet other orient tapestries ·  
 Galleys with oars that charged on ships of Greece, 1160  
 Monsters half-brute, steeds flying in the chase,  
 Huntings of stags and lions of the wold  
 At the doors Cecrops coiling spire on spire  
 Amidst his daughters—some Athenian's gift  
 Of worship. In the banquet's midst he set  
 The golden bowls Forth stately pacing then  
 A herald cried, "What Delphian will soe'er,  
 Come to the feast!" And when the tent was  
 thronged,  
 With garlands crowned they satisfied their souls  
 With plenteous meat. And when they would no more, 1170  
 An old man entered in, and in their midst  
 Stood, and his busy zeal oft stirred to mirth  
 The banqueters He drew from drinking-ewers  
 Water for cleansing hands; for incense burnt  
 Balsam of myrrh, and of the golden cups  
 Took charge—yea, laid this office on himself  
 But when the flutes 'gan play, and mazer-bowls  
 Were mixed, the greybeard spake, "Take hence  
 forthright  
 These tiny wine-cups—ample beakers bring,  
 That my lords' hearts the sooner may be merry" 1180  
 Then toiled we bearing goblets silver-chased  
 And golden; and he took a chosen one,  
 As rendering worship to his new-made lord,

- ἔδωκε πλήρες τεῦχος, εἰς οἶνον βαλὼν  
 ὃ φασὶ δοῦναι φάρμακον δραστήριον  
 δέσποιναν, ὡς παῖς ὁ νέος ἐκλίποι φάος·  
 κοῦδεις τὰδ' ἦδεν· ἐν χεροῖν ἔχοντι δὲ  
 σπονδὰς μετ' ἄλλων παιδὶ τῷ πεφηνότι  
 βλασφημίαν τις οἰκετῶν ἐφθέγγατο·  
 1190 ὁ δ', ὡς ἐν ἱερῷ μάντεσιν τ' ἐσθλοῖς τραφεῖς,  
 οἰωνὸν ἔθετο, κακέλευσ' ἄλλον νέον  
 κρατήρα πλεροῦν· τὰς δὲ πρὶν σπονδὰς θεοῦ  
 δίδωσι γαίᾳ, πᾶσί τ' ἐκσπένδειν λέγει.  
 σιγῇ δ' ὑπῆλθεν. ἐκ δ' ἐπίμπλαμεν δρόσου  
 κρατήρας ἱεροὺς Βυβλίνου τε πώματος.  
 κὰν τῷδε μόχθῳ πτηνὸς εἰσπίπτει δόμους  
 κῶμος πελειῶν· Δοξίου γὰρ ἐν δόμοις  
 ἄτρεστα ναίουσ'· ὡς δ' ἀπέσπεισαν μέθυ,  
 εἰς αὐτὸ χεῖλη πώματος κεχρημένα  
 1200 καθείσαν, εἰλκον δ' εὐπτέρους ἐς αὐχένας.  
 καὶ ταῖς μὲν ἄλλαις ἄνοσος ἦν λοιβὴ θεοῦ·  
 ἢ δ' ἔζετ' ἔνθ' ὁ καινὸς ἔσπεισεν γόνος,  
 ποτοῦ τ' ἐγεύσατ', εὐθὺς εὐπτερον δέμας  
 ἔσεισε καβάκχευσεν, ἐκ δ' ἐκλαγξ' ὅπα  
 ἀξύνετον αἰάζουσ'· ἐθάμβησεν δὲ πᾶς  
 θοινατόρων ὄμιλος ὄρνιθος πόνους·  
 θηήσκει δ' ἀπασπαίρουσα, φοινικοσκελεῖς  
 χηλὰς παρείσα. γυμνὰ δ' ἐκ πέπλων μέλη  
 ὑπὲρ τραπέζης ἦχ' ὁ μαντευτὸς γόνος,  
 1210 βοᾷ δέ· τίς μ' ἔμελλεν ἀνθρώπων εἰστανεῖν ;  
 σήμαινε, πρέσβυ· σὴ γὰρ ἡ προθυμία,  
 καὶ πῶμα χειρὸς σῆς ἐδεξάμην πάρα.  
 εὐθὺς δ' ἐρευνᾷ γράϊαν ὠλένην λαβών,  
 ἐπ' αὐτοφώρῳ πρέσβυν ὡς ἔχονθ' ἔλοι.

## ION

And gave the chalice brimmed, first casting in  
 The drug death-working, which our mistress gave,  
 Men say, that her new son might leave the light  
 None marked,—but as the god-discovered heir  
 Raised with the rest the God's cup in his hand,  
 He heard some servant speak a word unmeet.  
 He, temple-reared, perfect in bodement-lore, 1190  
 Held it for ominous, bade fill up with wine  
 Another bowl; that first drink-offering  
 He cast to earth, and bade all do the like.  
 Then fell a hush With water brimmed we up  
 And Bybline wine the sacred mixing-bowls

Then midst our toils a flight of doves dropt down  
 In the pavilion, for in Loxias' halls  
 Unfrayed they dwell, and when men spilled the  
     wine,  
 The thirsty innocents dipped their beaks therein,  
 And drew it down their dainty-feathered throats. 1200  
 And none the God's libation harmed—save one,  
 Which lighted where the new heir spilled the wine  
 She sipped the drink—her dainty-feathered frame  
 Quivered and staggered: an unmeaning scream<sup>1</sup>  
 She shrilled of anguish: marvelled all the throng  
 Of banqueters to see her agonies  
 One fierce convulsion—the pink claws uncramped;  
 And she was dead. That child of prophecy  
 Bared of his cloak his limbs, leapt o'er the board,  
 Shouting "Who goeth about to murder me? -1210  
 Old man, declare!—thine was the eager zeal,—  
 Yea, from thine hand did I receive the cup!"  
 He clutched his withered arm, he searched him o'er  
 To take the ancient in the very fact

<sup>1</sup> The ordinary note of the bird was significant in augury.

# ΙΩΝ

ὄφθη δὲ καὶ κατεῖπ' ἀναγκασθεὶς μόγῃς  
 τόλμας Κρεοῦσης πώματός τε μηχανάς.  
 θεῖ δ' εὐθύς ἔξω συλλαβὼν θοινάτορας  
 ὁ πυθόχρηστος Λοξίου νεανίας,  
 1220 καὶ κοιράνοισι Πυθικοῖς σταθεὶς λέγει  
 ὦ γαῖα σεμνὴ, τῆς Ἑρεχθέως ὑπο  
 ξένης γυναικὸς φαρμάκοισι θνήσκομεν.  
 Δελφῶν δ' ἄνακτες ὤρισαν πετρορριφῇ  
 θανεῖν ἐμὴν δέσποιναν οὐ ψήφῳ μίῃ,  
 τὸν ἱερὸν ὥς κτείνουσιν ἐν τ' ἀνακτόροις  
 φόνον τιθεῖσαν. πᾶσα δὲ ζητεῖ πόλιν  
 τὴν ἀθλίως σπεύσασαν ἀθλίαν ὁδόν·  
 παίδων γὰρ ἐλθοῦς' εἰς ἔρον Φοῖβον πάρα,  
 τὸ σῶμα κοινῇ τοῖς τέκνοις ἀπώλεσεν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' οὐκ ἔστιν θανάτου  
 1230 παρατροπὰ μελέα μοι·  
 φανερά γὰρ φανερά τάδ' ἦδη  
 σπονδᾶς ἐκ Διονύσου  
 βοτρυῶν θοᾶς ἐχίδνας  
 σταγόσι μιγνυμένας φόνῳ,  
 φανερά θύματα νερτέρων,  
 συμφοραὶ μὲν ἐμῷ βίῳ,  
 λεύσιμοι δὲ καταφθοραὶ δεσποίνῃ.  
 τίνα φυγὰν πτερόεσσαν ἦ  
 χθονὸς ὑπὸ σκοτίων μυχῶν  
 1240 πορευθῶ, θανάτου λεύσιμον ἄταν  
 ἀποφεύγουσα, τεθρίππων  
 ὠκίσταν χαλὰν ἐπιβᾶς',  
 ἦ πρύμνας ἐπὶ ναῶν ;  
 οὐκ ἔστι λαθεῖν, ὅτε μὴ χρήζων  
 θεὸς ἐκκλέπτει.

## ION

Detected, tortured, scarce even then he told  
 Creusa's desperate deed, the poison-plot  
 Straightway, the feasters with him, hurries forth  
 The stripling given by Loxias' oracle,  
 Before the Pythian nobles stands, and cries,  
 "O hallowed land, by poison is my death 1220  
 Sought of Erechtheus' child, the alien dame!"  
 Then Delphi's lords by general vote decreed  
 That from the precipice hurled my queen should die,  
 As compassing a priest's death, planning murder  
 Within the precinct All the city seeks her  
 Who sped on wretched mission wretchedly.  
 Drawn by desire of babes to Phoebus' fane,  
 She hath lost her life and children therewithal

### CHORUS

There is no hiding-place from death for me,  
 None : woe is me, it is the end ! 1230  
 All is laid bare for all men's eyes to see—  
 The cup, the murder-blend  
 Of gout's of viper-blood swift for life's quelling,  
 Mid Bacchus' clusters shed ;  
 Drink-offering—yea, to them in darkness dwelling,  
 Gods of the dead

Ruin is my life's portion—ah, *her* doom !  
 Stones raining death upon my queen !  
 Oh had I wings, or could but plunge to gloom  
 Under the earth, to screen  
 Mine head from horror of the stones down-beating !  
 Oh, borne on four-horsed car, 1240  
 To hear the hurrying hoofs !—to see waves fleeting  
 Astern afar !

There is no hope,—except a God befriending  
 Should snatch us from men's sight.

# ΙΩΝ

τί ποτ', ὦ μελέα δέσποινα, μένει  
 ψυχῇ σε παθεῖν, ἄρα θέλουσαι  
 δρᾶσαί τι κακὸν τοὺς πέλας αὐταὶ  
 πεισόμεθ', ὥσπερ τὸ δίκαιον;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1250 πρόσπολοι, διωκόμεσθα θανάσιμους ἐπὶ σφαγάς,  
 Πυθίᾳ ψήφῳ κρατηθεῖς, ἔκδοτος δὲ γίγνομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴσμεν, ὦ τάλαινα, τὰς σὰς συμφοράς, ἵν' εἴ  
 τύχης.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ποῖ φύγω δῆτ'; ἐκ γὰρ οἴκων προύλαβον μόγισ  
 πόδα,  
 μὴ θανεῖν· κλοπῇ δ' ἀφῆγμαι διαφυγοῦσα πολε-  
 μίους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῖ δ' ἂν ἄλλος ἢ πλὶ βωμόν;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ τί μοι πλέον τόδε;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰκέτιν οὐ θέμις φονεύειν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τῷ νόμῳ δέ μ' ὄλλυμαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χειρία γ' ἄλοῦσα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ μὴν οἷδ' ἀγωνισταὶ πικροὶ  
 δεῦρ' ἐπείγονται ξιφήρεις.



## ION

O hapless queen, upon thy life what ending  
Of agony shall light!  
O God! is justice' sword on *us* descending,  
Who thought to smite?

*Enter CREUSA in haste*

CREUSA

Maidens, I am chased: the blood-hounds are upon  
my track to slay,  
For the Pythian vote hath doomed me, given me up  
to be their prey!

CHORUS

Hapless queen, we know it, know the run over-  
shadowing thee

CREUSA

Whither fly? What refuge? Scarce from forth the  
house my feet could flee  
Ere the death rushed in Through throngs of foe-  
men slpt I stealthily.

CHORUS

What thy refuge save the altar?

CREUSA

How shall this avail my need?

CHORUS

Impious 'tis to slay the suppliant.

CREUSA

Yet the law my death decreed.

CHORUS

Ay, but first their hands must hold thee

CREUSA

Lo, the swords!—they come, the feet  
Of the ministers of death!

# ΙΩΝ

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴξε νυν πυρᾶς ἔπι.

ἦν θάνης γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὔσα, τοῖς ἀποκτείνασί σε  
1260 προστρόπαιον αἶμα θήσεις· οἷστέον δὲ τὴν τύχην.

## ΙΩΝ

ὦ ταυρόμορφον ὄμμα Κηφισοῦ πατρός,  
οἶαν ἔχιδναν τήνδ' ἔφυσας ἢ πυρὸς  
δράκοντ' ἀναβλέποντα φοινίαν φλόγα,  
ἢ τόλμα πᾶσ' ἔνεστιν, οὐδ' ἥσσω ἔφν  
Γοργοῦς σταλαγμῶν, οἷς ἔμελλέ με κτανεῖν.  
λάξυσθ', ἵν' αὐτῆς τοὺς ἀκηράτους πλόκους  
κόμης καταξήνωσι Παρνασοῦ πλάκες,  
ὄθεν πετραῖον ἄλμα δισκηθήσεται.  
ἐσθλοῦ δ' ἔκυρσα δαίμονος, πρὶν ἐς πολιν  
1270 μολεῖν Ἀθηνῶν χυτὸ μητρυνιὰν πεσεῖν.  
ἐν συμμάχοις γὰρ ἀνεμετρησάμην φρένας  
τὰς σάς, ὅσον μοι πῆμα δυσμενῆς τ' ἔφν·  
εἴσω γὰρ ἂν με περιβαλοῦσα δικτύων  
ἄρδην ἂν ἐξέπεμψας εἰς Ἀἰδοῦ δόμους.  
ἀλλ' οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτ' Ἀπόλλωνος δόμος  
σώσει σ'. ὁ δ' οἶκτος ὁ σὸς ἐμοὶ κρείσσων πάρα  
καὶ μητρὶ τῇμῃ· καὶ γὰρ εἰ τὸ σῶμά μοι  
ἄπεστιν αὐτῆς, τοῦνομ' οὐκ ἄπεστί παρ  
ἴδεσθε τὴν πανοῦργον, ἐκ τέχνης τέχνην  
1280 οἶαν ἔπλεξε· βωμὸν ἔπτηξεν θεοῦ,  
ὥς σὺ δίκην δώσουσα τῶν εἰργασμένων.

## ION

### CHORUS

Upon the altar take thy seat,  
For, if here they slay thee, shall thy blood to heaven  
for vengeance call  
On the murderers

[CREUSA seats herself on the altar, grasping  
it with her hands

So:—and now to bear what fate soe'er befall. 1260

*Enter ION with armed men followed by a crowd*

### ION

O form bull-shapen of her sire Cephisus,<sup>1</sup>  
What viper of thy blood is this, or what  
Dragon up-glaring murderous flame of fire!  
Full of all hardihood, not less fell she is [death  
Than Gorgon's blood, wherewith she sought my  
Seize her!—Parnassus' jagged terraces  
Shall card the dainty tresses of her hair,  
When quoitwise down the rocks she shall be hurled  
O grace of fortune, ere to Athens town  
I came, and fell beneath a stepdame's power, 1270  
Begirt with friends I sounded thy soul's depths,  
Knew thee my bane, and measured all thine hate!  
For, had thy nets ensnared me in thine home,  
Me with one fling thou hadst hurled to Hades' halls  
Nay—not the altar, not Apollo's house  
Shall save thee! Ruth for thee!—rather for me  
And for my mother.—though she be afar  
In body, ever her name is in mine heart  
See her, vile monster! Webs on webs of guile  
She weaves! At Phoebus' altar hath she crouched, 1280  
As though she should not suffer for her deeds!  
*Beckons to the guards, who advance irresolutely.*

<sup>1</sup> Praxithea, Creusa's mother, was grand-daughter of this River-god.

# ΙΩΝ

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀπεννέπω σε μὴ κατακτείνειν ἐμέ  
ὑπέρ τ' ἐμαυτῆς τοῦ θεοῦ θ' ἵν' ἔσταμεν.

ΙΩΝ

τί δ' ἐστὶ Φοίβῳ σοί τε κοινὸν ἐν μέσῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἱερὸν τὸ σῶμα τῷ θεῷ δίδωμ' ἔχειν.

ΙΩΝ

καὶ τ' ἔκτανες σὺν φαρμάκοις τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ' ἦσθα Λοξίου, πατρός δέ σου.

ΙΩΝ

ἀλλ' ἐγενόμεσθα, πατρός ἀπουσίαν<sup>1</sup> λέγω.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκουν τότ' ἦσθα ; νῦν δ' ἐγώ, σὺ δ' οὐκέτ' εἶ.

ΙΩΝ

1290 οὐκ εὐσεβής γε· τὰμὰ δ' εὐσεβῇ τότ' ἦν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔκτεινά σ' ὄντα πολέμιον δόμοις ἐμοῖς.

ΙΩΝ

οὗτοι σὺν ὅπλοις ἦλθον εἰς τὴν σὴν χθόνα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μάλιστα· καπὶμπρας γ' Ἐρεχθέως δόμους.

ΙΩΝ

ποίοισι πανοῖς ἢ πυρὸς ποία φλογί ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔμελλες οἰκεῖν τᾶμ', ἐμοῦ βία λαβών.

ΙΩΝ

πατρός γε γῆν διδόντος ἦν ἐκτήσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τοῖς Αἰόλου δὲ πῶς μετὴν τῆς Παλλάδος ;

<sup>1</sup> Seidler . for δ' οὐσίαν of MSS.

## ION

CREUSA

I warn thee, slay me not—for mine own sake,  
And the God's sake, upon whose floor we stand !

ION

Phoebus—and thou? What part hast thou in Phoebus?

CREUSA

Myself I give to the God, a sacred thing

ION

Thou sacred?—who didst poison the God's child !

CREUSA

Thou Loxias' child !—his never, but thy sire's.

ION

His I became while father I had none.

CREUSA

Ay, then —now, I am his, thou his no more

ION

Blasphemer !—his ? His reverent child was I. 1290

CREUSA

I did but seek to slay mine house's foe

ION

I came not sword in hand against thy land.

CREUSA

No?—Thou wouldst set Erechtheus' halls aflame

ION

Yea ? With what brands or with what flame of fire ?

CREUSA

In mine house wouldst thou dwell, take mine by force.

ION

Take?—my sire *gives* the land that he hath won.

CREUSA

What part have Aeolus' sons in Pallas' land ?

# ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ὄπλοισιν αὐτήν, οὐ λόγοις ἐρρύσατο.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἐπίκουρος οἰκήτωρ γ' ἂν οὐκ εἴη χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

1300 κᾶπειτα τοῦ μέλλειν μ' ἀπέκτεινες φόβῳ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὥς μὴ θάνοιμί γ', εἰ σὺ μὴ μέλλων τύχοις.

ΙΩΝ

φθονεῖς ἅπαις οὖσ', εἰ πατὴρ ἐξηυρέ με.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σὺ τῶν ἀτέκνων δῆτ' ἀναρπάσεις δόμους ;

ΙΩΝ

ἡμῖν δέ γ' ἀλλὰ πατρικῆς οὐκ ἦν μέρος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὄσ' ἀσπὶς ἔγχος θ' ἤδε σοὶ παμψησία.

ΙΩΝ

ἔκλειπε βωμὸν καὶ θεηλάτους ἔδρας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὴν σὴν ὅπου σοι μητέρ' ἐστὶ νουθέτει.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' οὐχ ὑφέξεις ζημίαν, κτείνουσ' ἐμέ ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἦν γ' ἐντὸς ἀδύτων τῶνδ' ἐμὲ σφάξαι θέλῃς.

ΙΩΝ

1310 τίς ἡδονή σοι θεοῦ θανεῖν ἐν στέμμασι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

λυπήσομέν τιν', ὧν λελυπήμεσθ' ὕπο.

ΙΩΝ

φεῦ.

δεινόν γε, θνητοῖς τοὺς νόμους ὥς οὐ καλῶς  
ἔβηκεν ὁ θεὸς οὐδ' ἀπὸ γνώμης σοφῆς·

## ION

ION

He was her saviour—and with arms, not words.

CREUSA

Should allies in possession take the land !

ION

Fearing what *might* await thee, thou wouldst slay me ? 1300

CREUSA

Ay, lest thou haply wait not, but slay me !

ION

Childless, dost grudge my father finding me ?

CREUSA

What, shalt thou seize all childless parents' homes ?

ION

Had I no part at least in my sire's wealth ?

CREUSA

His wealth !—a shield and spear    Take that thine is.

ION

Hence !—leave the altar and the hallowed seat !

CREUSA

Lesson thy mother, wheresoe'er she be

ION

Shalt thou not suffer, who wouldst murder me ?

CREUSA

Yea—if thou dare to slay me mid the shrines.

ION

What joy hast thou mid Phoebus' wreaths to die ? 1310

CREUSA

So shall I trouble Him who troubled me.

ION

Out upon this !

Shame, that a God ordained unrighteous laws  
For mortals, statutes not in wisdom framed !

# ΙΩΝ

τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἀδίκους βωμὸν οὐχ ἵζειν ἐχρῆν,  
ἀλλ' ἐξελαύνειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ ψαύειν καλὸν  
θεῶν πονηρὰν χεῖρα· τοῖσι δ' ἐνδίοις  
ἱερὰ καθίζειν, ὅστις ἡδικεῖτ', ἐχρῆν,  
καὶ μὴ 'πὶ ταὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἰόντ' ἔχειν ἴσον  
τόν τ' ἐσθλὸν ὄντα τόν τε μὴ θεῶν πάρα.

## ΠΤΘΙΑ

1320 ἐπίσχεσ, ὦ παῖ· τρίποδα γὰρ χρηστήριον  
λιπούσα θριγκοῦ τοῦδ' ὑπερβάλλω πόδα  
Φοίβου προφήτης, τρίποδος ἀρχαῖον νόμον  
σῶζουσα, πασῶν Δελφίδων ἐξαίρετος.

## ΙΩΝ

χαῖρ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, οὐ τεκοῦσά περ.

## ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὖν ἐλεγόμεσθ'· ἡ φάτις δ' οὐ μοι πικρά.

## ΙΩΝ

ἤκουσας ὥς μ' ἔκτεινεν ἦδε μηχαναῖς ;

## ΠΤΘΙΑ

ἤκουσα· καὶ σύ γ' ὥμους ὦν ἀμαρτάνεις.

## ΙΩΝ

οὐ χρή με τοὺς κτείνοντας ἀνταπολλύναι ;

## ΠΤΘΙΑ

προγονοῖς δάμαρτες δυσμενεῖς ἀεὶ ποτε.

## ΙΩΝ

1330 ἡμεῖς δὲ μητρυαῖς γε πάσχοντες κακῶς.

## ΠΤΘΙΑ

μὴ ταῦτα· λείπων ἱερὰ καὶ στείχων πάτραν—

## ΙΩΝ

τί δὴ με δρᾶσαι νουθετούμενον χρεών ;



## ION

Never should crime have altar-sanctuary,  
But hounding thence Unmeet it is that hands  
Sin-stained should touch the Gods: but righteous men,  
Whoso is wronged, should claim their sanctuary,  
And not the good and evil come alike  
Hither to win the same boon of the Gods.

*Enter the PYTHIA, bearing a cradle, the contents of which are concealed by a wrapping which partially envelopes it*

## PYTHIA

1320

Forbear, my son    The seat of prophecy  
I leave, and step across this temple-fence,  
Priestess of Phoebus, chosen of Delphi's daughters  
To guard his tripod's immemorial use

ION

Hail, dear my mother, though thou didst not bear me.

## PYTHIA

So was I called; nor did the name mislike me.

ION

Hast heard of yonder woman's plot to slay me?

## PYTHIA

I heard · yet is thy ruthlessness all wrong.

**ION**

Shall I not pay death-wage to murderers?

## PYTHIA

To stepsons from of old have wives been foes.

ION

Yea, I withal of stepdames have foul wrong. 1330

## PYTHIA

Ah hush ! Thou leav'st the fane, thou fairest home—

ION

What must I do then at thy counselling?

ΙΩΝ

ΠΥΘΙΑ

καθαρὸς Ἀθήνας ἔλθ' ὑπ' οἰωνῶν καλῶν.

ΙΩΝ

καθαρὸς ἅπας τοι πολεμίους ὃς ἂν κτάνῃ.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

μὴ σύ γε· παρ' ἡμῶν δ' ἔκλαβ' οὓς ἔχω λόγους.

ΙΩΝ

λέγοις ἄν· εὖνους δ' οὐσ' ἐρεῖς ὅς' ἂν λέγῃς.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ὁρᾷς τόδ' ἄγγος χερὸς ὑπ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμαῖς ;

ΙΩΝ

ὁρῶ παλαιὰν ἀντίπηγ' ἐν στέμμασιν.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐν τῇδέ σ' ἔλαβον νεόγονον βρέφος ποτέ.

ΙΩΝ

1340 τί φῆς ; ὁ μῦθος εἰσενήνεκται νέος.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

σιγῇ γὰρ εἶχον αὐτά· νῦν δὲ δείκνυμεν.

ΙΩΝ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τόδε λαβοῦς' ἡμᾶς πάλαι ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ὁ θεός σ' ἐβούλετ' ἐν δόμοις ἔχειν λάτριν.

ΙΩΝ

νῦν δ' οὐχὶ χρήζει ; τῷ τόδε γυνῶναί με χρή ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

πατέρα κατειπὼν τῇσδ' ἐκπέμπει χθονός.

ΙΩΝ

σὺ δ' ἐκ κελευσμῶν ἢ πόθεν σφῆζεις τάδε ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐνθύμιόν μοι τότε τίθησι Λοξίας—

ΙΩΝ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι ; λέγε, πέραινε σοὺς λόγους.

## ION

PYTHIA

With clean hands and fair omens go to Athens

ION

Clean are the hands of whoso slays his foes.

PYTHIA

Nay, nay '—but hear the tale I bring to thee.

ION

Speak · it shall come of love, whate'er thou say.

PYTHIA

Seest thou this chest here cradled in mine arms ?

ION

I see an ancient ark with fillets dight.

PYTHIA

In this I found thee once, a new-born babe

ION

What say'st thou ? Strange the story hither brought ! 1340

PYTHIA

Yea, I kept silence. I reveal it now

ION

Why hide from me so long this found of thee ?

PYTHIA

The God would have thee minister in his house.

ION

Nor needeth now ? How shall I know it so ?

PYTHIA

Showing thy sire, he sends thee forth the land.

ION

Thou, by commandment keptest thou these things ?

PYTHIA

On that day Loxias put it in mine heart—

ION

To do what deed ? Say on, tell out the tale.

ΙΩΝ

ΠΥΘΙΑ

σῶσαι τόδ' εὖρημ' εἰς τὸν ὄντα νῦν χρόνον.

ΙΩΝ

1350 ἔχει δέ μοι τί κέρδος ἢ τίνα βλάβην ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐνθάδε κέκρυπται σπάργαν' οἷς ἐνήσθα σύ.

ΙΩΝ

μητρὸς τάδ' ἡμῖν ἐκφέρεις ζητήματα ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

ἐπεὶ γ' ὁ δαίμων βούλεται· πάροιθε δ' οὔ.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ μακαρίων μοι φασμάτων ἦδ' ἡμέρα.

ΠΥΘΙΑ

λαβὼν νυν αὐτὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἐκπόνει.

ΙΩΝ

παῖσαν δ' ἐπελθὼν Ἀσιάδ' Εὐρώπης θ' ὄρους ;

ΠΥΘΙΑ

1360 γνῶσει τάδ' αὐτός. τοῦ θεοῦ δ' ἕκατί σε  
ἔθρεψά τ', ὦ παῖ, καὶ τάδ' ἀποδίδωμί σοι,  
ἂ κείνος ἀκέλευστόν μ' ἐβουλήθη λαβεῖν  
σῶσαι θ'· ὅτ' οὐ δέ γ' εἵνεκ', οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν.  
ἦδει δὲ θνητῶν οὔτις ἀνθρώπων τάδε  
ἔχοντας ἡμᾶς, οὐδ' ἔν' ἦν κεκρυμμένα.  
καὶ χαῖρ'· ἴσον γάρ σ' ὥς τεκοῦσ' ἐσπάζομαι.  
ἄρξαι δ' ὅθεν σὴν μητέρα ζητεῖν σε χρεή·  
πρῶτον μὲν εἴ τις Δελφίδων τεκοῦσά σε  
εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς ἐξέθηκε παρθένος,  
ἔπειτα δ' εἴ τις Ἑλλάς· ἐξ ἡμῶν δ' ἔχεις  
ἅπαντα Φοῖβον θ', ὃς μετέσχε τῆς τύχης.

## ION

PYTHIA

To keep this treasure-trove against this hour

ION

What profit or what hurt hath this for me? 1350

PYTHIA

This hides the swaddling-bands that wrapped thee  
then.

ION

My mother!—clues be these for finding her?

PYTHIA

Yea, 'tis the God's will now—not heretofore

ION

O day of blessed revelations this!

PYTHIA

Take them—rest not until thou find thy mother.

ION

How?—search all Asia through, search Europe's  
bounds?

PYTHIA

Thou shalt not err, thou For the God's own sake  
I nursed thee, boy · these give I back to thee,  
Which his unspoken will then made me take  
And guard. Why thus he willed I cannot tell: 1360  
But none of mortal men was ware that I  
Had these, nor hidden in what place they lay  
Farewell . . . for as a mother kiss I thee.

*Turns to go, but resumes—*

Where thou shouldst seek thy mother, there begin—  
First, did a Delphian bride unwedded bear  
And cast thee forth upon these temple-steps?  
Then, any maid of Greece? . . . So hast thou all  
Of me, and Phoebus, partner in thy fortune. [*Exit*

# ΙΩΝ

## ΙΩΝ

- 1370 φεύ φεύ· κατ' ὅσων ὡς ὑγρὸν βάλλω δάκρυ,  
 ἐκείσε τὸν νοῦν δούς, ὅθ' ἡ τεκοῦσά με  
 κρυφαῖα νυμφευθεῖς' ἀπημπούλα λάθρα  
 καὶ μαστὸν οὐχ ὑπέσχεεν· ἀλλ' ἀνώνυμος  
 ἐν θεοῦ μελάθροις εἶχον οἰκέτην βίον.  
 τὰ τοῦ θεοῦ μὲν χρηστά, τοῦ δὲ δαίμονος  
 βαρέα· χρόνον γὰρ ὃν μ' ἐχρῆν ἐν ἀγκάλαις  
 μητρὸς τρυφήσαι καὶ τι τερφθῆναι βίου,  
 ἀπεστερήθην φιλτάτης μητρὸς τροφῆς.  
 τλήμων δε χῆ' τεκοῦσά μ', ὡς ταῦτόν πάθος  
 πέπονθε, παιδὸς ἀπολέσασα χαρμονάς.  
 1380 καὶ νῦν λαβὼν τήνδ' ἀντίπηγ' οἶσω θεῷ  
 ἀνάθημ', ἵν' εὖρω μηδὲν ὦν οὐ βούλομαι.  
 εἰ γὰρ με δούλη τυγχάνει τεκοῦσά τις,  
 εὐρεῖν κάκιον μητέρ' ἢ σιγῶντ' ἔαν.  
 ὦ Φοῖβε, ναοῖς ἀνατίθηναι τήνδε σοῖς.  
 καίτοι τί πάσχω, τοῦ θεοῦ προθυμία  
 πολεμῶ, τὰ μητρὸς-σύμβολ' ὃς σέσωκέ μοι.  
 ἀνοικτέον τὰδ' ἐστὶ καὶ τολμητέον.  
 τὰ γὰρ πεπρωμέν' οὐχ ὑπερβαίην ποτ' ἄν.  
 ὦ στέμμαθ' ἱερά, τί ποτέ μοι κεκεύθατε,  
 1390 καὶ σύνδεθ', οἷσι τὰμ' ἐφρουρήθη φίλα;  
 ἰδοὺ περίπτυσμ' ἀντίπηγος εὐκύκλου  
 ὡς οὐ γεγήρακ' ἔκ τινος θεηλάτου,  
 εὐρώς τ' ἄπεστι πλεγμάτων· ὁ δ' ἐν μέσῳ  
 χρόνος πολὺς δὴ τοῖσδε θησαυρίσμασιν.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τί δῆτα φάσμα τῶν ἀνελπίστων ὁρῶ;

## ΙΩΝ

σίγα σύ· πολλὰ καὶ πάροιθεν οἶσθα μοι.

## ION

ION

Ah me, mine eyes are drowned in streaming tears,  
As leaps my thought to that day when the bride 1370  
Betrayed, who bare, by stealth to thralldom sold me,  
Nor ever suckled me · but nameless all  
In the God's court I lived a servant's life  
Kind was the God's part, but my fortune's hand  
Heavy ; for while I should of right have lain  
Soft in a mother's arms, and known life's joy,  
Of a sweet mother's care was I bereft.

O hapless she who bare me, who hath suffered  
Like me, hath lost the joys of motherhood !  
But this ark will I bear unto the God, 1380  
An offering—lest I find aught I would not.  
For, if perchance a slave-girl gave me birth,  
'Twere worse to find a mother than let be.  
Phoebus, I offer this unto thy fane . . .  
What ails me ? Lo, I fight against the favour  
Of Him who saved for me my mother's tokens !  
This must I open, face what must be faced ,  
For never can I overstep my doom.

Ah, sacred fillets, what have ye hid for me,  
O bands wherein mine heart's desire was kept ? 1390  
Lo, the enwrapping of the ark's fair curve,  
How by a miracle it waxed not old ;  
The osier-plaitings mouldless !—yet long time  
Since there hath o'er these treasure-relics passed

CREUSA

What, O what vision see I, past all hope !

ION

Peace !—for thou canst be silent—as the grave.

# ΙΩΝ

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ ἐν σιωπῇ τὰμά· μὴ με νουθέτει.  
 ὁρῶ γὰρ ἄγγος οὐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε  
 σέ γ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, βρέφος ἔτ' ὄντα νήπιον,  
 1400 Κέκροπος ἐς ἄντρα καὶ Μακρὰς πετρηρεφεῖς.  
 λείψω δὲ βωμόν τόνδε, κεῖ θανεῖν με χρή.

## ΙΩΝ

λάζυσθε τήνδε· θεομανῆς γὰρ ἦλατο  
 βωμοῦ λιποῦσα ξόανα· δεῖτε δ' ὠλένας.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σφάζοντες οὐ λήγοιτ' ἄν· ὥς ἀνθέξομαι  
 καὶ τῆσδε καὶ σοῦ τῶν τε σῶν κεκρυμμένων.

## ΙΩΝ

τάδ' οὐχὶ δεινά· ῥυσιάζομαι λόγῳ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ σοῖς φίλοισιν εὐρίσκει φίλος.

## ΙΩΝ

ἐγὼ φίλος σός· κατὰ μ' ἔκτεινες λάθρα·

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παῖς γ', εἰ τόδ' ἐστὶ τοῖς τεκοῦσι φίλτατον.

## ΙΩΝ

1410 παῦσαι πλέκουσα· λήψομαί σ' ἐγὼ καλῶς.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

εἰς τοῦθ' ἰκοίμην, τοῦδε τοξεύω, τέκνον.

## ΙΩΝ

κενὸν τόδ' ἄγγος ἢ στέγει πλήρωμά τι·

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σά γ' ἔνδυθ', οἷσί σ' ἐξέθηκ' ἐγὼ ποτε.

## ΙΩΝ

καὶ τοῦνομ' αὐτῶν ἐξερεῖς πρὶν εἰσιδεῖν·

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶν μὴ φράσω γε, κατθανεῖν ὑφίσταμαι.



## ION

CREUSA

Not for me silence ! Teach not me my part !  
I see the ark wherein I set thee forth,—  
Thee, O my child, my babbling baby then,—  
In Cecrops' cave, beneath the Long Cliff's brow ! 1400  
This altar will I leave, yea, though I die.

*[Flings her arms round his neck*

ION

Seize her !—she hath been driven god-distraught  
To leave the carven altar ! Bind her arms.

CREUSA

Slay on—spare not—for I will cling, will cling  
To this, thee, and thy tokens hidden there

ION

Foul outrage ! I am kidnapped by her tongue !

CREUSA

No, no !—but found, O love, of her that loves !

ION

I thy beloved—whom thou wouldst slay by stealth !

CREUSA

Yes—yes ! my son ! Is aught to parents dearer ?

ION

Cease !—I shall take thee mid thy webs of guile. 1410

CREUSA

Take me ?—ah take ! I strain thereto, my child

ION

Void is this ark, or somewhat doth it hide ?

CREUSA

Yea, that which wrapped thee when I cast thee forth.

ION

Speak out and name them ere thine eyes behold.

CREUSA

Yea, if I tell not, I submit to die.

# ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'. ὥς ἔχει τι δεινὸν ἢ τόλμη γέ σου.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

σκέψασθ' ὃ παῖς ποτ' οὐσ' ὕφασμ' ὕφην' ἐγώ·

ΙΩΝ

ποιῶν τι ; πολλὰ παρθένων ὑφάσματα.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐ τέλεον, οἶον δ' ἐκδίδαγμα κερκίδος.

ΙΩΝ

1420 μορφὴν ἔχον τίν' ; ὥς με μὴ ταύτῃ λάβῃς.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

Γοργῶν μὲν ἐν μέσοισιν ἡτρίοις πέπλων.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τίς ἡμᾶς ἐκκυνηγετεῖ πότμος ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κεκρασπέδωται δ' ὄφεισιν αἰγίδος τρόπον.

ΙΩΝ

ἰδού.

τόδ' ἔσθ' ὕφασμα· θέσφαθ' ὥς εὐρίσκομεν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ χρόνιον ἰστῶν παρθένευμα τῶν ἐμῶν.

ΙΩΝ

ἔστιν τι πρὸς τῷδ', ἣ μόνῳ τῷδ' εὐτυχεῖς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δράκοντες· ἀρχαῖόν τι παγχρύσῳ γένυι.  
δῶρημ' Ἀθάνας, ἣ τέκν' ἐντρέφειτ' λέγει.  
Ἐριχθονίου γε τοῦ πάλαι μιμήματα.

ΙΩΝ

1430 τί δρᾶν, τί χρῆσθαι, φράζε μοι, χρυσώματι ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δέρια παιδὶ νεογόνῳ φέρειν, τέκνον.

ION

ION

Say on :—'tis passing strange, thy confidence !

CREUSA

See there the web I wove in girlhood's days

ION

Its fashion ?—girls be ever weaving webs

CREUSA

No perfect work , 'twas but a prentice hand.

ION

The pattern tell —thou shalt not trick me so. 1420

CREUSA

A Gorgon in the mid-threads of a shawl.

ION (*aside*)

O Zeus, what weird is this that dogs our steps ?

CREUSA

'Tis fringed with serpents—with the Aegis-fringe

ION

Lo, here the web ! (*lifts and spreads it forth.*)

How strangely find we here the oracle !

CREUSA

O work of girlhood's loom, so long unseen !

ION

Is there aught else ?—or this thy one true shot ?

CREUSA

Serpents, an old device, with golden jaws—

Athena's gift, who biddeth deck babes so—

Moulded from Erichthonius' snakes of old.

ION

What use, what purpose, tell me, hath the jewel ? 1430

CREUSA

A necklace for the new-born babe, my child.

# ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

ἔνεισιν οἶδε· τὸ δὲ τρίτον ποθῶ μαθεῖν.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

στέφανον ἐλαίας ἀμφέθηκά σοι τότε,  
ἦν πρῶτ' Ἀθάνα σκόπελον ἐξηνέγκατο,  
ὅς, εἴπερ ἔστιν, οὐποτ' ἐκλείπει χλόην,  
θάλλει δ' ἐλαίας ἐξ ἀκηράτου γεγώς.

ΙΩΝ

ὦ φιλτάτη μοι μήτηρ, ἄσμενός σ' ἰδὼν  
πρὸς ἀσμένης πέπτωκα σὰς παρηίδας.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1440

ὦ τέκνον, ὦ φῶς μητρὶ κρεῖσσον ἡλίου—  
συγγνώσεται γὰρ ὁ θεός—ἐν χεροῖν σ' ἔχω,  
ἄελπτον εὖρημ', ὃν κατὰ γᾶς ἐνέρων  
χθόνιον μετὰ Περσεφόνας τ' ἐδόκουν ναίειν.

ΙΩΝ

ἄλλ', ὦ φίλη μοι μήτηρ, ἐν χεροῖν σέθεν  
ὁ κατθανὼν τε κοῦ θανὼν φαντάζομαι.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ ἰώ, λαμπρᾶς αἰθέρος ἀμπτυχαί,  
τίν' αὐδὰν αὖσω,  
βοάσω ; πόθεν μοι  
συνέκυρσ' ἀδόκητος ἡδονά ; πόθεν  
ἐλάβομεν χαράν ;

ΙΩΝ

1450

ἐμοὶ γενέσθαι πάντα μᾶλλον ἄν ᾤοτε,  
μήτηρ, παρέστη τῶνδ', ὅπως σός εἰμ' ἐγώ.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἔτι φόβῳ τρέμω.

ΙΩΝ

μῶν οὐκ ἔχειν μ' ἔχουσα ;

## ION

ION

Even these be here. The third I long to know.

CREUSA

A wreath of olive set I on thee then :  
Athena brought it first unto our rock.  
If this be there, it hath not lost its green,  
But blooms yet, from the sacred olive sprung.

ION

Mother !—dear mother !—glad, O glad, I fall,  
Beholding thee, on thy cheeks gladness-flushed.

CREUSA

Child !—light to mother better than the sun—  
The God will pardon—I have thee in mine arms, 1440  
Unhoped treasure-trove !—as a dweller in Hades, so  
thought I of thee,  
An abider mid nethergloom shades with Persephone.

ION

Ah no, dear mother mine, within thine arms  
Revealed is he that liveth and was dead.

CREUSA

Ho ye, ye unfoldings of ether, ye sunlit expanses,  
In what cry shall I peal out my rapture ? O whence  
unto me [strange chances  
Came it, this sweetness undreamed of ? By what  
Such bliss do I see ?

ION

Naught were so strange, but I had looked for that, 1450  
O mother, rather than to know me thine.

CREUSA

Still I tremble with dread—

ION

Lest holding thou hold me not ?

## ΙΩΝ

### ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰς γὰρ ἐλπίδας  
ἀπέβαλον πρόσω.  
ὦ γύναι, πόθεν πόθεν ἔλαβες ἐμὸν  
βρέφος ἐς ἀγκάλας,  
τίν' ἀνὰ χέρα δόμους ἔβα Λοξίου;

### ΙΩΝ

θεῖον τόδ'· ἀλλὰ τὰπίλοιπα τῆς τύχης  
εὐδαιμονοῖμεν, ὥς τὰ πρόσθε δυστυχή.

### ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1460 τέκνον, οὐκ ἀδάκρυτος ἐκλοχεύει,  
γόοις δὲ ματρὸς ἐκ χερῶν ὀρίζει·  
νῦν δὲ γενειάσιν παρὰ σέθεν πνέω  
μακαριωτάτας τυχοῦσ' ἡδονᾶς.

### ΙΩΝ

τοῦμὸν λέγουσα καὶ τὸ σὸν κοινῶς λέγεις.

### ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄπαιδες οὐκέτ' ἐσμέν οὐδ' ἄτεκνοι·  
δῶμ' ἐστιοῦται, γὰρ δ' ἔχει τυράννους·  
ἀνηβᾷ δ' Ἐρεχθεύς,  
ὃ τε γηγενέτας δόμος οὐκέτι νύκτα  
δέρκεται, ἀελίου δ' ἀναβλέπει λαμπάσιν.

### ΙΩΝ

μητέρα, παρὼν μοι καὶ πατὴρ μετασχέτω  
τῆς ἡδονῆς τῆσδ' ἧς ἔδωχ' ὑμῖν ἐγώ.

### ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1470 ὦ τέκνον, τί φῆς; οἶον οἶον ἀνελέγχομαι,

ION

CREUSA

I had seen hope flee  
So long ago !  
O prophetess, whence and O whence to thine arms  
came he,

My little one ?

Upborne by what hand unto Loxias' halls was he sped ?

ION

A miracle : but through our lot to be  
May we be happy as our past was sad

CREUSA

At thy birth-travail, O my child, was there many a  
tear : [many a moan .  
Thou wert torn from the arms of thy mother with  
And now on thy cheeks is my breath . my darling is 1460  
here ! [known !  
The uttermost bliss of the Blessèd, lo, now have I

ION

Thou speakest for mine heart and thine, as one.

CREUSA

No more are we childless, no more unto barrenness  
banned [kings hath the land  
The home hath the hearth-glow again, and her  
The strength of his youth doth Erechtheus renew :  
The house of the Earth-born Race no longer to night-  
ward shall gaze,  
But the sun's beam cleaveth its darkness through.

ION

Mother, my sire is here let him too share  
This happiness which I have given to you.

CREUSA

O child, child, what sayest thou ?—must the shame  
be laid bare of thy mother ?

1470

ΙΩΝ

ΙΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἄλλοθεν γέγονας, ἄλλοθεν.

ΙΩΝ

ὦμοι· νόθον με παρθένευσ' ἔτικτε σόν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

οὐχ ὑπὸ λαμπάδων οὐδὲ χορευμάτων  
ὑμέναιος ἐμός,  
τέκνον, ἔτικτε σὸν κάρα.

ΙΩΝ

αἰαῖ· πέφυκα δυσγενής, μήτερ, πόθεν ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἴστω Γοργοφύνα—

ΙΩΝ

τί τοῦτ' ἔλεξας ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἂ σκοπέλοις ἐπ' ἐμοῖς  
τὸν ἐλαιοφυῇ πάγον θάσσει—

1480

ΙΩΝ

λέγεις μοι δόλια κοῦ σαφή τάδε.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

παρ' ἀηδόνιον πέτραν Φοῖβω—

ΙΩΝ

τί Φοῖβον αὐδᾶς ;

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

κρυπτόμενον λέχος ἡνιάσθην.

ΙΩΝ

λέγ'· ὥς ἐρεῖς τι κεδνὸν εὐτυχές τε μοι.



ION

ION

What is this thou hast said ?

CREUSA

Of another thou camest—oh, of another !

ION

Woe's me ! a bastard ?—child of maiden's shame ?

CREUSA

No torches were gleaming, no raiment outstreaming  
In the dance, my child, for the bridal bed  
Which brought to the birth thy dear-loved head !

ION

Alas ! base-born am I ?—O mother, whence ?

CREUSA

Be witness the Gorgon-slaying Maid—

ION

What is this ?—what meaneth the word thou hast  
said ?

CREUSA

Who hath set on my watch-tower crags her throne  
On the hill with her olives overgrown,— 1480

ION

Dark sayings are these, and I cannot interpret the  
thing

CREUSA

Unto Phoebus beside the rock where the nightin-  
gales sing—

ION

What should of Phoebus by thee be said ?

CREUSA

In a bridal from all men hid was I wed

ION

Say on : glad tidings this and fortune fair !

# ΙΩΝ

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

δεκάτῳ δέ σε μνηδὺς ἐν  
κύκλῳ κρύφιον ὦδιν' ἔτεκον Φοιβῶ.

## ΙΩΝ

ὦ φίλτατ' εἰποῦς, εἰ λέγεις ἐτήτυμα.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1490 παρθένια δ' ἐμοῦ<sup>1</sup> ματέρος  
σπάργαν' ἀμφίβρολά σοι τάδ' ἐν-  
ῆψα, κερκίδος ἐμᾶς πλάνους.  
γάλακτι δ' οὐκ ἐπέσχον, οὐδὲ μαστῶ  
τροφεῖα ματρὸς οὐδὲ λουτρὰ χειροῖν,  
ἀνὰ δ' ἄντρον ἔρημον οἰωνῶν  
γαμφηλαῖς φόνευμα θοίναμά τ' εἰς  
Αἰδαν ἐκβάλλει.

## ΙΩΝ

ὦ δεινὰ τλᾶσα μητερ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1500 ἐν φόβῳ καταδεθείσα σὰν  
ψυχὰν ἀπέβαλον, τέκνον·  
ἔκτεινά σ' ἄκουσ'.

## ΙΩΝ

ἐξ ἐμοῦ τ' οὐχ ὅσι' ἔθνησκες.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ἰὼ· δειναὶ μὲν τότε τύχαι,  
δεινὰ δὲ καὶ τάδ' ἐλίσσόμεσθ' ἐκείθεν  
ἐνθάδε δυστυχίαισιν  
εὐτυχίαις τε πάλιν,  
μεθίσταται δὲ πνεύματα.  
μενέτω· τὰ πάροιθεν ἄλλης κακὰ νῦν δ'  
ἐγένετό τις οὔρος ἐκ κακῶν, ὦ παῖ.

<sup>1</sup> Barnes . for MSS ἐμᾶς.

ION

CREUSA

And the months swept round, till the tenth month  
came,  
And I bare unto Phoebus a child of shame.

ION

O happy words, if this thou say'st be true !

CREUSA

And these, these mother's swathing-bands  
About thee cast, my maiden hands 1490  
Wrought, my loom's skill-less fashionings.  
Not to thy lips for suck I gave  
The breast, nor with mine hands did lave ;  
But forth into a lonesome cave,  
A banquet-spoil for swooping wings,  
To Hades thee thy mother flings

ION

O mother, what horror to do, to dare !

CREUSA

I was thrall unto terror—I flung away  
Thy life, my baby : I steeled me to slay,  
When mine heart was moaning “ Spare ! ” 1500

ION

And of me nigh slain !—foul horror it were !

CREUSA

O fearful chances of that dark day,  
And of this withal ! We are tossed to drift  
On the surge of calamity hither and thither  
Yet anon do the winds of heaven shift,  
And behold, we are gliding through summer  
weather ! [suffice  
Oh may it last !—for the ills overpast should surely  
Fair winds, my son, now are wafting us on, after  
stormy skies.

# ΙΩΝ

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

1510 μηδεὶς δοκείτω μηδὲν ἀνθρώπων ποτὲ  
ἄελπτον εἶναι πρὸς τὰ τυγχάνοντα νῦν.

## ΙΩΝ

ὦ μεταβαλοῦσα μυρίους ἤδη βροτῶν  
καὶ δυστυχήσαι καὶ θῆς αὐτὴν πρᾶξαι καλῶς,  
Τύχη, παρ' οἷαν ἤλθομεν στάθμην βίου,  
μητέρα φονεῦσαι καὶ παθεῖν ἀνάξια.  
φεῦ.

ἄρ' ἐν φαειναῖς ἡλίου περιπτυχαῖς  
ἔνεστι πάντα τάδε καθ' ἡμέραν μαθεῖν ;  
φίλον μὲν οὖν σ' εὔρημα, μήτηρ, ἡὔρομεν,  
καὶ τὸ γένος οὐδὲν μεμπτόν, ὥς ἡμῖν, τόδε·  
1520 τὰ δ' ἄλλα πρὸς σέ βούλομαι μόνην φράσαι.  
δεῦρ' ἔλθ'· ἐς οὓς σοι τοὺς λόγους εἰπεῖν θέλω  
καὶ περικαλύψαι τοῖσι πράγμασι σκότον.  
ὄρα σύ, μήτηρ, μὴ σφαλεῖς' ἃ παρθένοισ  
ἐγγίγνεται νοσήματ' εἰς κρυπτοὺς γάμους,  
ἔπειτα τῷ θεῷ προστίθης τὴν αἰτίαν,  
καὶ τοῦμόν αἰσχρὸν ἀποφυγεῖν πειρωμένη,  
Φοίβῳ τεκεῖν με φής, τεκοῦς' οὐκ ἐκ θεοῦ.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

μὰ τὴν παρασπίζουσαν ἄρμασιν ποτε  
Νίκην Ἀθάναν Ζηνὶ γηγενεῖς ἔπι,  
1530 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις σοι πατὴρ θνητῶν, τέκνον,  
ἄλλ' ὅσπερ ἐξέθρεψε Λοξίας ἄναξ.

## ΙΩΝ

πῶς οἶν τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδ' ἔδωκ' ἄλλῳ πατρὶ,  
Ξούθου τε φησὶ παῖδά μ' ἐκπεφυκέναι ;

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

πεφυκέναι μὲν οὐχί, δωρεῖται δέ σε  
αὐτοῦ γεγῶτα· καὶ γὰρ ἂν φίλος φίλῳ  
δοίῃ τὸν αὐτοῦ παῖδα δεσπότην δόμων.

## ION

CHORUS

Let none e'er deem aught in the lot of man 1510  
Past hope, who marketh what to-day befalls.

ION

O Fortune, thou that shiftest countless mortals  
Unto misfortune, and anon to weal,  
How nearly to this pass we came, that I  
Should slay my mother, should of her be slain !  
Ah strange !

Yet—midst the bright embraces of the sun  
Somewhere do such things day by day befall ?  
Sweet, mother, is my treasure-trove of thee ;  
And this my birth, I find no fault therein

Yet somewhat would I say to thee apart 1520  
Come hither : I would speak it in thine ear,  
And fold about with darkness that thy past.  
See to it, mother, lest thy steps have slipped,  
As maids infatuate yield to love—to shame,  
And upon Phoebus now thou chargest this,  
And, striving to escape the shame of me,  
Dost name the God my sire, who sire was none

CREUSA

No '—by Athena, Lady of Victory, who  
At Zeus' side chariot-borne with Giants fought,  
No mortal man was sire to thee, my son, 1530  
But he which reared thee, Loxias the King.

ION

How gave he then his own son to another,  
And named me Xuthus' true-begotten son ?

CREUSA

Nay, not begotten ; but his gift art thou,  
Sprung from himself,—as friend to friend should give  
His own son, that his house might have an heir.

# ΙΩΝ

## ΙΩΝ

ὁ θεὸς ἀληθής, ἣ μάτην μαντεύεται,  
ἐμοῦ ταρασσει, μῆτερ, εἰκότως φρένα.

## ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

1540 ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἅμ' ἐσήλθεν, ὦ τέκνον·  
εὐεργετῶν σε Λοξίας ἐς εὐγενῆ  
δόμον καθίζει· τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ λεγόμενος,  
οὐκ ἔσχες ἄν ποτ' οὔτε παγκλήρους δόμους  
οὔτ' ὄνομα πατρός. πῶς γάρ, οὔ γ' ἐγὼ γάμους  
ἔκρυπτον αὐτὴ καὶ σ' ἀπέκτεινον λάθρα ;  
ὁ δ' ὠφελῶν σε προστίθισ' ἄλλω πατρί.

## ΙΩΝ

οὐχ ὧδε φαύλως αὐτ' ἐγὼ μετέρχομαι,  
ἀλλ' ἱστορήσω Φοῖβον εἰσελθὼν δόμους,  
εἴτ' εἰμὶ θνητοῦ πατρὸς εἴτε Λοξίου.  
1550 ἔα· τίς οἴκων θυοδόκων ὑπερτελῆς  
ἀντήλιον πρόσωπον ἐκφαίνει θεῶν ;  
φεύγωμεν, ὦ τεκούσα, μὴ τὰ δαιμόνων  
ὀρώμεν, εἰ μὴ καιρὸς ἐσθ' ἡμᾶς ὀρᾶν.

## ΑΘΗΝΑ

μὴ φεύγετ'· οὐ γὰρ πολεμίαν με φεύγετε,  
ἀλλ' ἔν τ' Ἀθήναις κἀνθάδ' οὔσαν εὐμενῆ.  
ἐπώνυμος δὲ σῆς ἀφικόμην χθονός,  
Παλλάς, δρόμῳ σπεύσασ' Ἀπόλλωνος πάρα,  
ὃς εἰς μὲν ὄψιν σφῶν μολεῖν οὐκ ἤξιου,  
μὴ τῶν πάροιθε μέμψις εἰς μέσον μόλη,  
1560 ἡμᾶς δὲ πέμπει τοὺς λόγους ὑμῖν φράσαι,  
ὥς ἦδε τίκτει σ' ἐξ Ἀπόλλωνος πατρός,  
δίδωσι δ' οἷς ἔδωκεν, οὐ φύσασί σε,  
ἀλλ' ὥς κομίζῃ σ' οἶκον εὐγενέστατον.  
ἐπεὶ δ' ἀνεφύχθη πρᾶγμα μηνυθὲν τόδε,  
θανεῖν σε δείσας μητρὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων

## ION

ION

Is the God true?—or doth his oracle lie?  
Mother, my soul it troubleth. well it may

CREUSA

Hear now what cometh to my mind, my son,  
Of kindness Loxias giveth thee a place 1540  
In a proud house: hadst thou been called his son,  
Thou hadst had none inheritance thereof,  
Nor a sire's name:—how couldst thou, when myself  
Still hid his rape, yea, by thy secret death?  
Thee for thy good to another sire he gives.

ION

Nay, not thus lightly on the quest I press.  
I will ask Phoebus, entering his fane,  
“Am I of Loxias, or a mortal sire?”

ATHENA *appears above the temple in her chariot.*

Ha! high above the incense-breathing house  
What God reveals a face that fronts the Sun? 1550  
Let us flee, mother, lest we gaze on Gods,  
Except in season meet for that great vision.

ATHENA

Fly not; no foe am I that ye should flee,  
But, as in Athens, here am gracious-willed.  
I come from thy land—land that bears my name:  
I Pallas from Apollo speed in haste,  
Who deigned not to reveal him to your sight,  
Else must he chide you for things overpast,  
But sendeth me to tell to you his words:—  
Thee this queen bare, begotten of Apollo: 1560  
He gives to whom he gave, not that they gat thee,  
But for thy bringing home to a princely house;  
Then, when the matter was laid bare and told,  
Fearing lest thou shouldst of her plot be slain,

# ΙΩΝ

- καὶ τήνδε πρὸς σοῦ, μηχαναῖς ἐρρύσατο.  
 ἔμελλε δ' αὐτὰ διασιωπήσας ἄναξ  
 ἐν ταῖς Ἀθήναις γνωριεῖν ταύτην τε σήν,  
 σέ θ' ὡς πέφυκας τῆσδε καὶ Φοίβου πατρός.  
 ἀλλ' ὡς περαίνω πρᾶγμα, καὶ χρησμούς θεοῦ,  
 1570 ἐφ' οἷσιν ἔξευξ' ἄρματ', εἰσακούσατον.  
 λαβοῦσα τόνδε παῖδα Κεκροπίαν χθόνα  
 χώρει, Κρέουσα, κεῖς θρόνους τυραννικούς·  
 ἰδρυσον· ἐκ γὰρ τῶν Ἐρεχθέως γεγώς  
 δίκαιος ἄρχειν τῆς ἐμῆς ὁδε χθονός.  
 ἔσται δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδ' εὐκλεής· οἱ τοῦδε γὰρ  
 παῖδες γενόμενοι τέσσαρες ῥίζης μιᾶς,  
 ἐπώνυμοι γῆς κάπιφυλίου χθονός  
 λαῶν ἔσονται, σκόπελον οἱ ναίουσ' ἐμόν.  
 Γελέων μὲν ἔσται πρῶτος· εἴτα δεύτερος
- 1580 "Ὅπλητες Ἀργαδῆς τ', ἐμῆς τ' ἀπ' αἰγίδος  
 ἐν φύλον ἔξουσ' Αἰγικορῆς. οἱ τῶνδε δ' αὖ  
 παῖδες γενόμενοι σὺν χρόνῳ πεπρωμένῳ  
 Κυκλάδας ἐποικήσουσι νησαίας πόλεις  
 χέρσους τε παράλους, δ' σθένος τῇμῃ χθονὶ  
 δίδωσιν· ἀντίπορθμα δ' ἠπείροιον δυοῖν  
 πεδία κατοικήσουσιν, Ἀσιάδος τε γῆς  
 Εὐρωπίας τε· τοῦδε δ' ὀνόματος χάριν  
 Ἴωνες ὀνομασθέντες ἔξουσιν κλέος.  
 Ξούθῳ δὲ καὶ σοὶ γίγνεται κοινὸν γένος,  
 1590 Δῶρος μὲν, ἐνθεν Δωρὶς ὑμνηθήσεται  
 πόλις· κατ' αἶαν Πελοπίαν δ' ὁ δεύτερος  
 Ἀχαιός, ὃς γῆς παραλίας Ῥίου πέλας  
 τύραννος ἔσται, κάπισημανθήσεται  
 κείνου κεκλήσθαι λαὸς ὄνομ' ἐπώνυμος.  
 καλῶς δ' Ἀπόλλων πάντ' ἔπραξε· πρῶτα μὲν



## ION

And she of thee, saved thee by that device.  
Now the God would have kept the secret hid  
Until in Athens he revealed her thine,  
And thee the son of her and Phoebus born.

But—to make end and tell his oracles,  
For which I yoked my chariot, hearken ye. 1570  
Take this thy son and go to Cecrops' land,  
Creusa, and on thrones of sovereignty  
Seat him, for, of Erechtheus' lineage sprung,  
Worthy he is to rule o'er mine own land  
Famed shall he be through Hellas; for the sons  
Born to him, even four from this one root,  
Shall give their names unto the several tribes  
Of the land's folk which dwell upon mine hill

Geleon the first shall be, the second tribe  
Hopletes; Argades the third: the fourth, 1580  
One tribe, of my shield named Aegicores.  
And their sons in the fulness of the time  
Shall found them cities in the Cyclad Isles,  
And seaboard realms, for strength unto my land.  
Yea, they shall people either mainland's plains  
On either side the strait, of Asia-land  
And Europe and because of thy son's name  
Ionians shall be named, and win renown

From Xuthus too and thee a seed shall spring,  
Dorus, of whom shall Doris song-renowned 1590  
Arise: the second goeth to Pelops' land,  
Achaëus, o'er the seaboard shall he reign  
Nigh Rhion, and the people of his name  
Among the nations shall be sealed therewith  
Well hath Apollo all things done: for, first,

# ΙΩΝ

ἄνοσον λοχεύει σ', ὥστε μὴ γινῶναι φίλους·  
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἔτικτες τόνδε παῖδα κἀπέθον  
 ἐν σπαργάνοισιν, ἄρπάσαντ' ἐς ἀγκάλας  
 1600 Ἑρμῆν κελεύει δεῦρο πορθμεῦσαι βρέφος,  
 ἔθρεψέ τ' οὐδ' εἴασεν ἐκπνεῦσαι βίον.  
 νῦν οὖν σιώπα, παῖς ὃδ' ὥς πέφυκε σός,  
 ἴν' ἡ δόκησις Ξοῦθον ἠδέως ἔχῃ,  
 σύ τ' αὖ τὰ σαυτῆς ἀγάθ' ἔχουσ' ἱῆς, γύναι.  
 καὶ χαίρετ'. ἐκ γὰρ τῆσδ' ἀναψυχῆς πόνων  
 εὐδαίμον' ὑμῖν πότμον ἐξαγγέλλομαι.

# ΙΩΝ

ὦ Διὸς Παλλὰς μεγίστου θύγατερ, οὐκ ἀπιστία  
 σους λόγους ἐνδεξόμεσθα· πείθομαι δ' εἶναι  
 πατρὸς  
 Λοξίου καὶ τῆσδε· καὶ πρὶν τοῦτο δ' οὐκ ἄπιστον  
 ἦν.

# ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

τὰμὰ νῦν ἄκουσον· αἰνῶ Φοῖβον οὐκ αἰνοῦσα  
 πρίν,  
 1610 οὔνεχ' οὐ ποτ' ἠμέλησε παιδὸς ἀποδίδωσί μοι.  
 αἶδε δ' εὐωποὶ πύλαι μοι καὶ θεοῦ χρηστήρια,  
 δυσμενῇ πάροιθεν ὄντα. νῦν δὲ καὶ ῥόπτρων  
 χέρας  
 ἠδέως ἐκκρημνάμεσθα καὶ προσεννέπω πύλας.

# ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἦνεσ' οὔνεκ' εὐλογεῖς θεὸν μεταβαλοῦν· ἀεὶ γὰρ  
 οὔν  
 χρόνια μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν πως, εἰς τέλος δ' οὐκ  
 ἀσθενῇ.

# ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

ὦ τέκνον, στείχωμεν οἴκους.

## ION

He gave thee health in travail ; so none knew :  
And, when thou hadst borne this child, and cast  
him out

In swaddling-bands, bade Hermes in his arms  
Snatch him away, and hither waft thy babe ;  
And nurtured him, nor suffered him to die.  
Now therefore say not that this lad is thine,  
That Xuthus in his phantasy may joy,  
And thine the substance, lady, be of bliss.  
Farewell ye : after this relief from woes  
I bring you tidings of a happy lot.

1600

### ION

Pallas, Daughter of the Highest, child of Zeus, we  
will receive [believe  
These thy words with no unfaith, but Loxias do I  
Sure to me, and her my mother :—never was this  
past belief.

### CREUSA

Hear me : Phoebus praise I, whom I praised not in  
mine hour of grief, [now restores.  
For that whom he set at naught, his child, to me he 1610  
Lovely is his oracle, and fair to me these temple-  
doors, [portal-ring,  
Hateful though they were aforetime. Now unto the  
As I bid his gates my blithe farewell, with loving  
hands I cling

### ATHENA

Well dost thou to turn to praises of the God : so is it  
still—  
Slow the Gods' hands haply are, but mightily at last  
fulfil,

### CREUSA

Homeward let us pass, my son.

ΙΩΝ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

στείχεθ', ἔψομαι δ' ἐγώ.

ΙΩΝ

ἀξία γ' ἡμῶν ὁδουρός.

ΚΡΕΟΥΣΑ

καὶ φιλοῦσά γε πτόλιν.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

εἰς θρόνους δ' ἵζου παλαιούς.

ΙΩΝ

ἄξιον τὸ κτήμά μοι.

ΚΟΡΟΣ

ὦ Διὸς Λητρῶς τ' Ἀπολλων, χαῖρ'· ὅτφ δ'  
ἐλαύνεται

1620 συμφοραῖς οἶκος, σέβοντα δαίμονας θαρσεῖν  
χρεῶν·

εἰς τέλος γὰρ οἱ μὲν ἐσθλοὶ τυγχάνουσιν ἀξίων,  
οἱ κακοὶ δ', ὥσπερ πεφύκασ', οὔ ποτ' εὖ πρά-  
ξειαν ἄν.

## ION

ATHENA

Pass on · myself shall following come.

ION

Best way-warden art thou !

CREUSA

Thou who holdest dear our city-home

ATHENE

Seat thee on the ancient throne.

ION

A goodly heritage is mine

CHORUS

Zeus' and Leto's Son Apollo, hail ! Let him to  
powers divine

Render homage undismayed, whose house affliction's  
buffets smite :

1620

For the good at last shall overcome, at last attain  
their right ;

But the evil, by their nature's law, on good shall  
never light.

*[Exeunt in procession to marching music.]*



# HIPPOLYTUS





## ARGUMENT

HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, bore to Theseus, king of Athens and Troezen, a son whom he named from her, Hippolytus. Now this youth grew up of all men most pure in heart, reverencing chiefly Artemus the Maiden, Goddess of the Chase, and utterly contemning the worship of Aphrodite. Wherefore the wrath of the Queen of Love was kindled against him, and she made Phaedra, his father's young wife, mad with love for him ; and although she wrestled with her malady, and strove to hide it in her heart, till by the fever of it she was brought nigh to death's door, yet in the end it was revealed, and was made destruction to her and to Hippolytus also.*

## ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

ΙΠΠΟΛΑΤΤΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΤΗΝΗΓΩΝ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΤΡΟΙΖΗΝΙΩΝ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APHRODITE (or CYPRIS), *the Queen of Love*

HIPPOLYTUS, *son of Theseus and Hippolyta Queen of the Amazons.*

PHAEDRA, *daughter of Minos king of Crete, and wife of Theseus*

NURSE OF PHAEDRA

THESEUS, *king of Athens and Troezen*

ARTEMIS, *Goddess of Hunting.*

SERVANT OF HIPPOLYTUS

MESSENGER, *henchman of Hippolytus*

CHORUS, *composed of women of Troezen*

CHORUS *of huntsmen*

*Attendants and handmaids.*

SCENE Before the palace of Theseus at Troezen, where Theseus dwelt, being self-exiled for a year from Athens, to expiate the shedding of the blood of kinsmen who had sought to dethrone him

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

### ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ

- Πολλὴ μὲν ἐν βροτοῖσι κοῦκ ἀνώνυμος  
θεὰ κέκλημαι Κύπρις, οὐρανοῦ τ' ἔσω·  
ὅσοι τε πόντου θερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν  
ναίουσιν εἴσω φῶς ὀρώντες ἡλίον,  
τούς μὲν σέβοντας τὰμὰ πρεσβεύω κράτη,  
σφάλλῳ δ' ὅσοι φρονοῦσιν εἰς ἡμᾶς μέγα.  
ἔνεστι γὰρ δὴ κὰν θεῶν γένει τόδε,  
τιμώμενοι χαίρουσιν ἀνθρώπων ὕπο.  
10 δείξω δὲ μύθων τῶνδ' ἀλήθειαν τάχα·  
ὁ γάρ με Θησέως παῖς, Ἀμαζόνος τόκος  
Ἴππόλυτος, ἀγνοῦ Πιτθέως παιδεύματα,  
μόνος πολιτῶν τῆσδε γῆς Τροιζηνίας  
λέγει κακίστην δαιμόνων πεφυκέναι,  
ἀναίνεται δὲ λέκτρα κοῦ ψαύει γάμων·  
Φοίβου δ' ἀδελφὴν Ἀρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην  
τιμᾶ, μεγίστην δαιμόνων ἡγούμενος·  
χλωρὰν δ' ἀν' ὕλην παρθένῳ ξυνὼν αἰεὶ  
κυσὶν ταχείαις θήρας ἐξαιρεῖ χθονός,  
20 μείζω βροτείας προσπεσὼν ὁμιλίας.  
τούτοισι μὲν νυν οὐ φθονῶ· τί γάρ με δεῖ ;  
ἀ δ' εἰς ἔμ' ἡμάρτηκε, τιμωρήσομαι  
Ἴππόλυτον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ· τὰ πολλὰ δὲ  
πάλαι προκόψας, οὐ πόνου πολλοῦ με δεῖ.

## HIPPOLYTUS

*Enter* APHRODITE

APHRODITE

Mighty on earth, mighty in heaven, am I  
Cypris the Goddess named, a glorious name.  
And of all dwellers 'twixt the Pontic Sea  
And Atlas' bourn, which look on the sun's light,  
I honour them which reverence my power,  
But bring the proud hearts that defy me low.  
For even to the Gods this appertains,  
That in the homage of mankind they joy  
And I will give swift proof of these my words ·  
For Theseus' son, born of the Amazon, 10  
Hippolytus, pure-hearted Pittheus' ward,  
Sole mid the folk of this Troezenian land  
Sayeth that vilest of the Gods am I;  
Rejects the couch; of marriage will he none,  
But honours Phoebus' sister Artemis,  
Zeus' child, and counts her greatest of the Gods;  
And through the greenwood in the Maid's train  
still  
With swift hounds sweeps the wild beasts from the  
earth,  
Linked with companionship too high for man 20  
Yet this I grudge not: what is this to me?  
But his defiance of me will I avenge  
Upon Hippolytus this day: the path  
Well-nigh is cleared; scant pains it needeth yet

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἐλθόντα γάρ νιν Πιτθέως ποτ' ἐκ δόμων  
 σεμνῶν ἐς ὄψιν καὶ τέλη μυστηρίων  
 Πανδίοιτος γῆν, πατὸς εὐγενῆς δάμαρ  
 ἰδοῦσα Φαίδρα καρδίαν κατείχετο  
 ἔρωτι δεινῷ τοῖς ἐμοῖς βουλευμασι.  
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἔλθειν τήνδε γῆν Τροιζηνίαν,  
 30 πέτραν παρ' αὐτὴν Παλλάδος κατόψιου  
 γῆς τῆσδε ναὸν Κύπριδος ἐγκαθίστατο,  
 ἔρῳσ' ἔρωτ' ἔκδημον· Ἴππολύτῳ δ' ἔπι  
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὠνόμαζεν ἰδρῦσθαι θεάν.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ Θησεὺς Κεκροπίαν λείπει χθόνα,  
 μίασμα φεύγων αἵματος Παλλαντιδῶν,  
 καὶ τήνδε σὺν δάμαρτι ναυστολεῖ χθόνα,  
 ἐνιαυσίαν ἔκδημον αἰνέσας φυγῇν,  
 ἐνταῦθα δὲ στένουσα κάκπεπληγμένη  
 κέντροις ἔρωτος ἢ τάλαι' ἀπόλλυται  
 40 σιγῇ· σύνοιδε δ' οὔτις οἰκετῶν νόσον.  
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτῃ τόνδ' ἔρωτα χρὴ πεσεῖν  
 δείξω δὲ Θησεῖ πρῶγμα, κάκφανήσεται.  
 καὶ τὸν μὲν ἡμῖν πολέμιον νεανίαν  
 κτενεῖ πατὴρ ἀραίῃσιν, ἃς ὁ πόντιος  
 ἄναξ Ποσειδῶν ὥπασεν Θησεῖ γέρας,  
 μηδὲν μάταιον εἰς τρὶς εὐξασθαι θεῷ.  
 ἢ δ' εὐκλεῆς μὲν, ἀλλ' ὁμως ἀπόλλυται,  
 Φαίδρα· τὸ γὰρ τῆσδ' οὐ προτιμήσω κακὸν  
 τὸ μὴ οὐ παρασχεῖν τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἐμοὶ  
 50 δίκην τοσαύτην ὥστ' ἐμοὶ καλῶς ἔχῃν.  
 ἀλλ', εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε παῖδα Θησεῶς  
 στείχοντα θήρας μόχθον ἐκλελοιπότα,  
 Ἴππόλυτον, ἔξω τῶνδε βήσομαι τόπων.  
 πολλὸς δ' ἅμ' αὐτῷ προσπόλων ὀπισθόπους  
 κῶμος λέλακεν Ἄρτεμιν τιμῶν θεάν

## HIPPOLYTUS

For, as from halls of Pittheus once he sought  
Pandion's land, to see and to be sealed  
In the Great Mysteries, Phaedra, high-born wife  
Of his own father, saw him , and her heart  
In fierce love was enthralled by my device.

She, ere she came to this Troezenian land,  
Hard by the Rock of Pallas, which looks down 30  
On this land, built to me a shrine, for love  
Of one afar ; and for Hippolytus' sake  
She named it " Love Fast-anchored," for all time  
But since from Cecrops' land forth Theseus passed,  
Fleeing the blood-guilt of the sons of Pallas,  
And unto this shore with his wife hath sailed,  
Submitting unto exile for one year,  
Thenceforward, sighing and by stings of love  
Distraught, the hapless one wastes down to death  
Silent : her malady no handmaid knows. 40  
Ah, but not so shall this love's issue fall.  
Theseus shall know this thing ; all bared shall be .  
And him that is my foe his sire shall slay  
By curses, whose fulfilment the Sea-king  
Poseidon gave to Theseus in this boon—  
To ask three things of him, nor pray in vain.  
And she shall die—O yea, her name unstained,  
Yet Phaedra dies : I will not so regard  
Her pain, as not to visit on my foes  
Such penalty as is mine honour's due. 50

But,—forasmuch as Theseus' son I see  
Yonder draw near, forsaking hunting's toil,  
Hippolytus,—forth will I from this place  
Ha, a great press of henchmen following shout,  
Honouring with songs the Goddess Artemis !

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὑμνοισιν· οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἀνεφγμένας πύλας  
Ἄιδου φάος τε λοίσθιον βλέπων τόδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔπεσθ' ἄδοντες ἔπεσθε  
τὰν Διὸς οὐρανίαν  
Ἄρτεμιν, ἧ μελόμεσθα.

60

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΚΥΤΝΗΓΩΝ

πότνια πότνια σεμνοτάτα,  
Ζανὸς γένεθλον,  
χαῖρε χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ κόρα  
Λατοῦς Ἄρτεμι καὶ Διός,  
καλλίστα πολὺ παρθένων,  
ἃ μέγαν κατ' οὐρανὸν  
ναίεις εὐπατέρειαν αὐλάν,  
Ζανὸς πολύχρυσον οἶκον.  
χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα  
καλλίστα τῶν κατ' Ὀλυμπου  
παρθένων, Ἄρτεμι.

70

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου  
λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,  
ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ  
οὔτ' ἡλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον  
μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἡρινὸν διέρχεται.  
Αἰδῶς δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις.  
ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει  
τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἵληχεν εἰς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,  
τούτοις δρέπεσθαι, τοῖς κακοῖσι δ' οὐ θέμις.  
ἀλλ' ὦ φίλη δέσποινα, χρυσέας κόμης  
ινάδημα δέξαι χειρὸς εὐσεβοῦς ἄπο.  
μόνῳ γάρ ἐστι τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ γέρας βροτῶν·  
σοὶ καὶ ξύνειμι καὶ λόγοις σ' ἀμείβομαι,

80



## HIPPOLYTUS

He knows not Hades' gates wide flung for him,  
And this day's light the last his eyes shall see.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* HIPPOLYTUS and ATTENDANT HUNTSMEN.

### HIPPOLYTUS

Follow on, follow on, ring out the lay  
Unto Artemis high enthroned in the sky, 60  
Zeus' child, in her keeping who hath us aye.

### CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN

O Majesty, Daughter of Zeus, dread Queen,  
I hail thee, Artemis, now,  
O Leto's Daughter, O Zeus's child,  
Loveliest far of the Undeiled !  
In that great Home of the Mighty Father,  
The palace of Zeus, mid the glory-sheen  
Of gold—there dwellest thou  
O Fairest, to theeward in greeting I call, 70  
Artemis, fairest of Maidens that gather  
In Olympus' hall !

### HIPPOLYTUS

For thee this woven garland from a mead  
Unsullied have I twined, O Queen, and bring.  
There never shepherd dares to feed his flock,  
Nor steel of sickle came · only the bee  
Roveth the springtide mead undesecrate :  
And Reverence watereth it with river-dews.  
They which have heritage of self-control  
In all things, purity inborn, untaught, 80  
These there may gather flowers, but none impure.  
Now Queen, dear Queen, receive this anadem  
From reverent hand to deck thy golden hair ;  
For to me sole of men this grace is given,  
That I be with thee, converse hold with thee,

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

κλύων μὲν αὐδὴν, ὄμμα δ' οὐχ ὀρών τὸ σόν.  
τέλος δὲ κάμψαιμ' ὥσπερ ἡρξάμην βίου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄναξ, θεοὺς γὰρ δεσπότας καλεῖν χρεών,  
ἄρ' ἂν τί μου δέξαιο βουλευσάντος εὔ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

90 καὶ κάρτα γ'· ἥ γὰρ οὐ σοφοὶ φαινοίμεθ' ἄν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οἶσθ' οὖν βροτοῖσιν ὃς καθέστηκεν νόμος,

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· τοῦ δὲ καὶ μ' ἀνιστορεῖς πέρι,

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

μισεῖν τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ τὸ μὴ πᾶσιν φίλον;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὀρθῶς γε· τίς δ' οὐ σεμνὸς ἀχθεινὸς βροτῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐν δ' εὐπροσηγόροισιν ἔστι τις χάρις;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πλείστη γε, καὶ κέρδος γε σὺν μόχθῳ βραχεῖ.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἥ καὶ θεοῖσι ταῦτόν ἐλπίζεις τόδε;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

εἵπερ γε θνητοὶ θεῶν νόμοισι χρώμεθα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

πῶς οὖν σὺ σεμνήν δαίμον' οὐ προαεννέπεις;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

100 τίν'; εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μή τι σοῦ σφαλῇ στόμα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τήνδ' ἥ πύλαισι σαῖς ἐφέστηκεν Κύπρις.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Hearing thy voice, yet seeing not thy face  
And may I end life's race as I began

SERVANT

Prince,—*Masters* may we call the Gods alone—  
Wouldst thou receive of me good counselling ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea surely . else were I fool manifest.

90

SERVANT

Knowest thou then the stablished wont of men ?—

HIPPOLYTUS

Not I thy drift : whereof dost question me ?

SERVANT

To hate the proud reserve that owns few friends.

HIPPOLYTUS

Rightly : what proud man is not odious ?

SERVANT

And in the gracious is there naught of charm ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, much, and profit won with little pains.

SERVANT<sup>1</sup>

And deem'st thou not this same may hold with  
Gods ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, if men live by laws derived from Gods.

SERVANT

Why not ~~then~~ greet a Goddess worshipful ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Whom ?—have a care thy lips in no wise err<sup>1</sup>

100

SERVANT

Even Cypris, there above thy portal set

<sup>1</sup> "The Worshipful Goddesses" was the peculiar title of the Eumenides, whom it was ill-omened to name,

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πρόσωθεν αὐτὴν ἀγνὸς ὦν ἀσπάζομαι.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

σεμνή γε μέντοι καπίσσημος ἐν βροτοῖς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἄλλοισιν ἄλλος θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μέλει.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

εὐδαιμονοίης νοῦν ἔχων ὅσον σε δεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδεὶς μ' ἀρέσκει νυκτὶ θαυμαστὸς θεῶν.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τιμαῖσιν, ὦ παῖ, δαιμόνων χρῆσθαι χρεών.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

χωρεῖτ', ὀπαδοί, καὶ παρελθόντες δόμους  
σίτων μέλεσθε· τερπνὸν ἐκ κυναγίας  
110 τράπεζα πλήρης· καὶ καταψήχειν χρεῶν  
ἵππους, ὅπως ἂν ἄρμασι ζεύξας ὑπο  
βορᾶς κορεσθεῖς γυμνάσω τὰ πρόσφορα·  
τὴν σὴν δὲ Κύπριν πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἡμεῖς δέ—τοὺς νέους γὰρ οὐ μιμητέον—  
φρονούντες οὕτως ὥς πρέπει δούλοις λέγειν,  
προσευξόμεσθα τοῖσι σοῖς ἀγάλμασι,  
δέσποινα Κύπρι. χρή δὲ συγγνώμην ἔχειν,  
εἴ τίς σ' ὑφ' ἡβης σπλάγχχνον ἐντὸς φέρων  
μάταια βάζει· μὴ δόκει τούτου κλύειν·  
120 σοφωτέρους γὰρ χρή βροτῶν εἶναι θεούς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὠκεανοῦ τις ὕδωρ

στρ. α'

στάζουσα πέτρα λέγεται

βαπτὰν κάλπισι ῥυτὰν

## HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

From far I greet her, who am undefiled

SERVANT

Worshipful is she, glorious among men.

HIPPOLYTUS

Of Gods, of men, each maketh still his choice

SERVANT

Now prosper thou,—be needful wisdom thine !

HIPPOLYTUS

No God who hath might-homage pleaseth me.

SERVANT

Guerdons of Gods, my son, ought men to use.

HIPPOLYTUS

Depart, mine henchmen, enter ye the halls,  
And set on bread    The full board welcome is  
When hunting's done. And one must groom mysteeds, 110  
That I may yoke them to the chariot-pole,  
Being full of meat, and breathe them in the race  
But to thy Cypris wave I long farewell.    [*Exit*

SERVANT

But we—who must not tread in steps of youth—  
With whispered humbleness most meet for thralls  
Make supplication to thine images,  
Queen Cypris. It beseems thee to forgive,  
If one that bears through youth a vehement heart  
Speak folly. Be as though thou heardest not ;  
For wiser Gods should be than mortal men.    [*Exit* 120  
*Enter* CHORUS of *Troesean Ladies*.

CHORUS

(*Str* 1)

A rock there is, wherefrom, as they tell, the springs  
of the heart of the Ocean well,  
Whence the rifts of the crags overbeetling send

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

παγὰν προιεῖσα κρημνῶν,  
 ὅθι μοί τις ἦν φίλα,  
 πορφύρεα φάρεα  
 ποταμία δρόσῳ  
 τέγγουσα, θερμᾶς δ' ἐπὶ νῶτα πέτρας  
 εὐαλίον κατέβαλλ'. ὅθεν μοι  
 130 πρῶτα φάτις ἦλθε δέσποινας·

τειρομέναν νοσερᾷ  
 κοῖτα δέμας ἐντὸς ἔχειν  
 οἴκων, λεπτὰ δὲ φάρη  
 ξανθὰν κεφαλὰν σκιάζειν.  
 τριτάταν δέ νιν κλύω  
 τάνδε κατ' ἀμβροσίου  
 στόματος ἀμέραν  
 Δάματρος ἀκτᾶς δέμας ἀγνὸν ἴσχειν,  
 κρυπτῷ πάθει θανάτου θέλουσαν  
 140 κέλσαι ποτὶ τέρμα δύστανον.

ἦ σύ γ' <sup>1</sup> ἐνθεος, ὦ κούρα,  
 εἴτ' ἐκ Πανὸς εἶθ' Ἑκάτας  
 ἦ σεμνῶν Κορυβαίντων  
 φοιτᾶς, ἦ ματρὸς ὀρείας,  
 σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ τὰν πολύθηρον  
 Δίκτυναν ἀμπλακίαις  
 ἠνιέρος ἀθύτων πελάνων τρύχει;  
 φοιτᾷ γὰρ καὶ διὰ λίμνας  
 χέρσον θ' ὑπὲρ πελάγους  
 150 δίναις ἐν νοτίαις ἄλμας.

ἦ πόσιν, τὸν Ἑρεχθιδᾶν  
 ἀρχαγόν, τὸν εὐπατρίδαν,

<sup>1</sup> Metzger , for σὺ γὰρ of MSS.

## HIPPOLYTUS

For the plunging urns their founts outstreaming  
Even there did I light on a maiden, my friend,  
As she drenched the mantles purple-gleaming  
In the riverward-glittering spray,  
And spread the dye of the Tyrian shell on the rocks  
where glowing the sunbeams fell.  
Hers were the lips that I first heard say  
How wasteth our lady away . 130

(*Ant* 1)  
For a tale they told of a fevered bed, of the feet that  
forth of her bower ne'er tread,  
Of the dainty-woven veil that is cast  
For a darkness over the tresses golden  
Yea, and by this hath the third day past [holden  
That the queen from her fair young lips hath with-  
The gift of the Lady of Corn,  
Keeping her body thereof unfed, as though 'twere  
pollution to taste of bread,  
With anguish unuttered longing forlorn  
One haven to win—death's bourn. 140

O queen, what if this be possession (*Str* 2)  
Of Pan or of Hecate ?—  
Of the Mother of Dindymus' Hill ?—  
Or the awful Corybant thrill ?  
O! hath Artemis found transgression  
Of offerings unrendered in thee ? [here ?—  
Hath the hand of the Huntress been  
For she flasheth o'er mountain and mere,  
And rideth her triumph-procession  
Over surges and swirls of the sea. 150

Or thy princely lord, in whose leading (*Ant* 2)  
Be the hosts of Erechtheus' race,

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

160 ποιμαίνει τις ἐν οἴκοις  
κρυπτὰ κοίτα λεχέων σῶν ;  
ἢ ναυβάτας τις ἐπλευσεν  
Κρήτας ἑξορμος ἀνὴρ  
λιμένα τὸν εὐξεινότατον ναύταις,  
φάμαν πέμπων βασιλείᾳ,  
λύπα δ' ὑπὲρ παθέων  
εὐναία δέδεται ψυχά ;

φιλεῖ δὲ τᾷ δυστρόπῳ γυναικῶν ἐπῳδ.  
ἁρμονία κακὰ δύστανος  
ἀμηχανία συνοικεῖν  
ᾠδίνων τε καὶ ἀφροσύνας.  
δι' ἐμᾶς ἤξεν ποτε νηδύος ἄδ' αὖρα·  
τὰν δ' εὖλοχον οὐρανίαν  
τόξων μεδέουσαν αὐτευν  
Ἄρτεμιν, καὶ μοι πολυζήλωτος αἰεὶ  
σὺν θεοῖσι φοιτᾷ.

170 ἀλλ' ἦδε τροφὸς γεραῖα πρὸ θυρῶν  
τῇνδε κομίζουσ' ἔξω μελάθρων·  
στυγνὸν δ' ὀφρύων νέφος αὐξάνεται.  
τί ποτ' ἔστι μαθεῖν ἔραται ψυχῇ,  
τί δεδήληται  
δέμας ἀλλόχροον βασιλείας.

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

180 ὦ κακὰ θνητῶν στυγεραὶ τε νόσοι.  
τί σ' ἐγὼ δράσω , τί δὲ μὴ δράσω ;  
τόδε σοι φέγγος λαμπρὸν, ὃδ' αἰθιρ·  
ἔξω δὲ δόμων ἤδη νοσερᾷς  
δέμνια κοίτης.



# HIPPOLYTUS

Hath one in his halls beguiled,  
 That thy couch is in secret defiled ?  
 Or hath some sea-trafficker, speeding  
 From Crete over watery ways  
 To the haven where shipmen would be,  
 Brought dolorous tidings to thee  
 That hath bowed thee with anguish exceeding  
 On thy bed through thy soul's prison-days 160  
 (*Epode*)

Or shall this be the discord mournful, weirdly  
 haunting, [of woman's being ?  
 That ofttimes jarreth and jangleth the strings  
 'Tis the shadow of travail-throes nigh, a delirium  
 spirit-daunting [have felt it shiver ·  
 Yea, I have known it, through mine own bosom  
 But I cried to the Queen of the Bow, to the Helper  
 in travail-throe for refuge fleeing ,  
 And by grace of the Gods she hearkeneth ever  
 my fervent request, she is there to deliver

But lo, through the doors where cometh the grey- 170  
 haired nurse

Leading the stricken one forth of her bowers :  
 On her brows aye darker the care-cloud lowers.  
 My spirit is yearning to know what is this strange  
 curse,

Wherefore the queen's cheek ever is paling,  
 And her strength is failing

*Enter PHAEDRA, NURSE, and HANDMAIDS.*

NURSE

O afflictions of mortals, O bitter pain !  
 What shall I do unto thee, or refrain ?  
 Lo here is the light of the sun, the sky ·  
 Brought forth of the halls is thy bed ; hereby  
 Thy cushions lie.

180

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

δεῦρο γὰρ ἐλθεῖν πᾶν ἔπος ἦν σοι·  
τάχα δ' εἰς θαλάμους σπεύσεις το πάλιν.  
ταχὺ γὰρ σφάλλει κούδενι χαίρεις,  
οὐδέ σ' ἀρέσκει τὸ παρόν, τὸ δ' ἀπὸν  
φίλτερον ἡγεί.

190 κρεῖσσον δὲ νοσεῖν ἢ θεραπεύειν·  
τὸ μέν ἐστιν ἀπλοῦν, τῷ δὲ συνάπτει  
λύπη τε φρενῶν χερσὶν τε πόνος.  
πᾶς δ' ὀδυνηρὸς βίος ἀνθρώπων,  
κούκ ἔστι πόνων ἀνάπαυσις·  
ἀλλ' ὅ τι τοῦ ζῆν φίλτερον ἄλλο  
σκότος ἀμπίσχων κρύπτει νεφέλαις.  
δυσέρωτες δὴ φαινόμεθ' ὄντες  
τοῦδ', ὅ τι τοῦτο στίλβει κατὰ γῆν,  
δι' ἀπειροσύνην ἄλλου βίотου  
κούκ ἀπόδειξιν τῶν ὑπὸ γαίας·  
μύθοις δ' ἄλλως φερόμεσθα.

### ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

200 αἵρετέ μου δέμας, ὀρθοῦτε κᾶρα·  
λέλυμαι μελέων σύνδεσμα, φίλαι.  
λάβετ' εὐπήχεις χεῖρας, πρόπολοι.  
βαρὺ μοι κεφαλᾶς ἐπὶ κρανον ἔχειν·  
ἄφελ', ἀμπέτασον βόστρυχον ὥμοις.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θάρσει, τέκνον, καὶ μὴ χαλεπῶς  
μετάβαλλε δέμας.  
ῥᾶον δὲ νόσον μετὰ θ' ἡσυχίας  
καὶ γενναίου λήματος οἴσεις·  
μοχθεῖν δὲ βροτοῖσιν ἀνάγκη.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Hitherward wouldst thou come ; it was all thy moan :  
Yet aback to thy bowers wilt thou fret to be gone  
Thou art soon disappointed, thou joyest in naught,  
What thou hast cannot please thee ; a thing far-sought

Thy fancy hath caught

Better be sick than tend the sick :  
Here is but one pain ; grief of mind  
And toil of hands be there combined.

O'er all man's life woes gather thick ; 190

Ne'er from its travail respite is.  
If better life beyond be found,  
The darkness veils, clouds wrap it round ;  
Therefore infatuate-fond to this

We cling—this earth's poor sunshine-gleam :  
Naught know we of the life to come,  
There speak no voices from the tomb .  
We drift on fable's shadowy stream.

### PHAEDRA

Uplift ye my body, mine head upraise  
Friends, faint be my limbs, and unknit be their  
bands

Hold, maidens, my rounded arms and mine hands 200  
Ah, the coif on mine head all heavily weighs :  
Take it thence till mine hair o'er my shoulders strays !

### NURSE

Take heart, my child, nor in such wild wise  
Toss thou thy body so feveredly  
Lighter to bear shall thy sickness be,  
If thine high-born courage in calm strength rise .  
For the doom of sorrow on all men lies.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαῖ.

210

πῶς ἂν δροσερᾶς ἀπὸ κρηνίδος  
καθαρῶν ὑδάτων πῶμ' ἀρυσαίμαν,  
ὑπὸ τ' αἰγείροις ἔν τε κομήτῃ  
λειμώνι κλιθεῖς' ἀναπαυσαίμαν.

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί θροεῖς ;  
οὐ μὴ παρ' ὄχλῳ τάδε γηρύσει  
μανίας ἔποχον ῥίπτουσα λόγον ;

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

220

πέμπετέ μ' εἰς ὄρος· εἴμι πρὸς ὕλαν  
καὶ παρὰ πεύκας, ἵνα θηροφόνοι  
στείβουσι κύνες  
βαλῖαις ἐλάφοις ἐγχιριμπτόμεναι  
πρὸς θεῶν, ἔραμαι κυσὶ θωῦξαι  
καὶ παρὰ χαίταν ξανθὰν ῥίψαι  
Θεσσαλὸν ὄρπακ', ἐπίλογχον ἔχουσ'  
ἐν χειρὶ βέλος.

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί πότ', ὦ τέκνον, τάδε κηραίνεις ;  
τί κυνηγεσίων καὶ σοὶ μελέτη ;  
τί δὲ κρηναίων νασμῶν ἔρασαι ;  
πάρα γὰρ δροσερὰ πύργοις συνεχῆς  
κλιτύς, ὅθεν σοι πῶμα γένοιτ' ἄν.

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

230

δέσποιν' ἀλίας Ἄρτεμι Λίμνας  
καὶ γυμνασίων τῶν ἵπποκρότων,  
εἴθε γενοίμαν ἐν σοῖς δαπέδοις,  
πώλους Ἐνέτας δαμαλιζομένα.

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAFDRA

Oh but to quaff, where the spay-veil drifteth  
O'er taintless fountains, the dear cool stream ! 210  
Oh to lie in the mead where the soft wind lifteth  
Its tresses—'neath poplars to lie and dream !

NURSE

My child, my child, what is this thou hast cried?  
Ah, speak not thus, with a throng at thy side,  
Wild words that on wings of madness ride !

PHAEDRA

Let me hence to the mountain afar—I will hie me  
To the forest, the pines where the stag-hounds  
follow  
Hard after the fleet dappled hinds as they fly me !  
Oh, I long to cheer them with hunter's hollo,—  
Ah God, were I there !—  
And to grasp the Thessalian shaft steel-gleaming, 220  
And to swing it on high by my hair outstreaming—  
My golden hair !

NURSE

What wouldst thou, my darling, of suchlike things ?  
Will naught save the hunt and the hounds content ?  
And why art thou yearning for fountain-springs ?  
Lo, nigh to thy towers is a soft-sloped bent  
With streams for thy drinking dew-besprent.

PHAEDRA

Lady of Limne, the burg looking seaward,  
Of the thunder of hoofs on the wide race-courses,  
Oh for the plains where the altars to theeward 230  
Flame, there to be curbing the Henetan horses !

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί τόδ' αὖ παράφρων ἔρριψας ἔπος ;  
 νῦν δὴ μὲν ὄρος βᾶσ' ἐπὶ θήρας  
 πόθον ἐστέλλον, νῦν δ' αὖ ψαμάθοις  
 ἐπ' ἀκυμάντοις πώλων ἔρασαι.  
 τάδε μαντείας ἄξια πολλῆς,  
 ὅστις σε θεῶν ἀνασειράζει  
 καὶ παρακόπτει φρένας, ὦ παῖ.

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

240 δύστανος ἐγώ, τί ποτ' εἰργασάμαν ;  
 ποῖ παρεπλάγχθην γνώμας ἀγαθᾶς ;  
 ἐμάνην, ἔπεσον δαίμονος ἅτα.  
 φεῦ φεῦ, τλάμων.  
 μαῖα, πάλιν μου κρύψον κεφαλάν·  
 αἰδούμεθα γὰρ τὰ λελεγμένα μοι.  
 κρύπτε· κατ' ὅσσω δάκρυ μοι βαίνει,  
 καὶ ἐπ' αἰσχύναν ὄμμα τέτραπται.  
 τὸ γὰρ ὀρθοῦσθαι γνώμαν ὀδυνᾷ,  
 τὸ δὲ μαινόμενον κακόν· ἀλλὰ κρατεῖ  
 μὴ γυγνώσκοντ' ἀπολέσθαι.

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

250 κρύπτω· τὸ δ' ἐμὸν πότε δὴ θάνατος  
 σῶμα καλύψει;  
 πολλὰ διδάσκει μ' ὁ πολὺς βίωτος·  
 χρῆν γὰρ μετρίας εἰς ἀλλήλους  
 φιλίας θνητοὺς ἀνακίρνασθαι,  
 καὶ μὴ πρὸς ἄκρον μυελὸν ψυχῆς,  
 εὐλυτα δ' εἶναι στέργηθρα φρενῶν  
 ἀπὸ τ' ὥσασθαι καὶ ξυντεῖναι.  
 τὸ δ' ὑπὲρ δισσῶν μίαν ὠδίνειν  
 ψυχὴν χαλεπὸν βάρος, ὥς καγὼ  
 260 τῇσδ' ὑπεραλγῶ

## HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

What speech in thy frenzy outflingest thou ?  
The mountain-ward path then fain hadst thou  
taken  
On the track of the beasts : and thou yearnest now  
For the steeds on the sea-sands wave-forsaken !  
Of a surety the lore of a seer we lack  
To tell what God, child, reineth thee back,  
And scourgeth thy spirit from reason's track

PHAEDRA

O hapless I—what is this I have done ?  
Whitherward have I wandered from wisdom's way ? 240  
I was mad, by a God's curse overthrown  
Oh ill-starred—well-a-day !  
Dear Nurse, veil over mine head once more ;  
For I blush for the words from my lips that came  
Veil me : the tears from mine eyes down pour,  
And mine eyelids sink for shame  
For anguish wakes when re-dawneth the mind :  
Though a curse be madness, herein is it kind,  
That the soul that it ruins it striketh blind.

NURSE

I veil thee :—ah that death would veil 250  
Me too !—with many a lesson stern  
The years have brought, this too I learn—  
Be links of mortal friendship frail !

Let heart-strings ne'er together cling,  
Nor be indissolubly twined  
The chords of love, but lightly joined  
For knitting close or severing.

Ah weary burden, where one soul  
Travails for twain, as mine for thee ! 260

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

βίότου δ' ἀτρεκείς ἐπιτηδεύσεις  
 φασὶ σφάλλειν πλέον ἢ τέρπειν,  
 τῇ θ' ὑγείᾳ μᾶλλον πολεμεῖν.  
 οὕτω τὸ λίαν ἦσσον ἐπαινώ  
 τοῦ μηδὲν ἄγαν  
 καὶ ξυμφήσουσι σοφοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γύναι γεραιά, βασιλίδος πιστὴ τροφὴ  
 Φαίδρας, ὁρῶ μὲν τάσδε δυστήνους τύχας,  
 ἄσσημα δ' ἡμῖν ἥτις ἐστὶν ἡ νόσος·  
 σοῦ δ' ἂν πυθέσθαι καὶ κλύειν βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

270

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐλέγχουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐννέπειν θέλει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδ' ἥτις ἀρχὴ τῶνδε πημάτων ἔφυ ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς ταῦτὸν ἤκεις· πάντα γὰρ σιγᾷ τάδε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς ἀσθενεῖ τε καὶ κατέξανται δέμας.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πῶς δ' οὐ, τριταίαν οὔσ' ἄσιτος ἡμέραν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πότερον ὑπ' αἵτης ἢ θανεῖν πειρωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

θανεῖν· ἀσιτεῖ δ' εἰς ἀπόστασιν βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θαυμαστὸν εἶπας, εἰ τὰδ' ἐξαρκεῖ πόσει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

κρύπτει γὰρ ἥδε πῆμα κοῦ φησιν νοσεῖν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ δ' εἰς πρόσωπον οὐ τεκμαίρεται βλέπων ;

280



## HIPPOLYTUS

Ruin, not bliss, say they, shall be  
Care's life-absorbing heart-control.

Yea, that way sickness, madness, lies.  
Therefore "the overmuch" shall be  
Less than "the naught-too-much" for me :  
So say I . so shall say the wise.

CHORUS

Thou grey-haired dame, queen Phaedra's loyal nurse,  
In sooth I mark her lamentable plight,  
Yet what her malady, to us is dark  
Fain would we question thee and hear thereof. 270

NURSE

I know not, though I ask she will not tell.

CHORUS

Nor what was the beginning of these woes ?

NURSE

The same thy goal : naught sayeth she of all.

CHORUS

How strengthless and how wasted is her frame !

NURSE

No marvel, being three days foodless now.

CHORUS

Madness is this, or set resolve to die ?

NURSE

To die : she fasteth to make end of life.

CHORUS

Strange is thy tale, if this content her lord.

NURSE

Nay, but she hides her pain, nor owns she ails.

CHORUS

Should he not guess ?—one glance upon her face ? 280

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκδημος ὦν γὰρ τῇσδε τυγχάνει χθονός.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνάγκην προσφέρεις, πειρωμένη  
νόσον πυθέσθαι τῇσδε καὶ πλάνον φρενῶν ;

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἰς πᾶν ἀφύγμαι κοῦδὲν εἴργασμαι πλέον·  
οὐ μὲν ἀνήσω γ' οὐδὲ νῦν προθυμίας,  
ὥς ἂν παρούσα καὶ σύ μοι ξυμμαρτυρῆς  
οἷα πέφυκα δυστυχοῦσι δεσπότηις.  
ἄγ', ὦ φίλη παῖ, τῶν πάροιθε μὲν λόγων  
λαθώμεθ' ἄμφω, καὶ σύ θ' ἡδίῳ γενοῦ  
στυγνὴν ὀφρὺν λύσασα καὶ γνώμης ὁδόν,  
ἐγὼ θ' ὅπῃ σοι μὴ καλῶς τόθ' εἰπόμεν  
μεθεῖς' ἐπ' ἄλλον εἶμι βελτίῳ λόγον.  
κεῖ μὲν νοσεῖς τι τῶν ἀπορρήτων κακῶν,  
γυναῖκες αἶδε συγκαθιστάναι νόσον  
εἰ δ' ἔκφορός σοι συμφορὰ πρὸς ἄρσενας,  
λέγ', ὥς ἰατροῖς πρᾶγμα μηνυθῇ τόδε.  
εἶεν· τί σιγᾶς ; οὐκ ἐχρῆν σιγᾶν, τέκνον,  
ἀλλ' ἢ μ' ἐλέγχειν, εἴ τι μὴ καλῶς λέγω,  
ἢ τοῖσιν εὖ λεχθεῖσι συγχωρεῖν λόγοις.  
φθέγξαι τι, δεῦρ' ἄθρησον· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.  
γυναῖκες, ἄλλως τοῦσδε μοχθοῦμεν πόνοους,  
ἴσον δ' ἄπεσμεν τῷ πρίν· οὔτε γὰρ τότε  
λόγοις ἐτέγγεθ' ἦδε νῦν τ' οὐ πείθεται.  
ἀλλ' ἴσθι μέντοι—πρὸς τὰδ' αὐθαδεστέρα  
γίγνου θαλάσσης—εἰ θανεῖ, προδοῦσα σοὺς  
παῖδας πατρώων μὴ μεθέξοντας δόμων,  
μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν ἱππίαν Ἀμαζόνα,  
ἢ σοῖς τέκνοισι δεσπότην ἐγεῖνατο  
νόθον φρονοῦντα γνήσι', οἷσθ' αὖν καλῶς,  
Ἴππόλυτον,—

## HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Nay, absent is he from this land of late.

CHORUS

But thou—dost not constrain her, strive to learn  
Her malady and wandering of her wit ?

NURSE

All have I tried, and naught the more availed  
Yet will I not even now abate my zeal ;  
So stand thou by and witness unto me  
How true am I to mine afflicted lords

Come, darling child, the words said heretofore  
Forget we both , more gracious-souled be thou :  
Thy lowering brow, thy wayward mood, put by ; 290  
And I, wherein I erred in following thee,  
Refrain, and unto wiser counsels seek  
If thy disease be that thou mayst not name,  
Lo women here to allay thy malady.  
But if to men thy trouble may be told,  
Speak, that to leeches this may be declared  
Ha, silent ?—silence, child, beseems thee not  
Or thou shouldst chide me if I speak not well,  
Or unto pleadings wisely uttered yield  
One word !—look hitherward ! . . . ah, woe is me ! 300  
Women, we toil and spend our strength for naught,  
And still are far as ever of my words  
Unmelted was she then, nor hearkeneth now

Howbeit know thou—then be waywarder  
Than is the sea,—thy death shall but betray  
Thy sons, who shall not share their father's halls—  
No, by that chariot-queen, the Amazon,  
Who bare to thy sons a bastard over-lord,—  
Not bastard-thoughted,—well thou knowest him,  
Hippolytus—

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

οἶμοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

310

θιγγάνει σέθεν τόδε ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσάς με, μαῖα, καί σε πρὸς θεῶν  
τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς αὐθις λίσσομαι σιγαῖν πέρι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὄρᾱς ; φρονεῖς μὲν εὖ, φρονοῦσα δ' οὐ θέλεις  
παῖδάς τ' ὀνήσαι καὶ σὸν ἐκσῶσαι βίον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φιλῶ τέκν'. ἄλλῃ δ' ἐν τύχῃ χειμάζομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀγνὰς μὲν, ὦ παῖ, χεῖρας αἵματος φορεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

χεῖρες μὲν ἀγναί, φρῆν δ' ἔχει μίασμά τι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μῶν ἐξ ἐπακτοῦ πημονῆς ἐχθρῶν τινός ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φίλος μ' ἀπόλλυσ' οὐχ ἐκοῦσαν οὐχ ἐκών.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

320

Θησεύς τιν' ἡμάρτηκεν εἰς σ' ἁμαρτίαν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

μὴ δρῶσ' ἔγωγ' ἐκείνου ὀφθείην κακῶς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί γὰρ τὸ δεινὸν τοῦθ' ὃ σ' ἐξαίρει θανεῖν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἔα μ' ἁμαρτεῖν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς σ' ἁμαρτάνω.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκοῦσά γ', ἐν δὲ σοὶ λελείψομαι.

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA  
Woe's me !

NURSE  
It stings thee, this ? 310

PHAEDRA  
Thou hast undone me, nurse : by heaven, I pray,  
Speak thou the name of this man nevermore.

NURSE  
Lo there !—thy wit is sound : yet of thy wit  
Thou wilt not help thy sons nor save thy life !

PHAEDRA  
I love them : other storms of fate toss me.

NURSE  
Sure, thine are hands, my child, unstained with blood ?

PHAEDRA  
Pure be mine hands : the stain is on my soul.

NURSE  
Not, not of sorcery-spells by some foe cast ?

PHAEDRA  
A friend's blow this, unsought of him or me.

NURSE  
Hath Theseus wrought against thee any sin ? 320

PHAEDRA  
May I be found as clear of wrong to him !

NURSE  
What then is this strange thing that deathward  
drives thee ?

PHAEDRA  
Let be my sin ! Not against thee I sin.

NURSE  
Of my will, never ! On thine head my failure !  
[Clings to PHAEDRA's hands

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί δρᾷς ; βιάζει χειρὸς ἐξαρτωμένη ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ σὼν γε γονάτων, κοῦ μεθήσομαί ποτε.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

κάκ', ὦ τάλαινα, σοὶ τὰδ', εἰ πεύσει, κακά.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μεῖζον γὰρ ἢ σοῦ μὴ τυχεῖν τί μοι κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὄλεϊ· τὸ μέντοι πρᾶγμ' ἐμοὶ τιμὴν φέρει.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

330 κάπειτα κρύπτεις χρῆσθ' ἰκνουμένης ἐμοῦ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκ τῶν γὰρ αἰσχυρῶν ἐσθλὰ μηχανώμεθα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὔκουν λέγουσα τιμιωτέρα φανεῖ ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἄπελθε πρὸς θεῶν δεξιᾶς τ' ἐμῆς μέθες.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι δῶρον οὐ δίδως ὃ χρῆν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δώσω σέβας γὰρ χειρὸς αἰδοῦμαι τὸ σόν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σιγῇμ' ἂν ἤδη· σὸς γὰρ οὐντεῦθεν λόγος.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ τλήμον, οἶον, μήτερ, ἡράσθης ἔρον,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὄν ἔσχε ταύρου, τέκνον, ἢ τί φῆς τόδε ;

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

Violence to me<sup>1</sup>—to mine hand clingest thou ?

NURSE

Yea, and thy knees—nor ever will let go !

PHAEDRA

Thy doom, unhappy, shouldst thou hear in mine

NURSE

What darker doom for me than losing thee ?

PHAEDRA

Death ! Ah, but mine own death shall be mine  
honour !

NURSE

Still dost thou hide it, when I pray thy good ? 330

PHAEDRA

Yea, for I fashion out of evil good.

NURSE

If then thou tell me, more shall be thine honour

PHAEDRA

For God's sake hence away · let go mine hand

NURSE

No !—while thou grantest not the boon my due

PHAEDRA

I will, in reverence of thy suppliant hand.

NURSE

I am dumb · henceforth thy part it is to speak.

PHAEDRA

O hapless mother<sup>1</sup> !—what strange love was thine !

NURSE

Love for the bull, my child ?—or what wouldst  
name ?

<sup>1</sup> Pasiphae, of whose unnatural passion the Minotaur was born

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σύ τ', ὦ τάλαιν' ὄμαιμε, Διονύσου δάμαρ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

340 τέκνον, τί πάσχεις ; συγγόνους κακορροθεῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τρίτη τ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος ὥς ἀπόλλυμαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· ποῖ προβήσεται λόγος ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐκεῖθεν ἡμεῖς οὐ νεωστὶ δυστυχεῖς.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἢ βούλομαι κλύειν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

φεῦ·

πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἀμὲ χρή λέγειν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐ μάντις εἰμὶ τὰφανῇ γινῶναι σαφῶς.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τί τοῦθ', ὃ δὴ λέγουσιν ἀνθρώπους, ἐρᾶν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἡδιστον, ὦ παι, ταῦτόν ἀλγεινόν θ' ἄμα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἡμεῖς ἄρ' ἤμεν θατέρω κεχρημένοι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

350 τί φῆς ; ἐρᾶς, ὦ τέκνον, ἀνθρώπων τίνος ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὅστις πόθ' οὗτός ἐσθ', ὃ τῆς Ἀμαζόνος —

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Ἴππόλυτον αὐδᾶς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

σοῦ τάδ', οὐκ ἐμοῦ κλύεις.



## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

And thou, sad sister, Dionysus' bride<sup>1</sup>!

NURSE

What ails thee, child?—dost thou revile thy kin? 340

PHAEDRA

And I the third—how am I misery-wrecked!

NURSE

I am 'wildered all—whereunto tend thy words?

PHAEDRA

To the rock that wrecks us all, yea, from of old.

NURSE

None the more know I that I fain would know.

PHAEDRA

Ah, couldst thou say for me what I must say!

NURSE

No seer am I to interpret hidden things.

PHAEDRA

What mean they when they speak of this—to love?

NURSE

The sweetest thing, my child—the bitterest too.

PHAEDRA

For me, the second only have I proved.

NURSE

What say'st thou?—child, thou lovest—oh, what  
man? 350

PHAEDRA

Whate'er his name—'tis he—the Amazon's—

NURSE

Hippolytus!

PHAEDRA

Thou sayest it, not I

<sup>1</sup> Ariadne, who, for Theseus' sake, was traitress to her father.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οἷμοι, τί λέξεις, τέκνον ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας.  
 γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἀνασχέτ', οὐκ ἀνέξομαι  
 ζῶσ'. ἐχθρὸν ἡμαρ, ἐχθρὸν εἰσορῶ φάος.  
 ῥίψω, μεθήσω σῶμ', ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι  
 βίου θανούσα· χαίρετ'· οὐκέτ' εἰμ' ἐγώ.  
 οἱ σῶφρονες γὰρ οὐχ ἐκόντες, ἀλλ' ὅμως  
 360 κακῶν ἐρῶσι. Κύπρις οὐκ ἄρ' ἦν θεός,  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μείζον ἄλλο γίγνεται θεοῦ,  
 ἢ τήνδε καμὲ καὶ δόμους ἀπώλεσεν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἶες ὦ, ἔκλυες ὦ  
 ἀνήκουστα τᾶς  
 τυράννου πάθεα μέλεα θρεομένας.  
 ὀλοίμαν ἔγωγε, πρὶν σᾶν, φίλα,  
 κατανύσαι φρενῶν. ἰὼ μοι, φεῦ φεῦ.  
 ὦ τάλαινα τῶνδ' ἀλγέων·  
 ὦ πόνοι τρέφοντες βροτούς.  
 ὀλῶλας, ἐξέφηνας εἰς φάος κακά.  
 τίς σε παναμέριος ὅδε χρόνος μένει ;  
 370 τελευτάσεται τι καινὸν δόμοις.  
 ἄσημα δ' οὐκέτ' ἐστὶν οἱ φθίνει τύχα  
 Κύπριδος, ὦ τάλαινα παῖ Κρησία.

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

Τροιζήνιαι γυναῖκες, αἱ τόδ' ἔσχατον  
 οἰκεῖτε χώρας Πελοπίας προνώπιον,  
 ἤδη ποτ' αὐπνος νυκτὸς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ  
 θνητῶν ἐφρόντισ' ἢ διέφθαρται βίος.  
 καί μοι δοκοῦσιν οὐ κατὰ γνώμης φύσιν  
 πράσσειν κάκιον, ἔστι γὰρ τό γ' εὖ φρονεῖν  
 πολλοῖσιν, ἀλλὰ τῇδ' ἀθρητέον τόδε·  
 380 τὰ χρήστ' ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν,

# HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Woe, child ! What wilt thou say ? Thou hast dealt  
me death !

Friends, 'tis past bearing I will not endure  
To live O hateful life, loathed light to see !  
I'll cast away, yield up, my frame, be rid  
Of life by death ! Farewell, I am no more  
The virtuous love—not willingly, yet love  
The evil. Sure no Goddess Cypris is,  
But, if it may be, something more than God, 360  
Who hath ruined her, and me, and all this house

CHORUS

(*Str to 669-79*)

Hast thou heard ?—the unspeakable tale hast thou  
hearkened,

The wail of my lady's anguish-throe ?  
O may I die, ah me ! ere I know,  
Dear lady, a spirit as thine so darkened,  
O misery-burdened, O whelmed in woe !  
O troubles that cradle the children of men !  
Undone !—all's bared to the daylight's ken.

Ah, weariful season for thee remaining !

Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom 370  
Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,  
O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home !

PHAEDRA

Troezenian women, ye which here abide  
Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,  
Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night  
Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.  
'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul  
They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least  
With many,—but we thus must look hereon :  
That which is good we learn and recognise, 380

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

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Ah, weariful season for thee remaining !  
Dark looms o'er the household the shadow of doom. 370  
Plain now where the star of thy love is waning,  
O hapless daughter of Crete's proud home !

PHAEDRA

Troezenian women, ye which here abide  
Upon the utmost march of Pelops' land,  
Oft sleepless in the weary-wearing night  
Have I mused how the life of men is wrecked.  
'Tis not, meseems, through inborn folly of soul  
They fare so ill,—discretion dwells at least  
With many,—but we thus must look hereon :  
That which is good we learn and recognise, 380

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἐκπονούμεν δ', οἱ μὲν ἀργίας ὕπο,  
 οἱ δ' ἡδονὴν προθέντες ἀντὶ τοῦ καλοῦ  
 ἄλλην τιν'. εἰσὶ δ' ἡδοναὶ πολλαὶ βίου,  
 μακραί τε λέσχαι καὶ σχολή, τερπνὸν κακόν,  
 αἰδώς τε δισσαὶ δ' εἰσίν, ἡ μὲν οὐ κακή,  
 ἡ δ' ἄχθος οἴκων. εἰ δ' ὁ καιρὸς ᾗ σαφής,  
 οὐκ ἂν δύ' ἦσθην ταῦτ' ἔχοντε γράμματα.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνω φρονούσ' ἐγώ,  
 οὐκ ἔσθ' ὁποῖω φαρμάκῳ διαφθερεῖν  
 390 ἔμελλον, ὥστε τοῦμπαλιν πεσεῖν φρενῶν.  
 λέξω δὲ καὶ σοὶ τῆς ἐμῆς γνώμης ὁδόν·  
 ἐπεὶ μ' ἔρωσ' ἔτρωσεν, ἐσκόπουν ὅπως  
 κάλλιστ' ἐνέγκαιμ' αὐτόν. ἡρξάμην μὲν οὖν  
 ἐκ τοῦδε, σιγᾶν τήνδε καὶ κρύπτειν νόσον.  
 γλώσση γὰρ οὐδὲν πιστόν, ἢ θυραῖα μὲν  
 φρονήματ' ἀνδρῶν νουθετεῖν ἐπίσταται,  
 αὐτὴ δ' ὑφ' αὐτῆς πλεῖστα κέκτῃται κακά.  
 τὸ δεύτερον δὲ τὴν ἄνοιαν εὖ φέρειν  
 τῷ σωφρονεῖν νικῶσα προὔνοησάμην.  
 400 τρίτον δ', ἐπειδὴ τοισίδ' οὐκ ἐξήνυτον  
 Κύπριν κρατῆσαι, κατθανεῖν ἔδοξε μοι  
 κράτιστον, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, βουλευμάτων.  
 ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἴη μήτε λανθάνειν καλὰ  
 μήτ' αἰσχρὰ δρώση μάρτυρας πολλοὺς ἔχειν.  
 τὸ δ' ἔργον ἤδη τὴν νόσον τε δυσκλεᾶ,  
 γυνή τε πρὸς τοῖσδ' οὔσ' ἐγίγνωσκον καλῶς,  
 μίσσημα πᾶσιν. ὥς ὅλοιτο παγκάκῳ  
 ἥτις πρὸς ἄνδρας ἤρξατ' αἰσχύνειν λέχη  
 410 πρῶτῃ θυραίους. ἐκ δὲ γενναίων δόμων  
 τόδ' ἤρξε θηλείαισι γίγνεσθαι κακόν.  
 ὅταν γὰρ αἰσχρὰ τοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖσιν δοκῇ,  
 ἡ κάρτα δόξει τοῖς κακοῖς γ' εἶναι καλὰ

## HIPPOLYTUS

Yet practise not the lesson, some from sloth,  
And some preferring pleasure in the stead  
Of duty Pleasures many of life there be ;  
Long gossip, idlesse,—pleasant evils they ;  
And sense of shame—twofold : no ill the one,  
But one bows homes to ruin Were men's choice  
clear,

These twain had never borne the selfsame names.

Forasmuch then as I knew this before,  
No philtre-spell was like to change mine heart  
To make me fall away from this my faith. 390  
Thee will I tell the path my reason trod,—  
When love's wound smote me, straight I cast about  
How best to bear it : wherefore I began  
Thenceforth to hush my moan, to veil my pang  
For the tongue none may trust, which knoweth well  
To lesson rebel thoughts of other men,  
Yet harboureth countless evils of its own  
Then did I take thought nobly to endure  
My folly, triumphing by self-control

Lastly, when even so I naught availed 400  
To o'ermaster Love's Queen, I resolved to die  
As of all counsels best—let none gainsay !  
For be it mine to do not good unseen,  
Nor ill before a cloud of witnesses  
I knew the deed, the very pang, was shame.  
Well knew I too what 'tis to be a woman—  
None trust, none love us ! Curses upon her  
Who showed the way the first to shame the couch  
With alien men ! Ah, 'twas from princely homes  
That first this curse on womankind had birth. 410  
For, when the noble count their shame their good,  
The lowly sure will hold it honourable

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

μισῶ δὲ καὶ τὰς σῶφρονας μὲν ἐν λόγοις,  
 λάθρα δὲ τόλμας οὐ καλὰς κεκτημένας.  
 αἰ πῶς ποτ', ὦ δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,  
 βλέπουσιν εἰς πρόσωπα τῶν ξυνευνετῶν  
 οὐδὲ σκότον φρίσσουσι τὸν ξυνεργάτην  
 τέραμνά τ' οἴκων μή ποτε φθογγὴν ἀφῇ;  
 420 ἡμᾶς γὰρ αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀποκτείνει, φίλαι,  
 ὡς μήποτ' ἄνδρα τὸν ἐμὸν αἰσχύνασ' ἄλῳ,  
 μὴ παῖδας οὓς ἔτικτον· ἀλλ' ἐλεύθεροι  
 παρρησία θάλλοντες οἰκοῖεν πόλιν  
 κλεινῶν Ἀθηνῶν, μητρὸς εἵνεκ' εὐκλεεῖς.  
 δουλοὶ γὰρ ἄνδρα, καὶ θρασύσπλαγχνός τις ἦ,  
 ὅταν ξυνειδῇ μητρὸς ἢ πατρὸς κακά.  
 μόνον δὲ τοῦτό φασ' ἀμιλλᾶσθαι βίῳ,  
 γνώμην δικαίαν καγαθήν, ὅτῳ παρῇ.  
 κακοὺς δὲ θνητῶν ἐξέφην', ὅταν τύχῃ,  
 430 προθεῖς κάτοπτρον ὥστε παρθένω νέᾳ  
 χρόνος· παρ' οἷσι μήποτ' ὀφθείην ἐγώ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ σῶφρον ὡς ἀπανταχοῦ καλόν,  
 καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς καρπίζεται.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἐμοί τοι συμφορὰ μὲν ἀρτίως  
 ἢ σὴ παρέσχε δεινὸν ἐξαίφνης φόβον·  
 νῦν δ' ἐννοοῦμαι φαῦλος οὖσα· καὶ βροτοῖς  
 αἱ δεύτεραί πῶς φροντίδες σοφώτεραι.  
 οὐ γὰρ περισσὸν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἔξω λόγου  
 πέπονθας· ὀργαὶ δ' εἰς σ' ἐπέσκηψαν θεᾶς.  
 440 ἐρᾶς—τί τοῦτο θαῦμα;—σὺν πολλοῖς βροτῶν  
 κάπειτ' ἔρωτος εἵνεκα ψυχὴν ὀλεῖς;  
 οὐ τᾶρα λυεῖ τοῖς ἐρώσι τῶν πέλας,  
 ὅσοι τε μέλλουσ', εἰ θανεῖν αὐτοὺς χρεῶν·



## HIPPOLYTUS

And O, I hate the continent-professed  
Which treasure secret recklessness of shame.  
How can they, O Queen Cypris, Sea-born One,  
Look ever in the faces of their lords,  
Nor shudder lest their dark accomplice, night,  
And their own bowers may utter forth a voice ?

Me—friends, 'tis even this dooms me to die,  
That never I be found to shame my lord, 420  
Nor the sons whom I bare : but free, with tongues  
Unfettered, flourish they, their home yon burg  
Of glorious Athens, blushing ne'er for me.  
For this cows man, how stout of heart soe'er,  
To know a father's or a mother's sin  
And this alone can breast the shocks of life,  
An honest heart and good, in whomso found :  
But in his hour Time lifts his mirror, and shows  
The vile his vileness there, as a girl sees  
Her face. With such may I be never found. 430

### CHORUS

Lo now, how fair is virtue everywhere,  
Which yieldeth fruit of good repute mid men '

### NURSE

Queen, thine affliction, suddenly revealed  
But now, wrought in me terrible dismay.  
Yet I discern my folly now. 'Tis strange  
How second thoughts for men are wisest still  
Thine is the common lot, not past cool weighing :  
The Goddess's passion-bolts have smitten thee.  
Thou lov'st—what marvel this ?—thou art as many—  
And lo, for love's sake wouldst fling life away ' 440  
Sooth, 'twere small gain for them which love their  
fellows,  
Or yet shall love, if help be none save death

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

Κύπρις γὰρ οὐ φορητός, ἦν πολλή ῥνῆ·  
 ἢ τὸν μὲν εἶκονθ' ἡσυχῇ μετέρχεται,  
 ὃν δ' ἂν περισσὸν καὶ φρονούνθ' εὖρη μέγα,  
 τοῦτον λαβούσα—πῶς δοκεῖς ;—καθύβρισεν.  
 φοιτᾷ δ' ἂν αἰθέρ', ἔστι δ' ἐν θαλασσίῳ  
 κλύδωνι Κύπρις, πάντα δ' ἐκ ταύτης ἔφν·  
 ἥδ' ἐστὶν ἡ σπείρουσα καὶ διδοῦσ' ἔρον,  
 450 οὐ πάντες ἐσμέν οἱ κατὰ χθόν' ἔκγονοι.  
 ὅσοι μὲν οὖν γραφάς τε τῶν παλαιτέρων  
 ἔχουσιν αὐτοὶ τ' εἰσὶν ἐν μούσαις αἰε,  
 ἴσασι μὲν Ζεὺς ὥς ποτ' ἡράσθη γάμων  
 Σεμέλης, ἴσασι δ' ὥς ἀνήρπασέν ποτε  
 ἡ καλλιφεγγῆς Κέφαλον εἰς θεοὺς Ἔως  
 ἔρωτος εἵνεκ'· ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐν οὐρανῷ  
 ναίουσι κοῦ φεύγουσιν ἐκποδῶν θεοὺς,  
 στέργουσι δ', οἶμαι, συμφορᾷ νικώμενοι.  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέξει ; χρῆν σ' ἐπὶ ῥητοῖς ἄρα  
 460 πατέρα φυτεύειν ἢ πὶ δεσπόταις θεοῖς·  
 ἄλλοισιν, εἰ μὴ τούσδε γε στέρξεις νόμους.  
 πόσους δοκεῖς δὴ κάρτ' ἔχοντας εὖ φρενῶν  
 νοσοῦνθ' ὀρώντας λέκτρα μὴ δοκεῖν ὄραν ;  
 πόσους δὲ παισὶ πατέρας ἡμαρτηκόσι  
 συνεκκομίζειν Κύπριν ; ἐν σοφοῖσι γὰρ  
 τάδ' ἐστὶ θνητῶν, λανθάνειν τὰ μὴ καλά.  
 οὐδ' ἐκπονεῖν τοι χρῆν βίον λίαν βροτούς·  
 οὐδὲ στέγην γάρ, ἥς κατηρεφεῖς δοκοί,<sup>1</sup>  
 κανὼν ἀκριβώσσει' ἂν·<sup>2</sup> εἰς δὲ τὴν ἦύχην  
 470 πεσοῦσ' ὅσῃν σὺ πῶς ἂν ἐκνεύσαι δοκεῖς ;  
 ἀλλ' εἰ τὰ πλείω χρηστὰ τῶν κακῶν ἔχεις,  
 ἄνθρωπος οὖσα κάρτα γ' εὖ πράξιαις ἂν.

<sup>1</sup> Seidler for MSS δόμοι.

<sup>2</sup> Musgrave for MSS καλῶς ἀκριβώσειαν,

## HIPPOLYTUS

For Cypris crusheth, swooping in her might ,  
Yet gently stealeth she on whoso yield.  
But whom she findeth wayward, arrogant-souled,  
She graspeth, mocketh, past imagining  
Through air she roveth, in the ocean-surge  
Is Cypris ; all things have their birth of her  
'Tis she that sows love, gives increase thereof,  
Whereof all we that dwell on earth are sprung 450

Whoso have scrolls writ in the ancient days,  
And wander still themselves by paths of song,  
They know how Zeus of yore desired the embrace  
Of Semele , they know how radiant Dawn  
Up to the Gods snatched Cephalus of yore,  
And all for love ; yet these in Heaven their home  
Dwell, neither do they flee the face of Gods,  
Content, I trow, to be love's vanquished ones.

Thou—wilt not yield ? Thy sire by several treaty  
Thee should have gotten, or with other Gods 460  
For lords, if thou wilt bow not to these laws.  
How many men, think'st thou, and wise men they,  
Knowing their beds dishonoured, shut their eyes ?  
How many a father in his son's transgression  
Playeth love's go-between ?—the maxim this  
Of wise men, that dishonour be not seen.  
Why should men toil to over-perfect life ?  
Lo, even thine hall's roof-beams the craftsman's rule  
Can make not utter-true How thinkest thou,  
Who art plunged in fate's deep sea, to swim to land ? 470  
Tush—if more good than evil is in thee,  
Who art but human, thou shalt do full well.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ', ὦ φίλη παῦ, λήγε μὲν κακῶν φρενῶν,  
 λήξον δ' ὑβρίζουσ'. οὐ γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν ὕβρις  
 τάδ' ἐστί, κρείσσω δαιμόνων εἶναι θέλειν·  
 τόλμα δ' ἐρώσα· θεὸς ἐβουλήθη τάδε.  
 νοσοῦσα δ' εὖ πως τὴν νόσον καταστρέφου.  
 εἰσὶν δ' ἐπῳδαὶ καὶ λόγοι θελκτήριοι·  
 φανήσεται τι τῆσδε φάρμακον νόσου.  
 ἦ τὰρ' ἂν ὀψέ γ' ἄνδρες ἐξεύροιεν ἄν,  
 εἰ μὴ γυναῖκες μηχανὰς εὐρήσομεν.

480

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Φαίδρα, λέγει μὲν ἤδε χρησιμώτερα  
 πρὸς τὴν παρούσαν συμφοράν, αἰνῶ δὲ σέ.  
 ὁ δ' αἶνος οὗτος δυσχερέστερος λόγων  
 τῶν τῆσδε καὶ σοὶ μᾶλλον ἀλγίων κλύειν.

### ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

τοῦτ' ἔσθ' ὃ θνητῶν εὖ πόλεις οἰκουμένας  
 δόμους τ' ἀπόλλυσ', οἱ καλοὶ λῖαν λόγονι.  
 οὐ γάρ τι τοῖσιν ὥσιν τερπνὰ χρὴ λέγειν.  
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου τις εὐκλεὴς γενήσεται.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

490

τί σεμνομυθεῖς ; οὐ λόγων εὐσχημόνων  
 δεῖ σ', ἀλλὰ τάνδρὸς—ὥς τάχος διοιστέον,  
 τὸν εὐθὺν ἐξειπόντας ἀμφὶ σοῦ λόγον.  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν σοι μὴ' πὶ συμφοραῖς βίος  
 τοιαῖσδε, σῶφρων δ' οὐσ' ἐτύγχανες γυνή,  
 οὐκ ἄν ποτ' εὐνῆς εἶνεχ' ἡδονῆς τῆσθης  
 προσῆγον ἄν σε δεῦρο· νῦν δ' ἀγὼν μέγας  
 σῶσαι βίον σόν, κοῦκ ἐπίφθονον τόδε.

### ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ δεινὰ λέξας', οὐχὶ συγκλήσεις στόμα,  
 καὶ μὴ μεθήσεις αὐθις αἰσχίστους λόγους ;

## HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, darling, from thy deadly thoughts refrain,  
And from presumption—sheer presumption this,  
That one should wish to be more strong than Gods.  
In love, flinch not, a God hath willed this thing.  
In pain, victorious wrestle with thy pain.  
Lo, charms there be, and words of soothing spell  
Some cure for this affliction shall appear.  
Sooth, it were long ere *men* would light thereon, 480  
Except we women find devices forth.

### CHORUS

Phaedra, she speaketh words that more avail  
For this thine imminent plight: yet thee I praise.  
But haply this my praise shall gall thee more  
Than those her words, and harsher sound to thee.

### PHAEDRA

This is it which doth ruin goodly towns  
And homes of men, these speeches over-fair.  
It needeth not to speak words sweet to ears,  
But those whereby a good name shall be saved

### NURSE

Out on thine high-flown talk! No fan-tricked  
speech 490  
Will stead thee, but a lover!—'tis high time  
To strip disguise off, speak plain truth of thee  
For, were thy life not in such desperate case,  
Or thou a woman strong in self-control,  
Never for thy lust's sake and pleasure I  
To this would bring thee: but we must fight hard  
Now for thy life, and void of blame is this.

### PHAEDRA

Speaker of horrors!—wilt not seal thy lips?  
Wilt not refrain from utter-shameful words?

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

500 αἰσχρ', ἀλλ' ἀμείνω τῶν καλῶν τάδ' ἐστί σοι.  
κρείσσον δὲ τοῦργον, εἴπερ ἐκσώσει γέ σε,  
ἢ τοῦνομ' ᾧ σὺ κατθανεῖ γαυρουμένη.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ μή σε πρὸς θεῶν, εὖ λέγεις γάρ, αἰσχρὰ δέ,  
πέρα προβῆς τῶνδ'· ὥς ὑπείργασμαι μὲν εὖ  
ψυχὴν ἔρωτι, τᾶσχρὰ δ' ἦν λέγης καλῶς,  
εἰς τοῦδ' ὃ φεύγω νῦν ἀναλωθήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, χρῆν μὲν οὐ σ' ἀμαρτάνειν  
εἰδ' οὖν, πιθοῦ μοι· δευτέρα γὰρ ἡ χάρις.  
510 ἔστιν κατ' οἴκους φίλτρα μοι θελκτήρια  
ἔρωτος, ἦλθε δ' ἄρτι μοι γνώμης ἔσω,  
ἃ σ' οὐτ' ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς οὐτ' ἐπὶ βλάβῃ φρενῶν  
παύσει νόσου τῆσδ', ἦν σὺ μὴ γένη κακῇ.  
δεῖ δ' ἐξ ἐκείνου δῆ τι τοῦ ποθουμένου  
σημεῖον, ἢ λόγον τιν' ἢ πέπλων ἄπο  
λαβεῖν, συνάψαι τ' ἐκ δυοῖν μίαν χάριν.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

πότερα δὲ χριστὸν ἢ ποτὸν τὸ φάρμακον ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ'· ὄνασθαι, μὴ μαθεῖν βούλου, τέκνον.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

δέδοιχ' ὅπως μοι μὴ λίσαν φανῆς σοφῇ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

πάντ' ἂν φοβηθεῖς ἴσθι· δειμαίνεις δὲ τί ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

520 μὴ μοί τι Θησέως τῶνδε μηνύσης τόκφ.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἔασον, ὦ παῖ· ταῦτ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς.  
μόνον σύ μοι, δέσποινα ποντία Κύπρι,

## HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Shameful—yet better than the good for thee. 500  
Better this deed, so it but save thy life,  
Than that name, whose proud vaunt shall be thy  
death

PHAEDRA

No, by the Gods !—foul words are thy fair words !—  
No farther go . I have schooled mine heart to endure  
This love : but if thou plead shame's cause so fair,  
I shall be trapped in that sin which I flee

NURSE

If such thy mind, thine heart should not have sinned :  
But now—obey me :—'tis the one hope left :—  
I have within some certain charms to assuage  
Love : 'twas but now they came into my thought 510  
These, not with shame, nor hurt unto thy mind,  
Shall lull thy pang, so thou be not faint-hearted  
Howbeit there needs of him thou yearnest for  
Some token, or a word, or fragment caught  
From vesture, so to knit two loves in one.

PHAEDRA

A salve, or potion, is this charm of thine ?

NURSE

I know not : be content with help, not knowledge.

PHAEDRA

I fear lest over-cunning thou shalt prove.

NURSE

Then know thyself all fears What darest thou ?

PHAEDRA

Lest thou show aught of this to Theseus' son. 520

NURSE

Let be, my child . this will I order well  
Only do thou, Queen Cyprus, Sea-born One,

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

συνεργὸς εἷης. τᾶλλα δ' οἷ' ἐγὼ φρονῶ  
τοῖς ἔνδον ἡμῖν ἀρκέσει λέξαι φίλοις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἔρωσ Ἔρωσ, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων στρ. α'  
στάξεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν  
ψυχᾷ χάριν οὓς ἐπιστρατεύση,  
μή μοί ποτε σὺν κακῷ φανείης  
μηδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις.  
530 οὔτε γὰρ πυρὸς οὔτ'  
ἄστρον ὑπέρτερον βέλος,  
οἶον τὸ τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας  
ἵησιν ἐκ χερῶν  
Ἔρωσ ὁ Διὸς παῖς.

ἄλλως ἄλλως παρά τ' Ἀλφεῷ ἰντ. α'  
Φοίβου τ' ἐπὶ Πυθίοις τεράμνοις  
βούταν φόνον Ἑλλὰς αἶ' ἀέξει·  
Ἔρωτα δὲ τὸν τύραννον ἀνδρῶν,  
τὸν τᾶς Ἀφροδίτας  
540 φιλτάτων θαλάμων  
κληδοῦχον, οὐ σεβίζομεν,  
πέρθοντα καὶ διὰ πάσας  
ἰόντα συμφορᾶς  
θνατοῖς, ὅταν ἔλθῃ.

τὰν μὲν Οἰχαλία στρ. β'  
πῶλον ἄζυγα λέκτρον  
ἄνδρον τὸ πρὶν καὶ ἄνυμφον, οἶκον



## HIPPOLYTUS

Work with me    Whatso else I have in mind  
Shall it suffice to speak to friends within

[*Exit* NURSE.]

### CHORUS

O Eros, O Eros, how melts love's yearning (*Str.* 1)  
From thine eyes, when thy sweet spell witcheth  
the heart [thy might ']

Of them against whom thou hast marched in  
Not me, not me for mine hurt do thou smite,

My life's heart-music to discord turning.

For never so hotly the flame-spears dart, 530

Nor so fleet are the star-shot arrows of light,

As the shaft from thy fingers that speedeth its  
flight, [burning,

As the flame of the Love-queen's bolts fierce-

O Eros, the child of Zeus who art !

In vain, O in vain by Alpheus the river (*Ant.* 1)

And in Phoebus's Pythian shrine hath the land

Of Hellas the blood of her oxen outpoured.

But Eros, but Love, who is all men's lord,

Unto whom Aphrodite is wont to deliver

Her keys, that the doors be unsealed by his hand 540

Of her holy of holies, we have not adored,

Though he marcheth through ruin victory-ward,

Though he raineth calamity forth of his quiver

On mortals against his on-coming that stand.

(*Str.* 2)

For I call to remembrance Oechalia's daughter,<sup>1</sup>

Who, ere Love 'neath his tyrannous car-yoke had  
brought her, [hasted,

Had been spouseless and free—overseas how she

<sup>1</sup> Iole, to win whom Hercules sacked Oechalia.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

550 ζεύξας' ἅπ' εἰρεσίᾳ,<sup>1</sup>δρομάδα  
τὰν Ἄιδος<sup>2</sup> ὥστε Βάκχαν,  
σὺν αἵματι, σὺν καπνῷ  
φονίοις θ' ὕμεναίοις  
Ἀλκμήνας τόκῳ Κύπρις ἐξέδωκεν  
ὦ τλάμων ὕμεναίων.

ὦ Θήβας ἱερὸν  
τεῖχος, ὦ στόμα Δίρκας,  
συνείποιτ' ἂν ἅ Κύπρις οἶον ἔρπει  
560 βροντᾷ γὰρ ἀμφιπύρῳ τοκάδα  
τὰν Διογόνοιο Βάκχου  
νυμφευσαμέναν πότμῳ  
φονίῳ κατηύνασεν.  
δεινὰ γὰρ πάντα γ' ἐπιπνεῖ, μέλισσα δ'  
οἷα τις πεπόταται.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ  
σιγήσατ', ὦ γυναῖκες· ἐξειργάσμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ  
τί δ' ἔστι, Φαίδρα, δεινὸν ἐν δόμοισι σοῖς ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ  
ἐπίσχετ'· αὐδὴν τῶν ἔσωθεν ἐκμάθω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ  
σιγῷ· τὸ μέντοι φροῖμιον κακὸν τόδς.

570 ἰὼ μοι, αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν παθημάτων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ  
τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν ; τίνα βοᾷς λόγον ;  
ἔννεπε τίς φοβεῖ σε φάμα, γύναι,  
φρένας ἐπίσσυτος.

<sup>1</sup> Matthiae · for ἀπειρεσίαν of MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Musgrave : for ναῖδ' or αἰδ' of MSS.

# HIPPOLYTUS

When Cyprus the dear yoke of home had disparted,  
Like a bacchanal fiend out of hell that had darted, 550

And with blood, and with smoke of a palace  
flame-wasted, [chanted,  
And with death-shrieks for hymns at her bridal-feast  
By Love's Queen to the son of Alcmena was granted—  
Woe, woe for the joys of espousal she tasted !

And ye, O ye ramparts of hallowèd Thebe, (Ant. 2) ·  
And ye lips wave-welling of Dirce, might ye be

Witness how dire was the Love-queen's coming,  
When a slumber that knoweth not waking was given  
Of her spells by the flame-enfolded levin

To the mother of Zeus' seed Bacchus : for dooming 560  
Of death had she blent with the bride-chant's singing  
O, the Dread One breatheth on all life, winging

Softly her flight as a bee low-humming  
[ *Voices mthn* ]

PHAEDRA

Hush ye, O hush ye, women ! Lost am I !

CHORUS

What is this dread thing, Phaedra, in thine halls ?

PHAEDRA

Peace !—let me hear the voice of them within.

CHORUS

I am dumb : an ominous prelude sure is this.

PHAEDRA

Ah me ! ah me ! alas !

O wretched, wretched !—ah, mine agonies ! 570

CHORUS

What cry dost thou utter ? What word dost thou  
shriek ? [speak !

What voice through thy soul thrills terror ?—O

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπωλόμεσθα. ταῖσδ' ἐπιστᾶσαι πύλαις  
ἀκούσαθ' οἷος κέλαδος ἐν δόμοις πίτνει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺν παρὰ κλῆθρα· σοὶ μέλει πομπίμα  
φάτις δωμάτων.

580 ἔνεπε δ' ἔνεπέ μοι, τί ποτ' ἔβα κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὁ τῆς φιλίππου παῖς Ἀμαζόνος βοᾷ  
Ἴππόλυτος, αὐδῶν δεινὰ πρόσπολον κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀχὰν μὲν κλύω, σαφὲς δ' οὐκ ἔχω·  
γεγωνεῖ δ' <sup>1</sup> ὅπα  
διὰ πύλας ἔμολεν ἔμολε σοὶ βοά.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

590 καὶ μὴν σαφῶς γε τὴν κακῶν προμνήστριαν,  
τὴν δεσπότου προδοῦσαν ἐξαυδᾷ λέχος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾧμοι ἐγὼ κακῶν· προδέδοσαι, φίλα.  
τί σοι μήσομαι ;  
τὰ κρυπτὰ γὰρ πέφηνε, διὰ δ' ὄλλυσαι.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

αἰαί, ἔ ἔ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόδοτος ἐκ φίλων.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἀπώλεσέν μ' εἰποῦσα συμφορὰς ἐμάς,  
φίλως, καλῶς δ' οὐ τήνδ' ἰωμένη νόσον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὔν ; τί δράσεις, ὦ παθοῦς' ἀμήχανα ;

<sup>1</sup> Murray for ἔχω γεγωνεῖν.

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

I am undone ! O stand ye by these doors,  
And hear what clamour clasheth in the house.

CHORUS

Nay, thou art thereby : sped forth is the cry from  
the palace for thee.

O tell me what horror rushed out—tell it me ! 580

PHAEDRA

The son of the Amazon, Hippolytus,  
Shouts, hurling fearful curses at mine handmaid

CHORUS

Yea surely a noise do I hear, yet to me naught sound-  
eth clear .

But to thee through the doors there came, there came  
A shout of anger, a cry of shame

PHAEDRA

Ah clear—ah clear !—yea, pandar of foul sin,  
Traitor to her lord's bed, he calleth her. 590

CHORUS

Woe ! Thou art betrayed, beloved one !  
What shall I counsel ? Thy secret is bared : thou art  
wholly undone -

PHAEDRA

Woe's me ! ah woe !

CHORUS

From the hand that loved came the traitor's blow.

PHAEDRA

She hath undone me, telling mine affliction :  
Her love sought by my shame to heal my pain.

CHORUS

What wilt thou do, O thou in desperate plight ?

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

600 οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἓν, κατθανεῖν ὅσον τάχος  
τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἄκος μόνον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα μήτερ ἡλίου τ' ἀναπτυχαί,  
οἷων λόγων ἄρρητον εἰσήκουσ' ὅπα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σίγησον, ὦ παῖ, πρίν τιν' αἰσθέσθαι βοῆς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκούσας δεῖν' ὅπως συγῆσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ναὶ πρὸς σε τῆς σῆς δεξιᾶς εὐωλένου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ μὴ προσοίσεις χεῖρα μηδ' ἄψει πέπλων ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ πρὸς σε γονάτων, μηδαμῶς μ' ἐξεργάσῃ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ', εἴπερ ὥς φῆς μηδὲν εἴρηκας κακόν ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὁ μῦθος, ὦ παῖ, κοινὸς οὐδαμῶς ὅδε.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

610 τά τοι κάλ' ἐν πολλοῖσι κάλλιον λέγειν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκνον, ὅρκους μηδαμῶς ἀτιμάσῃς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἢ γλῶσσ' ὁμώμοχ', ἢ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις ; σοὺς φίλους διεργάσει ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἀπέπτυσ'· οὐδεὶς ἄδικός ἐστί μοι φίλος.

## HIPPOLYTUS

PHAEDRA

No way save one I know—straightway to die—  
The one cure for the ills that compass me.

600

*Enter HIPPOLYTUS, followed by the NURSE.*

HIPPOLYTUS

O mother Earth, unveilings of the sun,  
What words unutterable have I heard !

NURSE

Hush, O my son, ere one have heard thy cry.

HIPPOLYTUS

I have heard horrors—should I hold my peace ?

NURSE

Yea, I beseech thee by thy fair right hand

HIPPOLYTUS

Hence with thine hand !—touch not my vesture thou

NURSE

Oh, by thy knees, do not—ah, slay me not !

HIPPOLYTUS

How, if thou hast said no wrong, as thou dost say ?

NURSE

No tale is this, my son, for all men's ears.

HIPPOLYTUS

Tush, a fair tale is fairer told to the world

610

NURSE

My son, thine oath !—dishonour not thine oath.

HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue hath sworn : no oath is on my soul.

NURSE

O son, what wilt thou do ?—wilt slay thy friends ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Avaunt the word !—no villain is my friend.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

σύγγνωθ'· ἁμαρτεῖν εἰκὸς ἀνθρώπους, τέκνον.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ κίβδηλον ἀνθρώποις κακὸν  
 γυναικάς εἰς φῶς ἡλίου κατῴκισας ;  
 εἰ γὰρ βρότειον ἤθελες σπεῖραι γένος,  
 οὐκ ἐκ γυναικῶν χρὴν παρασχέσθαι τόδε,  
 620 ἀλλ' ἀντιθέοντας σοῖσιν ἐν ναοῖς βροτοὺς  
 ἢ χρυσὸν ἢ σίδηρον ἢ χαλκοῦ βάρος  
 παίδων πρίασθαι σπέρμα, τοῦ τιμήματος  
 τῆς ἀξίας ἕκαστον· ἐν δὲ δώμασι  
 ναίειν ἐλευθέροισι θηλειῶν ἄτερ·  
 [νῦν δ' εἰς δόμους μὲν πρῶτον ἄξεσθαι κακὸν  
 μέλλοντες ὄλβον δωμάτων ἐκτείνομεν.]<sup>1</sup>  
 τούτῳ δὲ δῆλον ὡς γυνὴ κακὸν μέγα·  
 προσθεῖς γὰρ ὁ σπείρας τε καὶ θρέψας πατὴρ  
 630 φερνὰς ἀπώκισ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῇ κακοῦ·  
 ὁ δ' αὖ λαβὼν ἀτηρὸν εἰς δόμους φυτὸν  
 γέγηθε κόσμον προστιθεῖς ἀγάλματι  
 καλὸν κακίστῳ καὶ πέπλοισιν ἐκπονεῖ  
 δύστηνος, ὄλβον δωμάτων ὑπεξελών.  
 ἔχει δ' ἀνάγκην, ὥστε κηδεύσας καλοῖς  
 γαμβροῖσι χαίρων σφίζεται πικρὸν λέχος,  
 ἢ χρηστὰ λέκτρα, πενθεροὺς δ' ἀνωφελεῖς  
 λαβὼν πιέζει τὰγαθῷ τὸ δυστυχές.  
 ῥᾶστον δ' ὅτῳ τὸ μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἀνωφελὲς  
 640 εὐθιὰ κατ' οἶκον ἵδρυται γυνή.  
 σοφὴν δὲ μισῶ· μὴ γὰρ ἓν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις  
 εἶη φρονούσα πλεῖον ἢ γυναῖκα χρή.  
 τὸ γὰρ πανοῦργον μᾶλλον ἐντίκτει Κύπρις  
 ἐν ταῖς σοφαῖσιν ἢ δ' ἀμήχανος γυνή

<sup>1</sup> 625-6 are generally rejected as spurious.



## HIPPOLYTUS

NURSE

Forgive, son . men are men, they needs must err.

HIPPOLYTUS

Why hast thou given a home beneath the sun,  
Zeus, unto woman, specious curse to man ?  
For, were thy will to raise a mortal seed,  
This ought they not of women to have gotten,  
But in thy temples should they lay its price, 620  
Or gold, or iron, or a weight of bronze,  
And so buy seed of children, every man  
After the worth of that his gift, and dwell  
Free in free homes unvexed of womankind

But now—soon as we go about to bring  
This bane to the home, we hurl to earth its weal.  
Hereby is woman proved a grievous curse—  
He, who begat and reared her, banishes,  
Yea, adds a dower, to rid him of his bane ,  
While he which taketh home the noisome weed 630  
Rejoices, decks with goodly bravery  
The loathly image, and tricks out with robes,—  
Filching away, poor wretch ' his household's wealth.  
He may not choose : who getteth noble kin  
With her, content must stomach his sour feast :  
Who getteth a good wife, but worthless pin,  
Must muffle up the evil 'neath the good.

Happiest who wins a cipher, in whose halls  
A brainless thing is throned in uselessness.  
But the keen-witted hate I : in mine house 640  
Ne'er dwell one subtler than is woman's due ;  
For Cypris better brings to birth her mischief  
In clever women . the resourceless 'scapes

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

γνώμη βραχεία μωρίαν ἀφηρέθη.

650 χρῆν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα πρόσπολον μὲν οὐ περᾶν,  
 ἀφθογγα δ' αὐταῖς συγκατοικίξειν δάκη  
 θηρῶν, ἔν' εἶχον μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα  
 μήτ' ἐξ ἐκείνων φθέγμα δέξασθαι πάλιν.  
 νῦν δ' αἱ μὲν ἔνδον δρῶσιν αἱ κακαὶ κακὰ  
 βουλευμάτων, ἔξω δ' ἐκφέρουσι πρόσπολοι.  
 660 ὥς καὶ σύ γ' ἡμῖν πατρός, ὦ κακὸν κᾶρα,  
 λέκτρων ἀθίκτων ἦλθες εἰς συναλλαγὰς·  
 ἀγὼ ῥυτοῖς νασμοῖσιν ἐξομόρξομαι,  
 εἰς ὧτα κλύζων. πῶς ἂν οὖν εἶην κακός,  
 ὃς οὐδ' ἀκούσας τοιάδ' ἀγνεύειν δοκῶ ;  
 εὖ δ' ἴσθι, τοῦμόν σ' εὐσεβὲς σῶζει, γύναι·  
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ ὄρκοις θεῶν ἀφρακτος ἤρέθην,  
 οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἔσχον μὴ οὐ τὰδ' ἐξειπεῖν πατρί.  
 660 νῦν δ' ἐκ δόμων μὲν, ἔστ' ἂν ἐκδημος χθονὸς  
 Θησεύς, ἄπειμι· σῖγα δ' ἔξομεν στόμα.  
 θεάσομαι δὲ σὺν πατρός μολῶν ποδὶ  
 πῶς νιν προσόψει καὶ σὺ καὶ δέσποινα σή·  
 τῆς σῆς δὲ τόλμης εἴσομαι γεγευμένος.

ὅλοισθε. μισῶν δ' οὐ ποτ' ἐμπλησθήσομαι  
 γυναῖκας, οὐδ' εἴ φησί τις μ' αἰεὶ λέγειν·  
 αἰεὶ γὰρ οὖν πῶς εἰσι κάκεῖναι κακαί.  
 ἢ νῦν τις αὐτὰς σωφρονεῖν διδαξάτω,  
 ἢ καὶ μ' εἰάτω ταῖσδ' ἐπεμβαίνειν αἰεὶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλανες ὦ κακοτυχεῖς  
 γυναικῶν πότμοι.

ἀντ.

670 τίς αὖ νῦν τέχνην ἔχομεν ἢ λόγους  
 σφαλεῖσαι κάθαρμα λύειν λόγου ,

## HIPPOLYTUS

That folly by the short-weight of her wit

Handmaids should ne'er have had access to wives,  
But brutes, with teeth, no tongue, should dwell  
with them,

That so they might not speak to any one,  
Nor win an answering word from such as these.  
But now the vile ones weave vile plots within,  
And out of doors their handmaids bear the web : 650  
As thou hast come, foul quean, to tender me  
Commerce in mine own father's sacred couch !—  
Words that with fountain-streams I'll wash away,  
Sluicing mine ears How should I be so vile,  
Who even with hearing count myself defiled ?  
Woman, I fear God . know, that saveth thee  
For, had I not by oaths been trapped unwares,  
I had ne'er forborne to tell this to my sire  
Now from mine home, while Theseus yet is far,  
I go, and I will keep my lips from speech. 660  
But—with my father I return, to see  
How thou wilt meet his eye, thou and thy mistress,  
And so have taste of thy full shamelessness

Cuise ye ! My woman-hate shall ne'er be sated,  
Not though one say that this is all my theme .  
For they be ever strangely steeped in sin.  
Let some one now stand forth and prove them  
chaste,  
Or leave me free to trample on them ever. [Exit

CHORUS

(*Ant. to 362-72*)

O drear dark doom that on women hath lighted !  
By what cunning of pleading, when feet once  
trip, 670  
Shall we loose the accuser's iron grip ?

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

### ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἐτύχομεν δίκας· ἰὼ γὰ καὶ φῶς.  
 πᾶ ποτ' ἐξαλύξω τύχας ;  
 πῶς δὲ πῆμα κρίψω, φίλαι ;  
 τίς ἂν θεῶν ἄρωγός ἢ τίς ἂν βροτῶν  
 πάρεδρος ἢ ξυνεργὸς ἀδίκων ἔργων  
 φανείη ; τὸ γὰρ παρ' ἡμῖν πάθος  
 παρὸν δυσεκπέρατον ἔρχεται βίου.  
 κακοτυχεστάτα γυναικῶν ἐγώ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 φεῦ φεῦ· πέπρακται, κοῦ κατώρθωνται τέχναι,  
 δέσποινα, τῆς σῆς προσπόλου, κακῶς δ' ἔχει.

### ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ὦ παγκακίστη καὶ φίλων διαφθορεῦ,  
 οἷ' εἰργάσω με. Ζεὺς σε γεννήτωρ ἐμὸς  
 πρόρριζον ἐκτρίψειεν οὐτάσας πυρί.  
 οὐκ εἶπον, οὐ σῆς προὔνοησάμην φρενός,  
 σιγᾶν ἐφ' οἷσι νῦν ἐγὼ κακύνομαι ;  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνέσχου· τοιγὰρ οὐκέτ' εὐκλεεῖς  
 θανούμεθ'. ἀλλὰ δεῖ με δὴ καινῶν λόγων.  
 690 οὗτος γὰρ ὀργῇ συντεθηγμένος φρένας  
 ἔρει καθ' ἡμῶν πατρὶ σὰς ἀμαρτίας,  
 ἔρει δὲ Πιτθεὶ τῷ γέροντι συμφοράς,  
 πλήσει δὲ πᾶσαν γαῖαν αἰσχίστων λόγων.  
 ὅλοιο καὶ σὺ χῶστις ἄκοντας φίλους  
 πρόθυμός ἐστι μὴ καλῶς εὐεργετεῖν.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δέσποινα, ἔχεις μὲν τὰ μὰ μέμψασθαι κακά·  
 τὸ γὰρ δάκνον σου τὴν διάγνωσιν κρατεῖ·  
 ἔχω δὲ καὶ γὰρ πρὸς τὰ δ', εἰ δέξει, λέγειν.  
 ἔθρεψά σ' εὐνους τ' εἰμί· τῆς νόσου δέ σοι  
 ζητοῦσα φάρμαχ' ἡὔρον οὐχ ἀβουλόμην.

## HIPPOLYTUS

### PHAEDRA

O earth, O sun, I am justly requited !

Through the snares of calamity how shall I slip ?  
How, friends, shall I cloke my woe, how hide ?  
What God or what man shall stand forth on my side,  
Shall consent in my sin to be made partaker ?

For all life's anguish, and all life's shame  
Are upon me, and overwhelm like a shipwrecking breaker !  
Most accurst of my fate among women I am.

### CHORUS

Woe, woe ! 'Tis done. Queen, it hath naught availed, 680  
Thy bower-maid's device : 'tis ruin all.

### PHAEDRA

Vilest of vile ! destroyer of thy friends !  
How hast thou ruined me ! May Zeus my sire  
Smite thee with flame, blast thee to nothingness !  
Did I not tell thee— not divine thy purpose ?—  
To speak not that whereby I am now dishonoured ?  
But thou wouldst not forbear. I shall not now  
Even die unshamed ! (*A pause*)

Some new plea must I find.

For yonder boy with soul keen-edged with wrath  
Shall to his sire accuse me of thy sin,  
Shall tell to agèd Pittheus my mischance, 690  
Shall blaze the shameful tale through every land.  
Curses on thee, and whoso thrusteth in  
To do base service to unwilling friends !

### NURSE

Mistress, thou mayst revile mine evil work,  
For rankling pain bears thy discernment down :  
Yet somewhat might I answer, wouldst thou hear.  
I nursed thee, loved thee, sought for thy disease  
A healing balm,—and found not that I would.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

700

εἰ δ' εὖ γ' ἔπραξα, κάρτ' ἂν ἐν σοφοῖσιν ἦ·  
πρὸς τὰς τύχας γὰρ τὰς φρένας κεκτήμεθα.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

ἦ γὰρ δίκαια ταῦτα κάξαρκοῦντά μοι,  
τρώσασαν ἡμᾶς εἴτα συγχωρεῖν λόγοις ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μακρηγοροῦμεν· οὐκ ἔσωφρόνουν ἐγώ,  
ἀλλ' ἔστι κακ τῶνδ' ὥστε σωθῆναι, τέκνον

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

παῦσαι λέγουσα· καὶ τὰ πρὶν γὰρ οὐ καλῶς  
παρήνεσάς μοι κάπεχειρήσας κακά.  
ἀλλ' ἐκποδὼν ἄπελθε καὶ σαυτῆς πέρι  
φρόντιζ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τὰμὰ θήσομαι καλῶς.  
710 ὑμεῖς δέ, παῖδες εὐγενεῖς Τροϊζήνιοι,  
τοσόνδε μοι παράσχετ' ἐξαιτουμένῃ,  
σιγῇ καλύπτειν ἀνθάδ' εἰσηκούσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄμνυμι σεμνὴν Ἄρτεμιν Διὸς κόρην,  
μηδὲν κακῶν σὼν εἰς φάος δείξειν ποτέ.

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καλῶς ἔλεξας ἐν δὲ † προστρέπουσ'† ἐγὼ  
ἡῦρηκα δῆτα τῆσδε συμφορᾶς ἄκος,  
ὥστ' εὐκλεᾶ μὲν παισὶ προσθεῖναι βίον,  
αὐτὴ δ' ὄνασθαι πρὸς τὰ νῦν πεπτωκότα.  
οὐ γάρ ποτ' αἰσχυρῶ γε Κρησίους δόμους,  
720 οὐδ' εἰς πρόσωπον Θησέως ἀφίξομαι  
αἰσχροῖς ἐπ' ἔργοις εἵνεκα ψυχῆς μιᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέλλεις δὲ δῆ τι δρᾶν ἀνήκεστον κακόν ;

ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

θανεῖν· ὅπως δέ, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ βουλευέσομαι.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Had I sped well, right wise had I been held , 700  
For, as we speed, so is our wisdom's fame

PHAEDRA

Ha ' is this just ?—should this suffice me now,  
To have stabbed me, and then close in strife of words ?

NURSE

We waste the time in speech. I was not wise.  
Yet even from this there is escape, my child

PHAEDRA

Peace to thy talk Thy counsel heretofore  
Was shame, and mischief thine endeavour was.  
Hence from my sight: for thine own self take  
thought

I with my needs will deal—and honourably.

[*Exit* NURSE.]

But ye, O Troezen's daughters nobly born, 710  
Grant to my supplication this, but this—  
With silence veil what things ye here have heard

CHORUS

I swear by reverend Artemis, Zeus' child,  
Never to bare to light of thine ills aught

PHAEDRA

Thou hast well said. Now, as I muse, I find  
One refuge, one, from this calamity,  
So to bequeath my sons a life of honour,  
And what I may from this day's ruin save  
For never will I shame the halls of Crete,  
Nor will I meet the face of Theseus ever,  
For one poor life's sake, after all this shame

720

CHORUS

Ah, wilt thou do a deed of ill past cure ?

PHAEDRA

Die will I. How—for this will I take thought

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐφημος ἴσθι.

## ΦΑΙΔΡΑ

καὶ σύ γ' εὖ με νουθέτει.  
 ἐγὼ δὲ Κύπριν, ἥπερ ἐξόλλυσί με,  
 ψυχῆς ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
 τέρψω· πικροῦ δ' ἔρωτος ἡσσηθήσομαι.  
 ἀτὰρ κακὸν γε χᾶτέρῳ γενήσομαι  
 θανοῦσ', ἵν' εἰδῇ μὴ 'πὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς  
 730 ὑψηλὸς εἶναι· τῆς νόσου δὲ τῆσδέ μοι  
 κοινῇ μετασχὼν σωφρονεῖν μαθήσεται.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡλιβάτοις ὑπὸ κευθμῶσι γενοίμαν,     στρ. α'  
 ἵνα με πτεροῦσσαν ὄρνιν  
 θεὸς εἰνὶ ποταναῖς ἀγέλαις θείῃ·  
 ἀρθείην δ' ἐπὶ πόντιον  
 κύμα τὰς Ἀδριηνᾶς  
 ἀκτᾶς Ἡριδανοῦ θ' ὕδωρ·  
 ἔνθα πορφύρεον σταλάσσουσ'  
 εἰς οἶδμα πατρὸς τριτάλαιναι  
 740 κόραι Φαέθοντος οἴκτῳ δακρύων  
 τὰς ἠλεκτροφαεῖς αὐγὰς.

Ἑσπερίδων δ' ἐπὶ μηλόσπορον ἀκτὰν     ἀντ. α'  
 ἀνύσαιμι τὰν αἰοιδῶν,  
 ἵν' ὁ ποντομέδων πορφυρέας λίμνας  
 ναύταις οὐκέθ' ὁδὸν νέμει,  
 σεμνὸν τέρμονα κύρων  
 οὐρανοῦ, τὸν Ἄτλας ἔχει,  
 κρήναί τ' ἀμβρόσιαι χέονται  
 Ζανὸς μελίσθρων παρὰ κοίταις,  
 750 ἵν' ὁ βιόδωρος αὔξει ζαθέα  
 χθὼν εὐδαιμονίαν θεοῖς.



## HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

Ah hush !

PHAEDRA

O yea, advise me wisely thou !

But I shall gladden Cypris my destroyer  
By fleeting out of life on this same day,  
And vanquished so by bitter love shall be.  
Yet in my death will I become the bane  
Of one beside, that he may triumph not  
Over my woes, and, taking of my pain, 730  
His share, may learn sound wisdom's temperance.

[*Exit* PHAEDRA.]

CHORUS

Under the arched cliffs O were I lying, (*Str* 1)  
That there to a bird might a God change me,  
And afar mid the flocks of the winged things flying  
Over the swell of the Adrian sea [ing,  
I might soar—and soar,—upon poised wings dream-  
O'er the strand where Eridanus' waters be,  
Where down to the sea-swell purple-gleaming  
The tears of the Sun-god's daughters are streaming,  
Of the thrice-sad sisters for Phaethon sighing, 740  
Star-flashes of strange tears amber-beaming !

(*Ant* 1)

O to win to the strand where the apples are growing  
Of the Hesperid chanters kept in ward,  
Where the path over Ocean purple-glowing  
By the Sea's Lord is to the seafarer barred !  
O to light where Atlas hath aye in his keeping  
The bourn twixt earth and the heavens bestaried,  
Where the fountains ambrosial sunward are leaping  
By the couches where Zeus in his halls lieth sleeping,  
Where the bounty of Earth the life-bestowing 750  
The bliss of the Gods ever higher is heaping !

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ὦ λευκόπτερε Κρησία στρ. β'  
 πορθμῖς, ἃ διὰ πόντιον  
 κῦμ' ἀλίκτυπον ἄλμας  
 ἐπόρευσας ἐμὴν ἄνασσαν  
 ὀλβίων ἀπ' οἴκων,  
 κακονυμφοτάταν ὄνασιν.  
 ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων  
 ἡ Κρησίας ἐκ γῆς δύσορρις  
 760 ἔπτατ' ἐπὶ κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας,  
 Μουνίχου δ' ἀκταῖσιν ἐκδή-  
 σαντο πλεκτὰς πεισμάτων ἀρ-  
 χὰς ἐπ' ἀπείρου τε γῆς ἔβασαν.

ἀνθ' ὧν οὐχ ὀσίων ἐρώ- ἀντ. β'  
 των δεινὰ φρένας Ἀφροδί-  
 τας νόσφ' κατεκλάσθη·  
 χαλεπὰ δ' ὑπέραντλος οὔσα  
 συμφορὰ, τεράμνων  
 770 ἀπὸ νυμφιδίων κρεμαστὸν  
 ἄψεται ἀμφὶ βρόχον  
 λευκὰ καθαρμόζουσα δείρα,  
 daίμονα στυγνὰν καταιδε-  
 σθεῖσα, τάν τ' εὐδοξον ἀνθαι-  
 ρουμένα φάμαν, ἀπαλλάσ-  
 σουσά τ' ἀλγεινὸν φρενῶν ἔρωτα.

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ (ἔσωθεν)

ἰοὺ ἰοῦ·  
 βοηδρομεῖτε πάντες οἱ πέλας δόμων·  
 ἐν ἀγχόναῖς δέσποινα, Θησέως δάμαρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ, πέπρακται· βασιλῆς οὐκέτ' ἔστι δὴ  
 γυνή, κρεμαστοῖς ἐν βρόχοις ἡρτημένη.

# HIPPOLYTUS

(Str 2)

O white-winged galley from Ciete's far shore,  
 Whose keel over deep-sea surges speeding,  
 Through their flying brine and then battle-roar,  
 Onward and onward my lady bore,  
 From a bliss-fraught palace a princess leading  
 To the joy of a bridal of woe exceeding!—  
 For, a bird ill-boding, thy sail fitted o'er  
 With the curse of the Cretan land unto Athens'  
 glorious strand, 760  
 Till the seafarers lashed to the beach Munychian  
 the hawser-band,  
 And sprang unto earth's firm floor.

Wherefore, with love-pangs all unblest (Ant 2)  
 For her gift, entered in Aphrodite, wringing  
 Her heart-strings asunder, a fearful guest.  
 Like a wrecked ship sinking, disaster-oppressed  
 Over her bride-bower's rafters flinging  
 The noose, shall she cast the coil close-clinging  
 Round the neck that was whitest and loveliest, 770  
 Because that with shuddering shame she shrank from  
 a loathèd name,  
 And she chose, in its stead, the stainless renown of  
 a wife's fair fame,  
 And, for anguish of love, heart-rest

[*A cry within*]

*Run to the rescue, all ye nigh the house !  
 In the strangling noose is Theseus' wife, our mistress !*

## CHORUS

Woe ! Woe ! 'Tis done ! No more—no more is she,  
 The queen—in yon noose rafter-hung upcaught !

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

780

οὐ σπεύσεται ; οὐκ οἶσιν τις ἀμφιδέξιον  
σίδηρον, ᾧ τόδ' ἄμμα λύσομεν δέρης ;

## ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α'

φίλοι, τί δρώμεν ; ἡ δοκεῖ περᾶν δόμους  
λῦσαι τ' ἀνασσαν ἐξ ἐπισπαστῶν βρόχων ;

## ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β'

τί δ' ; οὐ πάρεσι πρόσπολοι νεανίαι ;  
τὸ πολλὰ πράσσειν οὐκ ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ βίου.

## ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ὀρθώσατ' ἐκτείνοντες ἄθλιον νέκυν,  
πικρὸν τόδ' οἰκούρημα δεσπόταις ἐμοῖς.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄλωλεν ἡ δύστηνος, ὡς κλύω, γυνή·  
ἤδη γὰρ ὡς νεκρὸν νιν ἐκτείνουσι δῆ.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

790

γυναῖκες, ἴστε τίς ποτ' ἐν δόμοις βοή ;  
ἡχῇ βαρεῖα προσπόλων μ' ἀφίκετο.  
οὐ γάρ τί μ' ὡς θεωρὸν ἀξιοῖ δόμος  
πύλας ἀνοίξας εὐφρόνως προσεννέπειν.  
μῶν Πιτθέως τι γῆρας εἰργασται νέον ;  
πρόσω μὲν ἤδη βίотος, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔτ' ἂν  
λυπηρὸς ἡμῖν τούσδ' ἂν ἐκλίποι δόμους.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εἰς γέροντας ἤδε σοι τείνει τύχη,  
Θησεῦ· νέοι θανόντες ἀλγυνούσί σε.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἶμοι· τέκνων μοι μὴ τι συλᾶται βίος ;

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

800

ζῶσιν, θανούσης μητρὸς ὡς ἀλγιστά σοι.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τί φῆς ; ὄλωλεν ἄλοχος ; ἐκ τίνος τύχης ;

## HIPPOLYTUS

[*Cry within*]

*O haste !—will no one bring the steel two-edged,  
Wherewith to loose this cincture of her neck ?* 780

SEMI-CHORUS 1

What shall we do, friends ? Deem ye we should pass  
The doors, and from the halter loose the queen ?

SEMI-CHORUS 2

Wherefore ? Are no young handmaids at her side ?  
The busy meddler treadeth perilous paths.

[*Cry within.*]

*Uncramp the limbs, streak out the hapless corpse  
Butter house-warding this is for my lords !*

CHORUS

Dead is the woeful lady, by that cry :  
Even now they streak her as a corpse is streaked.  
*Enter THESEUS.*

THESEUS

Women, know ye what means this cry within ? 790  
A dolorous shriek of handmaids reached mine ears ;  
Nor deigns the house to open doors and greet me  
Blithely, as from the oracle come home.  
Hath aught untoward happed to Pittheus' eld ?  
Well-stricken in years is he, yet dole were ours  
If haply fare his feet from these halls forth.

CHORUS

Not to the old pertains this thy mischance,  
Theseus : the young have died, for grief to thee.

THESEUS

Woe !—is a child's life by the spoiler reft ?

CHORUS

They live, their mother dead—alas for thee ! 800

THESEUS

What say'st thou ?—dead—my wife ? By what mishap ?

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βρόχον κρεμαστὸν ἀγχόνης ἀνήψατο.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

λύπη παχυνθεῖς, ἥ ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς τίνος ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τοσοῦτον ἴσμεν· ἄρτι γὰρ κἀγὼ δόμοις,  
Θησεῦ, πάρειμι σὼν κακῶν πενθήτρια.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

αἰαῖ· τί δῆτα τοῖσδ' ἀνέστεμμαι κἀρα  
πλεκτοῖσι φύλλοις, δυστυχῆς θεωρὸς ὢν ;  
χαλᾶτε κληῖθρα, πρόσπολοι, πυλωμάτων,  
ἐκλύεθ' ἄρμούς, ὥς ἴδω πικρὰν θέαν  
810 γυναικός, ἥ με κατθανοῦς' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ τάλαινα μελέων κακῶν·  
ἔπαθες, εἰργάσω  
τοσοῦτον ὥστε τούσδε συγχέαι δόμους.  
αἰαῖ τόλμας, βιαίως θανοῦς'  
ἀνασίῳ τε συμφορᾷ, σᾶς χερὸς  
πάλαισμα μελέας.  
τίς ἄρα σάν, τάλαιν', ἀμαυροῖ ζωάν ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ μοι ἐγὼ πόνων· ἔπαθον, ὦ πόλις, στρ.  
τὰ μάλιστα ἐμῶν κακῶν. ὦ τύχα,  
ὥς μοι βαρεῖα καὶ δόμοις ἐπεστάθης,  
820 κηλὶς ἄφραστος ἐξ ἀλαστόρων τινός.  
κατακονὰ μὲν οὖν ἀβίωτος βίον·  
κακῶν δ' ὦ τάλαις πέλαγος εἰσορῶ  
τοσοῦτον ὥστε μήποτ' ἐκνεῦσαι πάλιν,  
μηδ' ἐκπερᾶσαι κύμα τῇσδε συμφορᾶς.

## HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

The strangling noose about her neck she coiled.

THESEUS

By grief's touch frozen, or of what affliction ?

CHORUS

No more I know, for to thine halls but now,  
Theseus, I came, o'er these thine ills to mourn.

THESEUS

Woe ! with these wreathèd leaves why is mine head  
Crowned—ill-starred harbinger of oracles ?  
Shoot back the bolts, my servants, of the doors :  
Loose bars, that I may see this bitter sight,  
My wife, who hath destroyed me by her death. 810

*The palace is thrown open, and the corpse of PHAEDRA  
disclosed, with her handmaids grouped round it.*

CHORUS

Woe for thy misery ! Woe for thine ills, who hast  
suffered and wrought

Such a thing as in ruin shall whelm thine home !  
Ah for thy desperate deed, who by violence un-  
hallowed hast sought [wrestler hast caught !  
Death, who with hand despairing the all-quelling  
Who shroudeth thy life, O hapless, in gloom ?

THESEUS

(Str.)

Ah me for my woes !—I have suffered calamity, great,  
O my people, beyond all other !—O foot of fate,  
How hast thou heavily trampled me and mine,  
Unlooked-for blight from some avenging fiend— 820  
Nay, but destruction that blasteth my life evermore !  
On a sea of disaster I look, on a sea without shore,  
So vast, that never can I swim thereout,  
Nor ride the surge of this calamity.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

τίνα λόγον τάλας, τίνα τύχαν σέθεν  
 βαρύποτμον, γύναι, προσανδῶν τύχῳ ;  
 ὄρνις γὰρ ὥς τις ἐκ χερῶν ἄφαντος εἶ,  
 830 πῆδημ' ἐς Ἴλιδου κραιπνὸν ὁρμήσασά μοι.  
 αἰαῖ αἰαῖ, μέλεα μέλεα τάδε πάθη.  
 πρόσωθεν δέ ποθεν ἀνακομίζομαι  
 τύχαν δαιμόνων  
 ἀμπλακίαισι τῶν πάροιθέν τινος.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐ σοὶ τὰδ', ὦναξ, ἤλυθεν μόνῳ κακά·  
 πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων δ' ὤλεσας κεδνὸν λέχος.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τὸ κατὰ γᾶς θέλω, τὸ κατὰ γᾶς κνέφας ἀνι  
 μετοικεῖν σκότῳ θανῶν ὃ τλάμων,  
 τῆς σῆς στερηθεὶς φιλτάτης ὁμιλίας·  
 ἀπώλεσας γὰρ μᾶλλον ἢ κατέφθισο.  
 840 †τίνος κλύω ; πόθεν θανάσιμος τύχα,  
 γύναι, σὰν ἔβα τάλαινα καρδίαν ; †  
 εἴποι τις ἂν τὸ πραχθέν, ἢ μάτην ὄχλον  
 στέγει τύραννον δῶμα προσπόλων ἐμῶν ;  
 ὦμοι μοι σέθεν \* \* \* \* \*  
 μέλεος, οἶον εἶδον ἄλγος δόμων,  
 οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ ῥητόν· ἀλλ' ἀπωλόμην·  
 ἔρημος οἶκος, καὶ τέκν' ὀρφανεύεται.  
 ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ φίλα  
 γυναικῶν ἀρίστα θ' ὀπόσας ἐφορᾷ  
 850 φέγγος ἀελίου τε καὶ  
 νυκτὸς ἀστερωπὸν σέλας.



HIPPOLYTUS

What word can I speak unto thee ?—how name, dear  
 wife, [thy life ?

The doom that on thee hath descended and crushed  
Like a bird hast thou fleeted from mine hands,  
And with swift leap hast rushed to Hades' halls.

Never sorrow of sorrows was like unto mine. 830

On mine head have I gathered the load

Of the far-off sins of an ancient line ;

And this is the vengeance of God.

## CHORUS

Not to thee only, king, this grief hath come ;

With many more a dear wife's loss thou sharest.

## THESEUS

(Ant)

In the darkness under the earth—ah me, to have died,  
That in blackness of deep gloom under the earth I  
might hide,

Who am left of thy most dear companionship !

Oh, thou hast dealt worse death than thou hast suffered !

Of whom shall I hear whence came it, the deadly  
stroke

Of doom, that the heart of thee, my belovèd, broke ?

Will none speak what befell?—or all for naught

Doth this my palace roof a menial throng ?

Woe's me, my beloved, stricken because of thee !

Ah for the grief of mine house, for the travail I see,

Past utterance, past endurance !—lost am I :

Mine house is desolate, motherless my babes

O my darling, my wife, thou art gone, thou art gone,

O best upon whom the light

Looketh down of the all-beholding sun, 850

Or the splendour of star-eyed night !

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλας, ὦ τάλας· ὅσον κακὸν ἔχει δόμος.  
 δάκρυσί μου βλέφαρα  
 καταχυθέντα τέγγεται σᾶ τύχα·  
 τὸ δ' ἐπὶ τῷδε πῆμα φρίσσω πάλαι.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἔα ἔα·  
 τί δή ποθ' ἦδε δέλτος ἐκ φίλης χερὸς  
 ἡρτημένη; θέλει τι σημήναι νέον;  
 ἀλλ' ἦ λέχους μοι καὶ τέκνων ἐπιστολὰς  
 860 ἔγραψεν ἡ δύστηνος ἐξαιτουμένη;  
 θάρσει, τάλαινα· λέκτρα γὰρ τὰ Θησέως  
 οὐκ ἔστι δῶμά θ' ἥτις εἴσεισιν γυνή.  
 καὶ μὴν τύποι γε σφενδόνης χρυσηλάτου  
 τῆς οὐκέτ' οὔσης τῇσδε προσσαίνουσί με.  
 φέρ', ἐξελίξας περιβολὰς σφραγισμάτων  
 ἶδω τί λέξαι δέλτος ἦδε μοι θέλει.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τόδ' αὖ νεοχμὸν ἐκδοχαῖς  
 ἐπιφέρει θεὸς κακόν. ἐμοί γ' ἂν<sup>1</sup> οὖν  
 ἀβίотος βίου τύχα πρὸς τὸ κρανθὲν εἴη τυχεῖν.  
 870 ὀλομένους γάρ, οὐκέτ' ὄντας λέγω,  
 φεῦ φεῦ, τῶν ἐμῶν τυράννων δόμους·  
 ὦ δαίμον, εἴ πως ἔστι, μὴ σφῆλῃς δόμους,  
 αἰτουμένης δὲ κλυθί μου· πρὸς γάρ τινος  
 οἴωνόν ὥστε μάντις εἰσορῶ κακόν.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι· τόδ' οἶον ἄλλο πρὸς κακῷ κακόν,  
 οὐ τλητὸν οὐδὲ λεκτόν. ὦ τάλας ἐγώ.

<sup>1</sup> Paley's suggestion for MSS, μὲν,

## HIPPOLYTUS

### CHORUS

Alas for thee, and thine house's burden of ill !  
With ruth for thy fate running o'er do mine eyes  
the tear-drops pour :  
[*Aside*] But for woe which must follow I shudder  
and shudder still.

### THESEUS

Ha !  
What is this tablet, what, to her dear hand  
Fastened ? Would'st fain speak some word unsaid ?  
Now hath she writ, unhappy one, to pray  
Touching my marriage or my children aught ?  
Fear not, lost love . the woman is not born 860  
Shall lie in Theseus' couch, or tread his halls  
Lo, how the impress of the carven gold  
Of her that is no more smiles up at me !  
Come, let me uncoil the seal's envelopings,  
And see what would this tablet say to me

### CHORUS

Woe, woe ! How God bringeth evil following hard  
on the track  
Of evil ! I count for living unmeet  
The lot of a life such as this, as on deeds that are  
wrought I look back : [but in ruin and wrack  
For the house of my lords standeth not any more,  
I behold it hurled from its ancient seat. 870  
Ah God, if this may be, wreck not the house,  
But hearken my beseeching, for I trace,  
Seer-like, an evil omen from his face.

### THESEUS

Ah me !—a new curse added to the old,  
Past utterance, past endurance ! Woe is me !

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρήμα ; λέξον, εἴ τί μοι λόγου μέτα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

βοᾷ βοᾷ δέλτος ἄλαστα. πᾶ φύγω  
βάρος κακῶν ; ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλόμενος οἷχομαι,  
οἶον οἶον εἶδον ἐν γραφαῖς μέλος  
φθεγγόμενον τλάμων.

880

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ, κακῶν ἀρχηγὸν ἐκφαίνεις λόγον.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τόδε μὲν οὐκέτι στόματος ἐν πύλαις  
καθέξω δυσεκπέρατον, ὀλοὸν  
κακόν· ἰὼ πόλις.

Ἴππόλυτος εὐνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θυγεῖν  
βία, τὸ σεμνὸν Ζηνὸς ὄμμ' ἀτιμάσας.  
ἀλλ' ὦ πάτερ Πόσειδον, ἃς ἐμοί ποτε  
ἀράς ὑπέσχου τρεῖς, μιᾷ κατέργασαι  
τούτων ἐμὸν παῖδ', ἡμέραν δὲ μὴ φύγοι  
τὴνδ', εἴπερ ἡμῖν ὥπασας σαφεῖς ἀράς.

890

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄναξ, ἀπεύχου ταῦτα πρὸς θεῶν πάλιν·  
γνώσει γὰρ αὖθις ἀμπλακῶν. ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐκ ἔστι· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελῶ σφε τῆσδε γῆς,  
δυσοῖν δὲ μοίραιν θατέρᾳ πεπλήξεται  
ἢ γὰρ Ποσειδῶν αὐτὸν εἰς Ἀιδου πύλας  
θανόντα πέμψει τὰς ἐμὰς ἀράς σέβων,  
ἢ τῆσδε χώρας ἐκπεσὼν ἀλώμενος  
ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσει βίον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅδ' αὐτὸς παῖς σὸς εἰς καιρὸν πάρα,  
Ἴππόλυτος· ὀργῆς δ' ἐξανεῖς κακῆς, ἄναξ  
Θησεῦ, τὸ λῶστον σοῖσι βούλευσαι δόμοις.

900

## HIPPOLYTUS

CHORUS

What is it? Speak, if I may share the tale.

THESEUS

It shrieketh,—ah, horrors the tablet outshrieketh!  
O how can I flee

My burden of woes! I am utterly ruin-spel!  
What incantation of curses is this I have read  
Graved on the wax—woe's me!

880

CHORUS

Alas! thou utterest speech that heralds ill.

THESEUS

No more within my lips' gates will I pen  
The horror that chokes utterance—O my people,  
Hippolytus hath dared assail my bed  
With violence, flouting Zeus's awful eye!  
Father Poseidon, thou didst promise me  
Three curses once. Do thou with one of these  
Destroy my son: may he not 'scape this day,  
If soothfast curses thou hast granted me.

890

CHORUS

Oh, for the Gods' sake, King, recall this prayer!  
Thou yet shalt know thine error: yield to me

THESEUS

Never! Yea, I will drive him from the land;  
And, of two dooms, with one shall he be scourged  
Either Poseidon, reverencing my prayers,  
Shall slay and speed him unto Hades' halls,  
Or, banished from this land, a vagabond  
On strange shores shall he drain life's bitter dregs.

CHORUS

Lo, where thy son's self comes in season meet,  
Hippolytus: refrain thy wrath, O king  
Theseus, and for thine house the best devise.

900

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κραυγῆς ἀκούσας σῆς ἀφικόμην, πάτερ,  
σπουδῇ· τὸ μέντοι πράγμ' ἐφ' ᾧ τὰ νῦν στένεις  
οὐκ οἶδα, βουλοίμην δ' ἂν ἐκ σέθεν κλύειν.  
ἔα, τί χρῆμα; σὴν δάμαρθ' ὀρώ, πάτερ,  
νεκρόν· μεγίστου θαύματος τόδ' ἄξιον·  
ἦν ἀρτίως ἔλειπον, ἥ φάος τόδε  
οὐπω χρόνον παλαιὸν εἰσεδέρκετο.  
τί χρῆμα πάσχει, τῷ τρόπῳ διόλλυται,  
910 πάτερ, πυθέσθαι βούλομαι σέθεν πάρα.  
σιγᾶς; σιωπῆς δ' οὐδὲν ἔργον ἐν κακοῖς·  
ἢ γάρ ποθοῦσα πάντα καρδία κλύειν  
κἂν τοῖς κακοῖσι λίχνος οὐσ' ἀλίσκεται.  
οὐ μὴν φίλους γε κἄτι μᾶλλον ἢ φίλους  
κρύπτειν δίκαιον σάς, πάτερ, δυσπραξίας.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ πόλλ' ἁμαρτάνοντες ἄνθρωποι μάτην,  
τί δὴ τέχνας μὲν μυρίας διδάσκετε  
καὶ πάντα μηχανᾶσθε κάξευρίσκετε,  
ἐν δ' οὐκ ἐπίστασθ' οὐδ' ἐθηράσασθέ πω,  
920 φρονεῖν διδάσκειν οἷσιν οὐκ ἔνεστι νοῦς;

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

δεινὸν σοφιστὴν εἶπας, ὅστις εὖ φρονεῖν  
τοὺς μὴ φρονούντας δυνατός ἐστ' ἀναγκάσαι  
ἄλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἐν δέοντι λεπτοურγεῖς, πάτερ,  
δέδοικα μὴ σου γλῶσσ' ὑπερβάλῃ κακοῖς.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φεῦ, χρὴν βροτοῖσι τῶν φίλων τεκμήριον  
σαφές τι κεῖσθαι καὶ διάγνωσιν φρενῶν,  
ὅστις τ' ἀληθὴς ἐστίν ὅς τε μὴ φίλος·  
δισσάς τε φωνὰς πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἔχειν,  
τὴν μὲν δικαίαν, τὴν δ' ὅπως ἐτύγχανεν,

## HIPPOLYTUS

*Enter HIPPOLYTUS.*

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, I heard thy crying, and I came  
In haste : yet for what cause thou makest moan  
I know not, but of thee I fain would hear  
Ha ! what is this ? Father, thy wife I see  
Dead !—matter this for marvel passing great.  
But now I left her, who upon this light  
Looked, it is not yet a long season since.  
What hath befallen her ? How perished she ?  
Father, I fain would learn it from thy mouth. 910  
Silent ! In trouble silence naught avails  
The heart that yearns to know all cares of thine  
Fain shall be found to prove thy troubles too  
Sure, from thy friends—yea, and thy more than  
friends,  
Father, it is not right to hide thy griefs.

THESEUS

O men that ofttimes err, and err in vain,  
Why are ye teaching ever arts untold,  
And search out manifold inventions still,  
But one thing know not, no, have never sought it,  
To teach them wit, in whom no wisdom dwells ? 920

HIPPOLYTUS

A cunning sage were this, endued with power  
To force them to be wise who are witless all !  
But—so ill-timed thy speculations are—  
Father, I fear thy tongue for grief runs wild

THESEUS

Out ! There should dwell in men some certain test  
Of friendship, a discernor of the heart,  
To show who is true friend and who is false.  
Yea, all men should have had two several voices,  
One honest, one—as chance or interest swayed ;

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

930 ὥς ἡ φρονοῦσα τᾶδ' ἔξηλέγχετο  
πρὸς τῆς δικαίας, οὐκ ἂν ἡπατώμεθα.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἡ τις εἰς σὸν οὖς με διαβαλὼν ἔχει  
φίλων, νοσοῦμεν δ' οὐδὲν ὄντες αἴτιοι;  
ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· σοὶ γὰρ ἐκπλήσσουσί με  
λόγοι παραλλάσσοντες ἔξεδροι φρενῶν.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

φεῦ τῆς βροτείας—ποῖ προβήσεται;—φρενός·  
τί τέρμα τόλμης καὶ θράσους γενήσεται;  
εἰ γὰρ κατ' ἀνδρὸς βίοντος ἐξογκώσεται,  
ὁ δ' ὕστερος τοῦ πρόσθεν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν  
940 πανοῦργος ἔσται, θεοῖσι προσβαλεῖν χθονὶ  
ἄλλην δεήσει γαίαν, ἡ χωρήσεται  
τοὺς μὴ δικαίους καὶ κακοὺς πεφυκότας.  
σκέψασθε δ' εἰς τόνδ', ὅστις ἐξ ἐμοῦ γεγώς  
ἦσχυνε τὰ μὰ λέκτρα κάξελέγχεται  
πρὸς τῆς θανούσης ἐμφανῶς κάκιστος ὢν.  
δεῖξον δ', ἐπειδὴ γ' εἰς μίασμ' ἐλήλυθας,  
τὸ σὸν πρόσωπον δεῦρ' ἐναντίον πατρί.  
σὺ δὴ θεοῖσιν ὥς περισσὸς ὢν ἀνὴρ  
ξύνει; σὺ σώφρων καὶ κακῶν ἀκήρατος;  
950 οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην τοῖσι σοῖς κόμποις ἐγὼ  
θεοῖσι προσθεὶς ἀμαθίαν φρονεῖν κακῶς.  
ἤδη νυν αὔχει καὶ δι' ἀψυχου βορᾶς  
σίτοις καπήλευ', Ὀρφέα τ' ἀνακτ' ἔχων  
βάκχευε πολλῶν γραμμάτων τιμῶν καπνούς·  
ἐπεὶ γ' ἐλήφθης. τοὺς δὲ τοιούτους ἐγὼ  
φεύγειν προφωνῶ πᾶσι· θηρεύουσι γὰρ  
σεμνοῖς λόγοισιν, αἰσχρὰ μηχανώμενοι.



## HIPPOLYTUS

That so the traitor voice might be convict 930  
Before the honest, nor we be deceived

### HIPPOLYTUS

How?—to thine ear hath some friend slandered me,  
That I the innocent am in evil case?  
Astonied am I, for thy words amaze me,  
Thus wandering wide astray from reason's throne.

### THESEUS

Out on man's heart!—to what depths will it sink?  
Where shall assurance end and hardihood?  
For if it swell with every generation,  
And the new age reach heights of villainy  
Above the old, the Gods must needs create 940  
A new earth unto this, that room be found  
For the unrighteous and unjust in grain.  
Look on this man, who, though he be my son,  
Hath shamed my couch, and shall be manifest proved  
Most vile, by testimony of the dead.

■ HIPPOLYTUS *covers his face in horror.*

Nay, show thy face—since thou hast come to this,  
This foulness,—look thy father in the face!  
Dost thou with Gods—O thou no common man!—  
Consort? Art thou the chaste, the stainless one?  
I will not trust thy boasts, for so should I 950  
Impute to Gods unwisdom's ignorance  
Now vaunt, ay now!—set out thy paltry wares  
Of lifeless food:<sup>1</sup> take Orpheus for thy king:  
Rave, worship vapourings of many a scroll:  
For ah, thou'rt caught! I warn all men to shun  
Such hypocrites as this; for they hunt souls  
With canting words, the while they plot foul sin.

<sup>1</sup> Abstinence from animal food was a feature of the ascetic doctrines attributed to Orpheus, as of those of Pythagoras.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- 960 τέθνηκεν ἤδε· τοῦτό σ' ἐκώσσειν δῆκεῖς ;  
 ἐν τῷδ' ἀλίσκει πλείστον, ὃ κάκιστε σύ·  
 ποῖοι γὰρ ὄρκοι κρείσσονες, τίνες λόγοι  
 τῆσδ' ἂν γένοιοντ' ἄν, ὥστε σ' αἰτίαν φυγεῖν ;  
 μισεῖν σε φήσεις τήνδε καὶ τὸ δὴ νόθον  
 τοῖς γνησίοισι πολέμιον πεφυκέναι·  
 κακὴν ἄρ' αὐτὴν ἔμπορον βίου λέγεις,  
 εἰ δυσμενεία σῇ τὰ φίλτατ' ὤλεσεν.  
 ἀλλ' ὥς τὸ μῶρον ἀνδράσιν μὲν οὐκ ἔνι,  
 γυναιξὶ δ' ἐμπέφυκεν ; οἶδ' ἐγὼ νέους  
 οὐδὲν γυναικῶν ὄντας ἀσφαλεστέρους,  
 970 ὅταν ταράξῃ Κύπρις ἡβῶσαν φρένα·  
 τὸ δ' ἄρσεν αὐτοὺς ὠφελεῖ προσκείμενον.  
 νῦν οὖν τί ταῦτα σοῖς ἀμιλλῶμαι λόγοις  
 νεκροῦ παρόντος μάρτυρος σαφεστάτου ;  
 ἔξερρε γαίης τῆσδ' ὅσον τάχος φυγὰς,  
 καὶ μῆτ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλῃς,  
 μῆτ' εἰς ὄρους γῆς ἧς ἐμὸν κρατεῖ δόρυ.  
 εἰ γὰρ παθὼν γε σοῦ τάδ' ἦσηθῆσομαι,  
 οὐ μαρτυρήσει μ' Ἰσθμῖος Σίνις ποτὲ  
 κτανεῖν ἑαυτόν, ἀλλὰ κομπάζειν μάτην,  
 980 οὐδ' αἱ θαλάσση σύννομοι Σκειρωνίδες  
 φήσουσι πέτραι τοῖς κακοῖς μ' εἶναι βαρύν.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως εἵποίμ' ἂν εὐτυχεῖν τινα  
 θνητῶν· τὰ γὰρ δὴ πρῶτ' ἀνέστραπται πάλιν.

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

πάτερ, μένος μὲν ξύστασίς τε σῶν φρενῶν  
 δεινὴ· τὸ μέντοι πρῶτ' ἔχον καλοὺς λόγους,  
 εἴ τις διαπτύξειεν, οὐ καλὸν τόδε.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἄκομψος εἰς ὄχλον δοῦναι λόγον,

## HIPPOLYTUS

Dead is she · thinkest thou this saveth thee?  
Hereby thou art most convicted, basest thou!  
What oaths, what protestations shall bear down 960

*Thrusts tablet into HIPPOLYTUS' hand*

This, for thine absolution of the charge? . . .  
Now, what is thy defence?—"She hated me;  
Bastard and true-born still are natural foes?"  
Fools' traffic this in life—to fling away  
For hate of *thee* the dearest thing she owed!  
Or—say'st thou?—"Frailty is not in men,  
But in the blood of women." Youths, I have proved,  
Are no whit more than women continent,  
When Cypris stirs a heart in flush of youth:  
Yet all the strength of manhood helpeth them. 970  
But wherefore thus contend against thy pleas,  
When there the corpse lies, witness faithful and  
true?

Hence from this land, an exile, with all speed.  
Never come thou to god-built Athens more,  
Nor any marches where my spear hath sway:  
For if 'neath thy mishandling I sit still,  
Never shall Isthmian Sinis testify  
That I slew him, but name it idle vaunt;  
Nor those Scironian Rocks that skirt the sea  
Shall call me terrible to evil-doers. 980

### CHORUS

I dare not name of mortals any man  
Happy, for lo, the first is made the last.

### HIPPOLYTUS

Father, thy rage and strong-strained fury of soul  
Are fearful: yet, fair-seeming though the charge,  
If one unfold it, all unfair it is.  
I have no skill to speak before a throng:

# ἸΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- εἰς ἡλικας δὲ κώλίγους σοφώτερος.  
 ἔχει δὲ μοῖραν καὶ τόδ'· οἱ γὰρ ἐν σοφοῖς  
 φαῦλοι παρ' ὅχλῳ μουσικώτεροι λέγειν.  
 990 ὅμως δ' ἀνάγκη, συμφορᾶς ἀφυγμένης,  
 γλῶσσάν μ' ἀφείναι. πρῶτα δ' ἄρξομαι λέγειν  
 ὅθεν μ' ὑπῆλθες πρῶτον ὡς διαφθερῶν  
 οὐκ ἀντιλέξοντ'. εἰσορᾶς φάος τόδε  
 καὶ γαῖαν· ἐν τοῖσδ' οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἀνὴρ ἐμοῦ,  
 οὐδ' ἦν σὺ μὴ φῆς, σωφρονέστερος γεγώς.  
 ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ πρῶτα μὲν θεοὺς σέβειν,  
 φίλοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ ἀδικεῖν πειρωμένοις,  
 ἀλλ' οἷσιν αἰδῶς μὴτ' ἐπαγγέλλειν κακὰ  
 μὴτ' ἀνθυπουργεῖν αἰσχροῖς τοῖσι χρωμένοις·  
 1000 οὐκ ἐγγελαστής τῶν ὀμιλούντων, πάτερ,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτὸς οὐ παροῦσι κάγγυς ὦν φίλος.  
 ἐνὸς δ' ἄθικτος, ᾧ με νῦν ἐλεῖν δοκεῖς·  
 λέχους γὰρ εἰς τόδ' ἡμέρας ἀγνὸν δέμας.  
 οὐκ οἶδα πρᾶξιν τήνδε πλὴν λόγῳ κλύων  
 γραφῇ τε λεύσσω· οὐδὲ ταῦτα γὰρ σκοπεῖν  
 πρόθυμός εἰμι, παρθένον ψυχὴν ἔχων.  
 καὶ δὴ τὸ σῶφρον τοῦμὸν οὐ πείθει σ' ἴσως·  
 δεῖ δὴ σε δεῖξαι τῷ τρόπῳ διεφθάρην.  
 πότερα τὸ τῆσδε σώμ' ἐκαλλιστεῦετο  
 1010 πασῶν γυναικῶν ; ἢ σὸν οἰκήσειν δόμον  
 ἔγκληρον εὐνὴν προσλαβὼν ἐπήλπισα ;  
 μάταιος ἂρ' ἦ, κοῦδαμοῦ μὲν οὖν φρενῶν.  
 ἀλλ' ὡς τυραννεῖν ἥδ' οὐ τοῖσι σώφροσιν ;  
 ἥκιστα γ', εἰ μὴ τὰς φρένας διέφθορε  
 θνητῶν ὅσοισιν ἀνδάνει μοναρχία.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἀγῶνας μὲν κρατεῖν Ἑλληνικοὺς  
 πρῶτος θέλοιμ' ἄν, ἐν πόλει δὲ δεύτερος  
 σὺν τοῖς ἀρίστοις εὐτυχεῖν ἀεὶ φίλοις.

## HIPPOLYTUS

My tongue is loosed with equals, and those few  
 And reason · they that are among the wise  
 Of none account, to mobs are eloquent.  
 Yet needs I must, now this mischance hath lighted, 990  
 Unrein my tongue. And first will I begin  
 Where thou didst first assail, as thou wouldst crush me,  
 And I find no reply. See'st thou yon sun  
 And earth?—within their compass is no man—  
 Though thou deny it—chaster-souled than I  
 For I have learnt, first, to revere the Gods,  
 Then, to have friends which seek to do no wrong,  
 Friends who think shame to proffer aught of base,  
 Yea, or to render others shameful service  
 No mocker am I, father, at my friends, 1000  
 But to the absent even as to the present ·  
 In one thing flawless,—where thou think'st me  
 trapped,—

For to this day my body is clean of lust.

I know this commerce not, save by the ear  
 And sight of pictures,—little will have I  
 To look thereon, who keep a virgin soul  
 Yet, grant my virtue wins not thy belief,  
 Sure 'tis for thee to show whereby I fell.  
 Wilt say this woman's form in grace outshone  
 All women?—that I hoped thy state to inherit 1010  
 By winning for mine own thine heiress-queen?  
 Vain fool were I—nay rather, wholly mad!  
 “But Power can tempt,” might one say, “even the  
 chaste.”

Nay verily!—save the lust of sovereignty  
 Poison the wit of all who covet it.  
 Fain would I foremost victor be in games  
 Hellenic, and be second in the realm,  
 And with pure-hearted friends be happy still.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- 1020 πρᾶσσειν γὰρ εὖ πάρεστι, κίνδυνός τ' ἀπὼν  
 κρείσσω δίδωσι τῆς τυραννίδος χάριν.  
 ἐν οὐ λέλεκται τῶν ἐμῶν, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔχεις·  
 εἰ μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι μάρτυς οἷός εἰμ' ἐγώ,  
 καὶ τῆσδ' ὀρώσης φέγγος ἠγωνιζόμην,  
 ἔργοις ἂν εἶδες τοὺς κακοὺς διεξιῶν.  
 νῦν δ' ὄρκιον σοι Ζῆνα καὶ πέδον χθονὸς  
 ὄμνυμι τῶν σῶν μήποθ' ἄψασθαι γάμων  
 μηδ' ἂν θελῆσαι μηδ' ἂν ἐννοίαν λαβεῖν.  
 ἦ τᾶρ' ὀλοίμην ἀκλεῆς ἀνώνυμος,  
 ἀπολις ἄοικος, φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθόνα,  
 1030 καὶ μήτε πόντος μήτε γῆ δέξαιτό μου  
 σάρκας θανόντος, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.  
 εἰ δ' ἦδε δειμαίνουσ' ἀπώλεσεν βίον  
 οὐκ οἶδ'. ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις πέρα λέγειν.  
 ἐσωφρόνησε δ' οὐκ ἔχουσα σωφρονεῖν,  
 ἡμεῖς δ', ἔχοντες οὐ καλῶς, ἐχρώμεθα.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀρκοῦσαν εἰπας αἰτίας ἀποστροφὴν,  
 ὄρκους παρασχών, πίστιν οὐ σμικράν, θεῶν.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

- 1040 ἄρ' οὐκ ἐπωδὸς καὶ γόης πέφυχ' ὄδε,  
 δς τὴν ἐμὴν πέποιθεν εὐοργησία  
 ψυχὴν κρατήσκειν τὸν τεκόντ' ἀτιμάσας ;

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε κάρτα ταῦτα θαυμάζω, πάτερ·  
 εἰ γὰρ σὺ μὲν παῖς ἦσθ', ἐγὼ δὲ σὸς πατήρ,  
 ἔκτεινά τοί σ' ἂν κοῦ φυγαῖς ἐξημίουν,  
 εἴπερ γυναικὸς ἠξίους ἐμῆς θιγεῖν.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὥς ἄξιον τόδ' εἰπας· οὐχ οὕτω θανεῖ,  
 ὥσπερ σὺ σαυτῷ τόνδε προὔθηκας νόμον·

## HIPPOLYTUS

For there is true well-being, from peril far,  
Which giveth sweeter joys than sovereignty. 1020  
So hast thou all my counterpleas, save one.—  
Could I that witness call who knows mine heart,  
And, pleading, face thy dead wife's living face,  
By deeds shouldst thou search out and know the  
wicked :

But now—by Zeus Oath-warden, by Earth's plam,  
Swear I, I ne'er attempted couch of thine,  
No, nor had wished it, nor had dreamed thereof  
God grant I perish nameless, fameless all,  
Cityless, homeless, exile, vagabond  
On earth,—may sea nor land receive my corpse 1030  
When I am dead, if I be this vile thing '  
Now if through fear she flung away her life  
I know not. More I cannot sinless say.  
Her honour by dishonour did she guard :  
I, in a sore strait, cleave to honour still.

### CHORUS

Thou hast said enough to turn this charge from thee,  
Tendering the oath of Gods, the awful pledge.

### THESEUS

Juggler with words and trickster is he not,  
Who thinks by his unruffled calm to outface  
My mood, when his own father he hath shamed ? 1040

### HIPPOLYTUS

Nay, but I marvel, father, at this in thee ;—  
For, if my son thou wert, and I thy sire,  
I had slain thee : exile should not be thy mulct,  
If on my wife thou hadst dared to lay a hand.

### THESEUS

Good sooth, well said : yet not so shalt thou die—  
Not by the doom thou speakest for thyself '

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1050 ταχὺς γὰρ Ἀιδης ῥᾶστος ἀνδρὶ δυστυχεῖ·  
ἀλλ' ἐκ πατρώας φυγὰς ἀλητεύων χθονός  
ξένην ἐπ' αἶαν λυπρὸν ἀντλήσεις βίον·  
μισθὸς γὰρ οὗτός ἐστιν ἀνδρὶ δυσσεβεῖ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οἴμοι, τί δράσεις ; οὐδὲ μηνυτὴν χρόνον  
δέξει καθ' ἡμῶν, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐξελαῖς χθονός ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

πέραν γε πόντου τερμόνων τ' Ἀτλαντικῶν,  
εἴ πως δυναίμην, ὥς σὸν ἐχθαίρω κára.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ὄρκον οὐδὲ πίστιν οὐδὲ μάντεων  
φήμας ἐλέγξας ἄκριτον ἐκβαλεῖς με γῆς ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἡ δέλτος ἦδε κλῆρον οὐ δεδεγμένη  
κατηγορεῖ σου πιστά· τοὺς δ' ὑπὲρ κára  
φοιτῶντας ὄρνεις πόλλ' ἐγὼ χαίρειν λέγω.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1060 ὦ θεοί, τί δῆτα τοῦμὸν οὐ λύω στόμα,  
ὅστις γ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν, οὐς σέβω, διόλλυμαι ;  
οὐ δῆτα· πάντως οὐ πίθοιμ' ἂν οὓς με δεῖ,  
μάτην δ' ἂν ὄρκους συγχέαιμ' οὐς ὤμοσα.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἴμοι· τὸ σεμνὸν ὥς μ' ἀποκτείνει τὸ σόν.  
οὐκ εἰ πατρώας ἐκτὸς ὥς τάχιστα γῆς ;

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ποῖ δῆθ' ὁ τλήμων τρέψομαι ; τίνος ξένων  
δόμους ἔσειμι τῇδ' ἐπ' αἰτία φυγών ;

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὅστις γυναικῶν λυμεῶνας ἥδεται  
ξένους κομίζων καὶ συνοικούρους κακῶν.



## HIPPOLYTUS

Ay, easiest for the wretched is swift death.  
But from the home-land exiled, wandering  
To strange soil, shalt thou dram life's bitter dregs ;  
For this is meet wage for the impious man. 1050

HIPPOLYTUS

Woe's me !—what wilt thou do ? Wilt not receive  
Time's witness in my cause, but banish now ?

THESEUS

Beyond the sea, beyond the Atlantic bourn,  
If this I could ; so much I hate thy face

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor oath, nor pledge, nor prophet's utterance  
Wilt test, but cast me forth the land untried ?

THESEUS

This tablet, though it bear no prophet's sign,  
Accuseth thee, nor leth : but the birds  
That roam o'erhead—I wave them long farewell.

HIPPOLYTUS (*aside*)

O Gods, why can I not unlock my lips,  
Who am destroyed by you whom I revere ? 1060  
No !—whom I need persuade, I should not so,  
And all for naught should break the oaths I swore.

THESEUS

Faugh !—how it chokes me, this thy saintly mien !  
Out from thy fatherland ! Straightway begone !

HIPPOLYTUS

Unhappy ! whither shall I flee ?—what home  
Of what friend enter, banished on such charge ?

THESEUS

Of whoso joys in welcoming for guests  
Defilers of men's wives, which dwell with sin.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1070 αἰαῖ· πρὸς ἡπαρ δακρύων τ' ἐγγὺς τόδε,  
εἰ δὴ κακὸς γε φαίνομαι δοκῶ τέ σοι.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

τότε στενάζειν καὶ προγιγνώσκειν σ' ἐχρῆν,  
ὅτ' εἰς πατρῶαν ἄλοχον ὑβρίζειν ἔτλης.

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δώματ', εἴθε φθέγμα γηρύσαισθέ μοι  
καὶ μαρτυρήσαιτ' εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

εἰς τοὺς ἀφώνους μάρτυρας φεύγεις σοφῶς·  
τὸ δ' ἔργον οὐ λέγον σε μηνύει κακόν.

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·  
εἴθ' ἦν ἐμαυτὸν προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον  
στάνθ', ὥς ἐδάκρυσ' οἷα πάσχομεν κακά.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1080 πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον σαντὸν ἤσκησας σέβειν  
ἢ τοὺς τεκόντας ὅσια δρᾶν, δίκαιος ὢν.

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα μήτηρ, ὦ πικραὶ γοναί·  
μηδεὶς ποτ' εἴη τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων νόθος.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οὐχ ἔλξετ' αὐτόν, δμῶες; οὐκ ἀκούετε  
πάλαι ξενοῦσθαι τόνδε προὔννεποντά με;

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κλαίων τις αὐτῶν ἄρ' ἐμοῦ γε θίξεται·  
σὺ δ' αὐτός, εἴ σοι θυμός, ἐξώθει χθονός.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δράσω τάδ', εἰ μὴ τοῖς ἐμοῖς πείσει λόγοις·  
οὐ γάρ τις οἶκτος σῆς μ' ὑπέρχεται φυγῆς.

## HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Alas ! this stabs mine heart well-nigh to weeping,      1070  
If I be published villain, thou believe it !

THESEUS

Then shouldest thou have moaned and taken thought,  
When thou dar'dst outrage thine own father's wife !

HIPPOLYTUS

O halls, could ye but find a voice for me,  
And witness if I be a wicked man !

THESEUS

Wisely thou fleest to speechless witnesses !  
This deed, though it speak not, declares thee vile.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, to stand face to face and see myself,  
That for the wrongs I suffer I might weep !

THESEUS

Yea, 'tis thy wont to gaze on thy perfections      1080  
More than to render parents righteous honour.

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, hapless mother !—ah, my bitter birth !  
Base-born be never any that I love !

THESEUS

Will ye not hale him hence, thralls ?—heard ye not  
Long since his banishment pronounced of me ?

HIPPOLYTUS

Who layeth hand on me of them shall rue !  
Thou thrust me from the land, if such thy mood.

THESEUS

That will I, an thou wilt not heed mine hest.  
No pity for thine exile visits me.      [*Exit THESEUS.*]

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

- 1090 ἄραρεν, ὡς ἔοικεν· ὦ τάλας ἐγώ·  
 ὡς οἶδα μὲν ταῦτ', οἶδα δ' οὐχ ὅπως φράσω.  
 ὦ φιλτάτη μοι δαιμόνων Λητοῦς κόρη  
 σύνθακε συγκύναγε, φευξόμεσθα δὴ  
 κλεινὰς Ἀθήνας. ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ πόλις  
 καὶ γαῖ' Ἐρεχθέως· ὦ πέδον Τροιζήνιον,  
 ὡς ἐγκαθηβᾶν πόλλ' ἔχεις εὐδαίμονα,  
 χαῖρ'· ὕστατον γάρ σ' εἰσορῶν προσφθέγγομαι.  
 ἴτ', ὦ νέοι μοι τῆσδε γῆς ὁμήλικες,  
 προσείπαθ' ἡμᾶς καὶ προπέμψατε χθονός·  
 1100 ὡς οὐποτ' ἄλλον ἄνδρα σωφρονέστερον  
 ὄψεσθε, κεῖ μὴ ταῦτ' ἐμῷ δοκεῖ πατρί.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ἦ μέγα μοι τὰ θεῶν μελεδήμαθ', ὅταν στρ. α'  
 ἔλθῃ,  
 λύπας παραιρεῖ·  
 ξύνεσιν δέ τιν' ἐλπίδι κεύθων  
 λείπομαι ἐν τε τύχαις θνατῶν καὶ ἐν ἔργμασι  
 λεύσσω·  
 ἄλλα γὰρ ἄλλοθεν ἀμείβεται,  
 μετὰ δ' ἴσταται ἀνδράσιν αἰὼν  
 1110 πολυπλάνητος αἰεί.

## ἀντ. α'

εἶθε μοι εὐξαμένα θεόθεν τάδε μοῖρα παράσχοι,  
 τύχαν μετ' ὀλβου  
 καὶ ἀκήρατον ἄλγεσι θυμόν·  
 δόξα δέ μήτ' ἀτρεκῆς μήτ' αὖ παράσημος ἐνεῖη·  
 ῥάδια δ' ἤθεα τὸν αὖριον  
 μεταβαλλομένα χρόνον αἰεὶ  
 βίον συνευτυχοίην.

## HIPPOLYTUS

### HIPPOLYTUS

So then my fate is sealed Ah, woe is me ! 1090  
I know the truth, yet know not how to tell it.  
Dearest of Gods to me, O Leto's Child,  
Companion, fellow-huntress, I shall flee  
Athens the glorious. Farewell, City and Land  
Of old Erechtheus ! O Troezenian plain,  
How many pleasant paths of youth hast thou !  
Farewell : I see thee, hail thee, the last time.  
Come, O ye youths, mine age-mates in this land,  
Speak parting word : escort me from this soil :  
For never shall ye see a chaster man, 1100  
Albert this my sire believeth not. [*Exit.*]

### CHORUS

(*Str. 1*)  
When faith overfloweth my mind, God's providence  
all-embracing [but to *know* !]  
Banisheth griefs : but when doubt whispereth " Ah  
No clue through the tangle I find of fate and of life  
for my tracing .  
There is ever a change and many a change,  
And the mutable fortune of men evermore sways  
to and fro  
Over limitless range. 1110  
(*Ant. 1*)  
Ah, would the Gods hear prayer !—would they grant  
to me these supplications— [of pain,  
A lot with prosperity sweet, and a soul unshadowed  
And a faith neither fixed foursquare on the flint,  
nor on sandy foundations !  
Quick-shifting my sail to the coming breeze  
Of the morrow, so may I fleet, ever voyaging life's  
wide main  
Over stormless seas.

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

στρ. β'  
1120 οὐκέτι γὰρ καθαρὰν φρέν' ἔχω τὰ παρ' ἐλπίδα  
λεύσσω,

ἐπεὶ τὸν Ἑλλανίας  
φανερώτατον ἀστέρ' Ἀθήνας  
εἶδομεν εἶδομεν ἐκ πατρὸς ὀργᾶς  
ἄλλαν ἐπ' αἶαν ἰέμενον.

ὦ ψάμαθοι πολιήτιδος ἀκτᾶς  
δρυμός τ' ὄρειος, ὅθι κυνῶν  
ὠκυπόδων μέτα θήρας ἔναιρεν

1130 Δίκτυναν ἀμφὶ σεμνάν.

ἀντ. β'  
οὐκέτι συζυγίαν πώλων Ἐνετᾶν ἐπιβάσει  
τὸν ἀμφὶ Λίμνας τρόχον  
κατέχων ποδὶ γυμνάδος ἵππου.  
μοῦσα δ' ἄνπνος ὑπ' ἄντυγι χορδᾶν  
λήξει πατρῶον ἀνὰ δόμον·  
ἀστέφανοι δὲ κόρας ἀνάπαυλαι  
Λατοῦς βαθεῖαν ἀνὰ χλόαν·

1140 νυμφιδίων δ' ἀπόλωλε φυγᾷ σῇ  
λέκτρων ἄμιλλα κούραις.

ἐγὼ δὲ σῇ δυστυχίᾳ δάκρυσι διοίσω  
πότμον ἄποτμον· ὦ τάλαινα  
μᾶτερ, ἔτεκες ἀνόνατα· φεῦ,  
μανίῳ θεοῖσιν·

ἰὼ ἰὼ συζύγαι Χάριτες,

## HIPPOLYTUS

(*Str* 2)

My mind is a fountain troubled; I see things all  
undreamed : 1120

For the Star of Athens, that beamed  
The brightest withal in Hellas-land,  
We have seen him driven to an alien strand,  
By the wrath of a father have seen him  
banned

Ah, cityward sands, ye shall wait him in vain,  
And ye mountain woods, where streamed  
'Twixt the oaks the pack on the wild boar's  
track

In dread Dictynna's hunter-train, 1130  
Till the quarry was slain.

(*Ant.* 2)

Nevermore shall he harness the Henetan horses and  
leap on his car,

O'er the race-course of Limne afar  
To speed the courser's feet of fire :  
And the songs, that once 'neath the strings  
of the lyre

Slept never, shall cease in the halls of his sire.

Ungarlanded Artemis' bowers shall be

In the greenwood depths that are.

By thine exile have perished the sweet hopes  
cherished 1140

Of our maids, and their gentle rivalry  
In love for thee.

(*Epode*)

For thy woeful fate shall I pass amid tears fast-flowing  
A fortuneless fortune. O mother evil-starred,

This day thy birth-joy effaces !

I am wroth with the Gods :—O Graces

Aye linkèd in loving embraces,

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- 1150 τί τὸν τάλαν' ἐκ πατρίας γᾶς  
 τὸν οὐδὲν ἄτας αἵτιον  
 πέμπετε τῶνδ' ἀπ' οἴκων ;  
 καὶ μὴν ὀπαδὸν Ἰππολύτου τόνδ' εἰσορῶ  
 σπουδῇ σκυθρωπὸν πρὸς δόμους ὀρμώμενον.  
 ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ  
 ποῖ γῆς ἄνακτα τῆσδε Θησέα μολῶν  
 εὐροιμ' ἄν, ὦ γυναῖκες ; εἴπερ ἴστ', ἐμοὶ  
 σημήνατ'· ἄρα τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω ;  
 ΧΟΡΟΣ  
 ὃδ' αὐτὸς ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.  
 ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ  
 Θησεῦ, μερίμνης ἄξιον φέρω λόγον  
 σοὶ καὶ πολίταις οἳ τ' Ἀθηναίων πόλιν  
 ναίουσι καὶ γῆς τέρμονας Τροιζηνίας.  
 ΘΗΣΕΥΣ  
 1160 τί δ' ἔστι ; μὲν τις συμφορὰ νεωτέρα  
 δισσὰς κατέλληφ' ἀστυγείτονας πόλεις ;  
 ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ  
 Ἰππόλυτος οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὥς εἰπεῖν ἔπος·  
 δέδορκε μέντοι φῶς ἐπὶ σμικρᾷς ῥοπῆς.  
 ΘΗΣΕΥΣ  
 πρὸς τοῦ ; δι' ἔχθρας μὲν τις ἦν ἀφινγμένος,  
 ὅτου κατήσχυν' ἄλλοχον ὥς πατρὸς βία ;  
 ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ  
 οἰκεῖος αὐτὸν ὦλεσ' ἀρμάτων ὄχος  
 ἀραί τε τοῦ σοῦ στόματος, ἃς σὺ σφ' πατρὶ  
 πόντου κρέοντι παιδὸς ἡράσω πέρι.  
 ΘΗΣΕΥΣ  
 1170 ὦ θεοὶ Πόσειδόν θ', ὥς ἄρ' ἦσθ' ἐμὸς πατὴρ  
 ὀρθῶς, ἀκούσας τῶν ἐμῶν κατευγμάτων.



## HIPPOLYTUS

Why do ye suffer that he from his land should be going,  
From his home, who hath nowise earned a doom so  
bitter-hard ? 1150

But lo, I see Hippolytus' henchman nigh  
Hasting unto the halls with clouded brows

*Enter* MESSENGER.

MESSENGER

Where should I go and find this country's king,  
Theseus, ye women ? If ye know, declare  
Straightway to me Within these halls is he ?

CHORUS

Lo yonder where he cometh forth the halls.

*Enter* THESEUS

MESSENGER

Theseus, I bring a sorrow-kindling tale  
To thee and all the citizens which dwell  
In Athens and the bounds of Troezen-land.

THESEUS

What now ? Hath some disaster unforeseen 1160  
Fallen on these two neighbour-citied states ?

MESSENGER

Hippolytus is no more <sup>1</sup>—so may one say,  
Though yet a little space he seeth light.

THESEUS

Of whom slain ? Hath one met him in his wrath,  
Whose wife he had outraged, even as his sire's ?

MESSENGER

His proper chariot-team hath dealt him death,  
And thy mouth's curses, which thou didst call down  
From the Sea's Lord, thy father, on thy son.

THESEUS

O Gods ! Poseidon ! how thou wast indeed  
My father, who hast heard my malison ! 1170

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πῶς καὶ διώλετ' ; εἰπέ· τῷ τρόπῳ Δίκης  
ἔπαισεν αὐτὸν ῥόπτρον αἰσχύναντ' ἐμέ ;

## ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἀκτῆς κυμοδέγμονος πέλας  
ψήκτραισιν ἵππων ἐκτενίζομεν τρίχας  
κλαίοντες· ἦλθε γάρ τις ἄγγελος λέγων  
ὥς οὐκέτ' ἐν γῇ τῇδ' ἀναστρέψοι πόδα  
Ἴππολύτος, ἐκ σοῦ τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων.

1180

ὁ δ' ἦλθε ταῦτ' οὐκ ἐκ δακρύων ἔχων μέλος  
ἡμῖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς· μυρία δ' ὀπισθόπους  
φίλων ἅμ' ἔστειχ' ἡλίκων ὁμήγουρις.

χρόνῳ δὲ δήποτ' εἶπ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς γόνων·  
τί ταῦτ' ἀλύω ; πειστέον πατρὸς λόγοις.

ἐντύναθ' ἵππους ἄρμασι ζυγηφόρους,  
δμῶες· πόλις γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἔστιν ἡδε μοι.  
τοῦνθένδε μέντοι πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἠπείγετο,  
καὶ θᾶσσον ἢ λέγοι τις ἐξηρτυμένας  
πώλους παρ' αὐτὸν δεσπότην ἐστήσαμεν.

1190

μάρπτει δὲ χερσὶν ἡνίας ἀπ' ἀντυγος,  
αὐταῖσιν ἀρβύλαισιν ἀρμόσας πόδας.

καὶ πρῶτα μὲν θεοῖς εἶπ' ἀναπτύξας χέρας·  
Ζεῦ, μηκέτ' εἴην, εἰ κακὸς πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ·  
αἰσθοίτο δ' ἡμᾶς ὥς ἀτιμάζει πατήρ  
ἦτοι θανόντας ἢ φάος δεδορκότας.

κὰν τῷδ' ἐπῆγε κέντρον εἰς χεῖρας λαβῶν  
πῶλοις ὁμαρτῇ· πρόσπολοι δ' ἐφ' ἄρματος  
πέλας χαλινῶν εἰπόμεσθα δεσπότη  
τὴν εὐθύς Ἀργούς κἀπιδαυρίας ὁδόν.

1200

ἐπεὶ δ' ἔρημον χώρον εἰσεβάλλομεν,  
ἀκτὴ τις ἔστι τοῦπέκεινα τῆσδε γῆς  
πρὸς πόντον ἤδη κειμένη Σαρωνικόν.  
ἔνθεν τις ἡχὼ χθόνιος ὥς βροντὴ Διὸς

## HIPPOLYTUS

How perished he? In what way did the gin  
Of justice snap on him who wrought me shame?

### MESSENGER

We, hard beside the beach that greets the surf,  
With combs were smoothing out his hoises' manes  
Weeping: for word had come to us to say  
That no more in this land Hippolytus  
Might walk, of thee to wretched exile doomed.  
Then came he, bringing the same tale of tears  
To us upon the strand: a countless throng  
Of friends his age-mates following with him came 1180  
But, ceasing at the last from moan, he cried:  
"Why rave I thus? I must obey my sire  
Harness the horses to the chariot-yoke,  
My thralls. this city is no more for me."

Then, then did every man bestir himself.  
Swifter than one could say it were the steeds  
Harnessed, and by our lord's side set we them.  
Then the reins caught he from the chariot-rail,  
And in the car's foot-rests set firm his feet,  
But to the Gods first stretched his hands and cried: 1190  
"Zeus, may I die if I a villain am!  
May my sire know that he is wronging me,  
When I am dead, if not while I see light!"  
Then in his hand he took the scourge and smote  
At once the steeds. We henchmen by the car  
Fast by the reins attended on our lord  
Towards Argos straight and Epidauria.

And, as we entered on a desert tract,  
Beyond this Troezen's border lies a beach  
Sloping full down to yon Saronic Sea. 1200  
There from earth's womb a noise like Zeus's thunder

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

- βαρὺν βρόμον μεθήκε φρικώδη κλύειν·  
 ὀρθὸν δὲ κρατ' ἔστησαν οὓς τ' ἐς οὐρανὸν  
 ἵπποι· παρ' ἡμῖν δ' ἦν φόβος νεανικὸς  
 πόθεν ποτ' εἴη φθόγγος· εἰς δ' ἀλirρόθους  
 ἀκτὰς ἀποβλέψαντες ἱερὸν εἶδομεν  
 κυμ' οὐρανῷ στηρίζον, ὥστ' ἀφηρέθη  
 Σκείρωνος ἀκτὰς ὄμμα τοῦμόν εἰσορᾶν·  
 ἔκρυπτε δ' Ἴσθμόν καὶ πέτραν Ἀσκληπιοῦ.  
 1210 καῖπειτ' ἀνοιδῆσάν τε καὶ πέριξ ἀφρὸν  
 πολλὴν καχλάζον ποντίῳ φυσῆματι·  
 χωρεῖ πρὸς ἀκτὰς, οὐ τέθριππος ἦν ὄχος.  
 αὐτῷ δὲ σὺν κλύδωνι καὶ τρικυμῖα  
 κυμ' ἐξέθηκε ταῦρον, ἄγριον τέρας,  
 οὐ πᾶσα μὲν χθὼν φθέγματος πληρουμένη  
 φρικῶδες ἀντεφθέγγετ', εἰσορώσι δὲ  
 κρεῖσσον θέαμα δεργμάτων ἐφαίνετο.  
 εὐθύς δὲ πῶλοις δεινὸς ἐμπίπτει φόβος·  
 καὶ δεσπότης μὲν ἵππικοῖσιν ἤθεσι  
 1220 πολλὸς ξυνοικῶν ἦρπασ' ἡνίας χεροῖν,  
 ἔλκει δέ, κώπην ὥστε ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ,  
 ἱμάσιν εἰς τοῦπισθεν ἀρτήσας δέμας·  
 αἱ δ' ἐνδακοῦσαι στόμια πυριγενῇ γναθμοῖς  
 βία φέρουσιν, οὔτι ναυκλήρου χερὸς  
 οὔθ' ἵπποδέσμων οὔτε κολλητῶν ὄχων  
 μεταστρέφουσαι· καὶ μὲν εἰς τὰ μαλθακὰ  
 γαίας ἔχων οἶακας εὐθύνοι δρόμον,  
 προῦφαίνεται εἰς τοῦμπροσθεν, ὥστ' ἀναστρέφειν,  
 ταῦρος, φόβῳ τέτρωρον ἐκμαίνων ὄχον·  
 1230 εἰ δ' εἰς πέτρας φέροντο μαργῶσαι φρένας,  
 σιγῇ πελάζων ἀντυγι ξυνείπετο  
 εἰς τοῦθ' ἕως ἔσφηλε κἀνεχαίτισεν,  
 ἀψῖδα πέτρῳ προσβαλὼν ὀχήματος.

## HIPPOLYTUS

Made muffled roaring, a blood-curdling sound  
Then the steeds lifted head and pricked the ear;  
And thrilled through us most vehement dismay  
Whence might the sound be      To the sea-lashed  
   shores

Then glanced we, and a surge unearthly saw  
Up-columned to the sky, that from my sight  
Shrouded was all the beach Scironian;  
Veiled was the Isthmus and Asclepius' Crag.  
Then swelling higher, higher, and spurting forth      1210  
All round a cloud of foam and sea-blown spray,  
Shoreward it rusheth, toward the four-horse car.

Then from the breaker's midst and hugest surge  
The wave belched forth a bull, a monster fierce,  
With whose throat-thunder all the land was filled,  
And echoed awfully, as on our gaze  
He burst, a sight more dread than eyes could bear  
Straightway wild panic falleth on the steeds:  
Yet their lord, wholly conversant with wont  
Of horses, caught the reins in both his hands,      1220  
And tugs, as shipman tugs against the oar,  
Throwing his body's weight against the reins  
But on the fire-forged bits they clenched their teeth,  
And whirled him on o'ermastered, recking not  
Of steering hand, or curb, or strong car's weight  
And if, yet holding to the chariot-helm,  
Toward the smooth ground he strove to guide their  
   course,

Aye showed that bull in front, to turn them back,  
Maddening with fright the fourfold chariot-team.  
If toward the rocks they rushed with frenzied heart,      1230  
Fast by the rail in silence followed he  
On, till he fouled and overset the car,  
Dashing against a rock the chariot-felly.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

σύμφυρτα δ' ἦν ἅπαντα· σύριγγές τ' ἄνω  
 τροχῶν ἐπήδων ἄξόνων τ' ἐνήλατα.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ὁ τλήμων ἠνίαισιν ἐμπλακεῖς  
 δεσμὸν δυσεξήνυστον ἔλκεται δεθεῖς,  
 σποδοῦμενος μὲν πρὸς πέτραις φίλον κᾶρα,  
 θραύων δὲ σάρκα, δεινὰ δ' ἐξαυδῶν κλύειν·  
 1240 στήτ', ὧ φάτναισι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τεθραμμένοι,  
 μή μ' ἐξαλείψῃτ' ὧ πατρὸς τάλαιν' ἄρά.  
 τίς ἄνδρ' ἄριστον βούλεται σῶσαι παρῶν ;  
 πολλοὶ δὲ βουλευθέντες ὑστέρω ποδὶ  
 ἐλειπόμεσθα. χῶ μὲν ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθεῖς  
 τμητῶν ἱμάντων οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅτφ τρόπῳ  
 πίπτει, βραχὺν δὲ βίοντον ἐμπνέων ἔτι·  
 ἵπποι δ' ἐκρυφθεν καὶ τὸ δύστηνον τέρας  
 ταύρου λεπαίας οὐ κάτοιδ' ὅπου χθονός.  
 1250 δοῦλος μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε σῶν δόμων, ἄναξ,  
 ἀτὰρ τοσοῦτόν γ' οὐ δυνήσομαί ποτε  
 τὸν σὸν πιθέσθαι παῖδ' ὅπως ἐστὶν κακός,  
 οὐδ' εἰ γυναικῶν πᾶν κρεμασθείῃ γένος,  
 καὶ τὴν ἐν Ἰδῇ γραμμάτων πλήσειέ τις  
 πεύκην, ἐπεὶ νιν ἐσθλὸν ὄντ' ἐπίσταμαι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ· κέκρανται συμφορὰ νέων κακῶν,  
 οὐδ' ἔστι μοίρας τοῦ χρεῶν τ' ἀπαλλαγῇ.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

μίσει μὲν ἀνδρὸς τοῦ πεπονθότος τάδε  
 λόγοισιν ἥσθην τοῖσδε· νῦν δ' αἰδούμενος  
 θεοὺς τ' ἐκείνόν θ', οὐνεκ' ἐστὶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ,  
 1260 οὔθ' ἡδομαι τοῖσδ' οὔτ' ἐπάχθομαι κακοῖς.

### · ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ; κομίζειν, ἢ τί χρὴ τὸν ἄθλιον  
 δράσαντας ἡμᾶς σῇ χαρίζεσθαι φρενί ;

## HIPPOLYTUS

Then all was turmoil : upward leapt in air  
Naves of the wheels and linchpins of the axles  
And he, unhappy, tangled in the reins,  
Bound in indissoluble bonds, is haled  
Dashing his head against the cruel rocks,  
Rending his flesh, outshrieking piteous cries—  
“ O stay, ye horses nurtured at my cribs, 1240  
Destroy me not !—ah, father’s curse ill-starred !  
Will no one save an utter-innocent man ? ”  
Ah, many willed, but far behind were left  
With feet outstripped Loosed from the toils at  
last

Of clean-cut reins,—I know not in what wise,—  
He falls, yet breathing for short space of life  
Vanished the steeds and that accursed monster,  
The bull, mid rock-strewn ground, I know not where.

Thrall am I verily of thine house, O king ;  
Howbeit so foul a charge—I never can 1250  
Believe it of thy son, that he is vile,  
Not though all womankind should hang themselves,  
Though one should fill with writing every pine  
In Ida.—he is righteous, this I know

### CHORUS

Woe for accomplishment of new disaster  
No refuge is there from the doom of fate.

### THESEUS

For hatred of the man who thus hath fared,  
Glad for this tale was I : but now, for awe  
Of heaven, and for that he is yet my son,  
Glad for this judgment am I not, nor grieved. 1260

### MESSENGER

How then ?—must we bear yonder broken man  
Hither ?—or in what wise perform thy pleasure ?

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

φρόντιζ'· ἐμοῖς δὲ χρώμενος βουλευμασιν  
οὐκ ὤμους εἰς σὸν παῖδα δυστυχοῦντ' ἔσει.

### ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

κομίζετ' αὐτόν, ὥς ἰδὼν ἐν ὄμμασι  
τὸν τᾶμ' ἀπαρνηθέντα μὴ χρᾶναι λέχη  
λόγοις τ' ἐλέγξω δαιμόνων τε συμφοραῖς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ τὰν θεῶν ἄκαμπ-  
τον φρένα καὶ βροτῶν  
ἄγεις, Κύπρι· σὺν δ'  
1270 ὁ ποικιλόπτερος ἀμφιβαλὼν  
ὠκυτάτῳ πτερῷ·  
ποτᾶται 'πὶ γαῖαν εὐάχητόν θ'  
ἄλμυρόν ἐπὶ πόντον.  
θέλγει δ' Ἑρως, ᾧ μαινομένα κραδίᾳ  
πτανὸς ἐφορμάσῃ  
χρυσοφαῆς,  
φύσιν ὀρεσκόων  
σκυλάκων πελαγίων θ' ὅσα τε γὰ τρέφει,  
1280 τὰν Ἄλιος αἰθόμενος δέρκεται,  
ἄνδρας τε· συμπάντων δὲ  
βασιληίδα τιμάν, Κύπρι,  
τῶνδε μόνα κρατύνεις.



## HIPPOLYTUS

Bethink thee : if my counsel thou wilt heed,  
Harsh to thy stricken son thou wilt not be.

THESEUS

Bear him, that I may see before mine eyes  
Him who denied that he had stained my bed,  
By words and heaven's requital to convict him.

[*Exit* MESSENGER.]

CHORUS

Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low—  
Gods' hearts, and hearts of mortals ; when, flashing  
through thy portals  
On glory-gleaming pinion, flits Eros to and fro, 1270  
Love, under thy dominion unbending hearts bow low.

Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down  
witchery : [phant sailing,  
O'er maddened hearts prevailing, o'er earth trium-  
O'er music of the roaring of spray-bemantled sea,  
Gold-glittering wings wide-soaring, they rain down  
witchery

He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-  
born race : [he filleth :  
The mountain's whelps he thrilleth, the ocean's brood  
Where'er the sun's eye burning down looketh on  
earth's face, [born race  
He kindleth with his yearning all things of earth-

They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath 1280  
thy hand ! [royal  
O crownèd brows, whom loyal vassals acclaim sole-  
By spells all-comprehending in sky and sea and land ;  
They bend—all, all are bending, Love-queen, beneath  
thy hand !

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

## ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

σὲ τὸν εὐπατρίδαν Αἰγέως κέλομαι  
παῖδ' ἐπακοῦσαι·

Λητοῦς δὲ κόρη σ' Ἄρτεμις αὐδῶ.

Θησεῦ, τί τάλας τοῖσδε συνήδει,

παῖδ' οὐχ ὁσίως σὸν ἀποκτείνας,

ψευδέσι μύθοις ἀλόχου πεισθεις

ἄφανη; φανεράν δ' ἔσχεθες ἄτην.

1290 πῶς οὐχ ὑπὸ γῆς τάρταρα κρύπτεις  
δέμας αἰσχυνθείς,

ἢ πτηνὸς ἄνω μεταβὰς βίοντον

πήματος ἔξω πόδα τοῦδ' ἀνέχεις;

ὥς ἔν γ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀνδράσιν οὐ σοι

κτητὸν βίοντον μέρος ἐστίν.

ἄκουε, Θησεῦ, σὼν κακῶν κατάστασιν·

καίτοι προκόψω γ' οὐδέν, ἀλγυνῶ δὲ σέ.

ἀλλ' εἰς τόδ' ἦλθον, παιδὸς ἐκδείξαι φρένα

τοῦ σοῦ δικαίαν, ὥς ὑπ' εὐκλείας θάνῃ,

1300 καὶ σῆς γυναικὸς οἷστρον ἢ τρόπον τινὰ

γενναιότητα· τῆς γὰρ ἐχθίστης θεῶν

ἡμῖν, ὅσαισι παρθένειος ἡδονή,

δηχθεῖσα κέντροις παιδὸς ἡράσθη σέθεν.

γνώμη δὲ νικᾶν τὴν Κύπριν πειρωμένη

τροφοῦ διώλετ' οὐχ ἑκοῦσα μηχαναῖς,

ἢ σφ' δι' ὄρκων παιδὶ σημαίνει νόσον.

ὁ δ', ὥσπερ ὦν δίκαιος, οὐκ ἐφέσπετο

λόγοισιν, οὐδ' αὖ πρὸς σέθεν κακούμενος

ὄρκων ἀφείλε πίστιν, εὖσεβῆς γεγώς.

1310 ἢ δ' εἰς ἔλεγχον μὴ πέσῃ φοβουμένη

ψευδεῖς γραφὰς ἔγραψε καὶ διώλεσε

δόλοισι σὸν παῖδ'· ἀλλ' ὁμῶς ἔπεισέ σε.

## HIPPOLYTUS

*Enter ARTEMIS, veiled in a nectar-breathing cloud.*

ARTEMIS

Thou high-born scion of Aegeus, I call upon thee :

Theseus, give ear unto me.

It is Artemis, Leto's Daughter, that nameth thy name :

Why dost thou joy in thy shame, [moved  
Who hast murdered thy son unrighteously, thereto  
By the lies of thy wife unproved ? [found  
Ruin and wrack in the sight of the sun hast thou  
How wilt thou hide underground 1290  
Thy dishonour in hell, or upsoaring mid clouds, veil  
there

Thy life of remorse and despair ?  
For the part that was erstwhile thine in the good  
man's lot,

Behold, it is not.

Theseus, hear thou the posture of thy woes :—  
Yet have I no help for thee, only pain ;  
But I have come to show the righteousness  
Of thy son, that in fair fame he may die,  
And thy wife's fever-flame,—yet in some sort 1300  
Her nobleness She, stung by goads of her  
Whom we, who joy in purity, abhor  
Most of all Gods, was lovesick for thy son.  
Her reason fought her passion, and she died  
Through schemes wherein she had no part: her nurse  
Told under oath-seal to thy son her pangs :  
He, even as was righteous, would not heed  
The tempting ; no, nor when sore-wronged of thee  
Broke he the oath's pledge, for he feared the Gods  
But she, adread to be of sin convict, 1310  
Wrote that false writing, and by treachery so  
Destroyed thy son —and thou believedst her !

# ΠΗΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

οἶμοι.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

δάκνει σε, Θησεύ, μῦθος ; ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἥσυχος,  
τοῦνθένδ' ἀκούσας ὥς ἂν οἰμώξης πλέον.  
ἄρ' οἴσθα πατρὸς τρεῖς ἀρὰς σαφεῖς ἔχων ;  
ὦν τὴν μίαν παρείλες, ὦ κάκιστε σύ,  
εἰς παῖδα τὸν σόν, ἐξὸν εἰς ἐχθρόν τινα.  
πατὴρ μὲν οὖν σοι πόντιος φρονῶν καλῶς  
ἔδωχ' ὅσονπερ χρῆν, ἐπείπερ ἤνεσεν  
σὺ δ' ἔν τ' ἐκείνῳ κὰν ἐμοὶ φαίνει κακός,  
ὃς οὔτε πίστιν οὔτε μάντεων ὅπα  
ἔμεινας, οὐκ ἤλεγξας, οὐ χρόνῳ μακρῷ  
σκέψιν παρέσχες, ἀλλὰ θᾶσσον ἢ σ' ἐχρήν  
ἀρὰς ἐφήκας παιδὶ καὶ κατέκτανες.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δέσποιν', ὀλοίμην.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

δεῖν' ἔπραξας, ἀλλ' ὅμως  
ἔτ' ἔστι σοὶ καὶ τῶνδε συγγνώμης τυχεῖν.  
Κύπρις γὰρ ἤθελ' ὥστε γίγνεσθαι τάδε,  
πληροῦσα θυμόν θεοῖσι δ' ὦδ' ἔχει νόμος·  
οὐδεὶς ἀπαντᾶν βούλεται προθυμία  
τῇ τοῦ θέλοντος, ἀλλ' ἀφιστάμεσθ' αἰεί.  
ἐπεὶ σάφ' ἴσθι, Ζῆνα μὴ φοβουμένη  
οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἦλθον εἰς τόδ' αἰσχύνης ἐγὼ  
ὥστ' ἄνδρα πάντων φίλτατον βροτῶν ἐμοὶ  
θανεῖν εἶσαι. τὴν δὲ σὴν ἀμαρτίαν  
τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι μὲν πρῶτον ἐκλύει κάκης·  
ἔπειτα δ' ἡ θανοῦς ἀνήλωσεν γυνή  
λόγων ἐλέγχους ὥστε σὴν πείσαι φρένα.  
μάλιστα μὲν νυν σοὶ τὰδ' ἔρρωγεν κακά,

## HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Ah me !

ARTEMIS

Is it torture, Theseus ?—Nay, but hear me out,  
That hearing all thou mayst the more lament.  
Thy sire's sure curses three—rememberest them ?  
One hast thou thus misused, O villain thou,  
Against thy son, which might have quelled a foe !  
Thy sire the Sea-king, in his love's despite,  
Gave as he needs must, seeing he had pledged  
him :

Yet wicked in his eyes and mine art thou, 1320  
Who wouldst not wait for proof, nor prophet's voice,  
Nor yet make inquisition, nor let time  
Slowly reveal all, but with criminal haste  
Didst hurl the curse upon thy son, and slay.

THESEUS

Queen, ruin seize me !

ARTEMIS

Deep thy sin : but yet  
Even thou for this mayst win forgiveness still :  
For Cypris willed that all this should befall  
To glut her spite. And this the Gods' wont is :—  
None doth presume to thwart the fixed design  
Willed by his fellow · still aloof we stand 1330  
Else be thou sure that, but for dread of Zeus,  
I never would have known this depth of shame,  
To suffer one, of all men best beloved  
Of me, to die. But thy transgression, first,  
Thine ignorance from utter sin redeems ;  
Then, by her death thy wife made void all test  
Of these her words, and won thy credence so.  
Now, most on thee this storm of woe hath burst ;

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1340      *λύπη δὲ καμοί· τοὺς γὰρ εὖσεβεῖς θεοὶ  
 θνήσκοντας οὐ χαίρουσι· τοὺς γε μὴν κακοὺς  
 αὐτοῖς τέκνοισι καὶ δόμοις ἐξόλλυμεν.*

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

*καὶ μὴν ὁ τάλας ὅδε δὴ στείχει,  
 σάρκας νεαρὰς ξανθὸν τε κῆρα  
 διαλυμανθείς. ὦ πόνος οἴκων,  
 οἶον ἐκράνθη δίδυμον μελάρθοις  
 πένθος θεόθεν καταληπτόν.*

### ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

*αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
 δύστηνος ἐγώ, πατὴρ ἐξ ἀδίκου  
 χρησμοῖς ἀδίκους διελυμάνθην.  
 1350      ἀπόλωλα τάλας, οἴμοι μοι.  
 διὰ μου κεφαλῆς ἄσσουσ' ὀδύναι,  
 κατὰ δ' ἐγκέφαλον πηδᾷ σφάκελος.  
 σχέες, ἀπειρηκὸς σῶμ' ἀναπαύσω.  
 ἔ ἔ·  
 ὦ στυγνὸν ὄχημ' ἵππειον, ἐμῆς  
 βόσκημα χερός,  
 διὰ μ' ἐφθειρας, κατὰ δ' ἔκτεινας.  
 φεῦ φεῦ· πρὸς θεῶν, ἀτρέμας, δμῶες,  
 χροὸς ἐλκώδους ἄπτεσθε χεροῖν  
 1360      τίς ἐφέστηκεν δεξιὰ πλευροῖς ;  
 πρόσφορά μ' αἵρετε, σύντονα δ' ἔλκετε  
 τὸν κακοδαίμονα καὶ κατάρατον*

## HIPPOLYTUS

Yet grief is mine : for when the righteous die  
The Gods joy not. The wicked, and withal 1340  
Their children and their homes, do we destroy

### CHORUS

Lo, lo, the stricken one borne  
Hitherward, with his young flesh torn  
And his golden head of its glory shorn !  
Ah, griefs of the house !—what doom  
Twofold on thine halls hath come  
By the Gods' will shrouded in sorrow's gloom !  
*Enter hearers with* HIPPOLYTUS.

### HIPPOLYTUS

Woe, woe for a son  
By the doom of his sire  
All marred and undone ! 1350  
Through mine head leapeth fire  
Of the agony-flashes, and throbbeth my brain like a  
hard-stricken lyre.

Let me rest—ah forbear !—  
For my strength is sped.  
Cursèd horses, ye were  
Of mine own hands fed,  
Yet me have ye wholly destroyed, yet me have ye  
stricken dead !

For the Gods' sake, bear  
Me full gently, each thrall !  
Thou to right, have a care !— 1360  
Soft let your hands fall ,  
Tenderly bear the sore-mangled, on-stepping in  
time, one and all,

The unhappy on-bearing,  
And cursèd, I ween,

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

πατρὸς ἀμπλακίαις. Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, τάδ' ὄρα·  
 ὃδ' ὁ σεμνὸς ἐγὼ καὶ θεοσέπτωρ,  
 ὃδ' ὁ σωφροσύνη πάντας ὑπερσχῶν  
 προὔπτον ἐς Ἄϊδην στείχῳ κατὰ γῆς,  
 ὀλέσας βίοτον· μόχθους δ' ἄλλως  
 τῆς εὐσεβίας  
 εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἐπόνησα.

1370

αἰαῖ αἰαῖ·  
 καὶ νῦν ὀδύνα μ' ὀδύνα βαίνει.  
 μέθετέ με τάλανα·  
 καί μοι Θάνατος Παιὰν ἔλθοι.  
 προσαπόλλυτέ μ' ὄλλυτε τὸν δυσδαί-  
 μονά μ'· ἀμφιτόμου λόγχας ἔραμαι  
 διαμοιρᾶσαι,  
 διὰ τ' εὐνᾶσαι τὸν ἐμὸν βίοτον.  
 ὦ πατρὸς ἐμοῦ δύστανος ἀρά·  
 μισαίνων [τε] συγγόνων,

1380

παλαιῶν προγεννητόρων  
 ἐξορίζεται κακὸν οὐδὲ μέλλει,  
 ἔμολε τ' ἐπ' ἐμὲ  
 τί ποτε τὸν οὐδὲν ὄντ' ἐπαίτιον κακῶν;  
 ἰὼ μοι, τί φῶ;  
 πῶς ἀπαλλάξω βιοτὰν  
 ἐμὰν τοῦδ' ἀναλγήτου πάθους;  
 εἴθε με κοιμίσειε τὸν δυσδαίμον'  
 Ἄϊδου μέλαινα νύκτερός τ' ἀνάγκα.

## ARTEMIS

1390

ὦ τλήμων, οἷα συμφορᾷ συνεζύγης·  
 τὸ δ' εὐγενές σε τῶν φρενῶν ἀπώλεσεν.



## HIPPOLYTUS

Of his father's own ering :—  
Ah Zeus, hast thou seen ?  
Innocent I, ever fearing the Gods, who was wholly  
heart-clean

Above all men beside,—  
Lo, how am I thrust  
Unto Hades, to hide  
My life in the dust !  
All vainly I revered God, and in vain unto man  
was I just.

Let the stricken one be !— 1370  
Ah, mine anguish again !—  
Give ye sleep unto me,  
Death-salve for my pain,  
The sleep of the sword for the wretched—I long, oh  
I long to be slain

Dire curse of my father !—  
Sins, long ago wrought  
Of mine ancestors, gather . 1380  
Their doom tarries not,  
But the scourge overfloweth the innocent—wherefore  
on me is it brought ?

Ah for words of a spell,  
That my soul might take flight  
From the tortures, with fell  
Unrelentings that smite !  
Oh for the blackness of Hades, the sleep of Necess-  
ity's night !

ARTEMIS  
Unhappy, bowed 'neath what disaster's yoke !  
Thine own heart's nobleness hath ruined thee. 1390

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ἔα·

ὦ θεῖον ὁδομῆς πνεῦμα· καὶ γὰρ ἐν κακοῖς  
ὦν ἡσθόμην σου κἀνεκουφίσθην δέμας·  
ἔστ' ἐν τόποισι τοισίδ' Ἄρτεμις θεά;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, ἔστι, σοί γε φιλτάτη θεῶν.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὁρᾷς με, δέσποιν', ὡς ἔχω, τὸν ἄθλιον;

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ὁρῶ· κατ' ὅσων δ' οὐ θέμις βαλεῖν δάκρυ.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι σοι κυναγὸς οὐδ' ὑπηρέτης,

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

οὐ δῆτ'· ἀτάρ μοι προσφιλὴς γ' ἀπόλλυσαι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐδ' ἵππονώμας οὐδ' ἀγαλμάτων φύλαξ.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

1400 Κύπρις γὰρ ἡ πανοῦργος ᾧδ' ἐμήσατο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ᾧμοι· φρονῶ δὴ δαίμον' ἧ μ' ἀπώλεσε.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

τιμῆς ἐμέμφθη, σωφρονοῦντι δ' ἤχθετο.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τρεῖς ὄντας ἡμᾶς ᾤλεσ', ἥσθημαι, Κύπρις.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

πατέρα γε καὶ σὲ καὶ τρίτην ξυνάορον.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ᾧμωξα τοίνυν καὶ πατρὸς δυσπραξίας.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἐξηπατήθη δαίμονος βουλεύμασιν.

## HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, perfume-breath celestial !—mid my pains  
I feel thee, and mine anguish is assuaged  
Lo in this place the Goddess Artemis !

ARTEMIS

Yea, hapless one, of Gods best friend to thee.

HIPPOLYTUS

O Queen, seest thou my plight—the stricken one ?

ARTEMIS

I see—but tears are to mine eyes forbid.

HIPPOLYTUS

None now shall hark thine hounds, nor do thee  
service—

ARTEMIS

Ah no ! Yet dear to me thou perishest

HIPPOLYTUS

Nor tend thy steeds, nor guard thine images

ARTEMIS

This all-permicious Cypris hath contrived—

1400

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah me ! what Goddess blasts me now I know !

ARTEMIS

Jealous for honour, wroth with chastity.

HIPPOLYTUS

Three hath one hand destroyed, I see it now

ARTEMIS

Thy father—thee—thy father's wife the third

HIPPOLYTUS

Yea, and I wail my father's misery.

ARTEMIS

By plots of deity was he beguiled.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλας σὺ τῆσδε συμφορᾶς, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὀλωλα, τέκνον, οὐδέ μοι χάρις βίου.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

στένω σὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'μὲ τῆς ἁμαρτίας.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1410 εἰ γὰρ γενοίμην, τέκνον, ἀντὶ σοῦ νεκρός.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ δῶρα πατρὸς σοῦ Ποσειδῶνος πικρά.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὥς μήποτ' ἐλθεῖν ὄφελ' εἰς τοῦμόν στόμα.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τί δ'; ἔκτανές τ' αὖν μ', ὥς τότ' ἦσθ' ὠργισμένος.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

δόξης γὰρ ἤμεν πρὸς θεῶν ἐσφαλμένοι.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἦν ἀραίον δαίμοσιν βροτῶν γένος.

ΑΡΤΕΜΙΣ

ἔασον· οὐ γὰρ οὐδὲ γῆς ὑπὸ ζόφον

θεᾶς ἄτιμοι Κύπριδος ἐκ προθυμίας

ὀργαὶ κατασκήψουσιν εἰς τὸ σὸν δέμας

σῆς εὐσεβείας ἀγαθῆς φρενὸς χάριν.

1420 ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῆς ἄλλον ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς

δς ἂν μάλιστα φίλτατος κυρῇ βροτῶν

τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῖσδε τιμωρήσομαι

σοὶ δ', ὦ ταλαίπωρ, ἀντὶ τῶνδε τῶν κακῶν

τιμὰς μεγίστας ἐν πόλει Τροιζηνίᾳ

δώσω· κόραι γὰρ ἄζυγες γάμων πάρος

κόμας κεροῦνταί σοι, δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ

πένθη μεγίστα δακρύων καρπουμένῳ.

## HIPPOLYTUS

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah father, woe is thee for this mischance !

THESEUS

I am slain, my son : no joy have I in life !

HIPPOLYTUS

More than myself I mourn thee for thine error

THESEUS

Would God I could but die for thee, my son ! 1410

HIPPOLYTUS

Ah, bitter gifts of that Sea-god, thy sire !

THESEUS

Ah that the word had never passed my lips !

HIPPOLYTUS

Wherefore ?—thou wouldst for wrath have slain me  
still.

THESEUS

Yea, for the Gods had caused my wit to stumble.

HIPPOLYTUS

Oh that men's curses could but strike the Gods !

ARTEMIS

Let be : for even in the nether gloom  
Not unavenged shall be the stroke that fell  
Upon thy frame through rage of Cypris' spite,  
For thy pure soul's and for thy reverence' sake.  
For upon one, her minion, with mine hand— 1420  
Whoso is dearest of all men to her—  
With these unerring shafts will I avenge me.  
And to thee, hapless one, for these thy woes  
High honours will I give in Troezen-town.  
Ere their espousals shall all maids unwed  
For thee cut off their hair · through age on age  
Full harvests shalt thou reap of tears of grieving

# ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

1430 αἰὲ δὲ μουσοποιὸς εἰς σὲ παρθένων  
 ἔσται μέριμνα, κοῦκ ἀνώνυμος πεσὼν  
 ἔρως ὁ Φαίδρας εἰς σὲ σιγηθήσεται.  
 σὺ δ', ὦ γεραιοῦ τέκνον Αἰγέως, λαβὲ  
 σὸν παῖδ' ἐν ἀγκάλαισι καὶ προσέλκυσαι·  
 ἄκων γὰρ ὤλεσάς νιν· ἀνθρώποισι δὲ  
 θεῶν διδόντων εἰκὸς ἐξαμαρτάνειν.  
 καὶ σοὶ παραινῶ πατέρα μὴ στυγεῖν σέθεν,  
 Ἴππόλυτ'. ἔχεις γὰρ μοῖραν ἢ διεφθάρης.  
 καὶ χαῖρ'. ἐμοὶ γὰρ οὐ θέμις φθιτοὺς ὁρᾶν  
 οὐδ' ὄμμα χραίνειν θανασίμοισιν ἐκπνοαῖς·  
 ὁρῶ δέ σ' ἤδη τοῦδε πλησίον κακοῦ.

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

1440 χαίρουσα καὶ σὺ στείχε, παρθέν' ὀλβία·  
 μακρὰν δὲ λείπεις ῥαδίως ὁμιλίαν.  
 λύω δὲ νεῖκος πατρὶ χρηζούσης σέθεν·  
 καὶ γὰρ πάροιθε σοῖς ἐπειθόμην λόγοις  
 αἰαῖ, κατ' ὅσων κιγχάνει μ' ἤδη σκότος·  
 λαβοῦ, πάτερ, μου καὶ κατόρθωσον δέμας.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦμοι, τέκνον, τί δρᾷς με τὸν δυσδαίμονα;

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὄλωλα καὶ δὴ νερτέρων ὁρῶ πύλας.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ἦ τὴν ἐμὴν ἀναγνον ἐκλιπὼν φρένα ;<sup>1</sup>

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σε τοῦδ' ἐλευθερῶ φόνου.

## ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

1450 τί φῆς; ἀφίης αἵματός μ' ἐλεύθερον;

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τὴν τοξόδαμνον παρθένον μαρτύρομαι.

<sup>1</sup> Some MSS have χέρα,

## HIPPOLYTUS

Ever of thee song-waking memory  
Shall live in virgins ; nor shall Phaedra's love  
Forgotten in thy story be unhymned. 1430  
But thou, O son of ancient Aegeus, take  
Thy child into thine arms, and fold him close  
Not of thy will thou slewest him, and well  
May men transgress when Gods are thrusting on.  
Thee too I charge, Hippolytus—hate not  
Thy father : 'tis by fate thou perishest  
Farewell : I may not gaze upon the dead,  
Nor may with dying gasps pollute my sight .  
And now I see that thou art near the end

[*Exit* ARTEMIS.

HIPPOLYTUS

Farewell to thy departing, Maiden blest. 1440  
Light falls on thee long fellowship's severance '  
Lo, I forgive my father at thy suit,  
As heretofore have I obeyed thy word.  
Ah, o'er mine eyes even now the darkness draws !  
Take, father, take my body and upraise.

THESEUS

Ah me ! what dost thou, child, to hapless me ?

HIPPOLYTUS

I am gone—yea, I behold the gates of death !

THESEUS

Wilt leave me—and my conscience murder-stained ?

HIPPOLYTUS

No, no ! I do absolve thee of my death

THESEUS

How say'st thou ?—dost assail me of thy blood ? 1450

HIPPOLYTUS

I call to witness Bow-queen Artemis

## ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ΣΤΕΦΑΝΗΦΟΡΟΣ

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὡς γενναῖος ἐκφαίνει πατρί.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

τοιῶνδε παίδων γνησίων εὐχου τυχεῖν.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ μοι φρενὸς σῆς εὐσεβοῦς τε ἀγαθῆς.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, χαῖρε πολλά μοι, πάτερ.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

μή νυν προδῶς με, τέκνον, ἀλλὰ καρτέρει.

ΙΠΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ

κεκαρτέρηται τᾶμ'· ὄλωλα γάρ, πάτερ·  
κρύψον δέ μου πρόσωπον ὡς τάχος πέπλοις.

ΘΗΣΕΥΣ

ὦ κλείν' Ἀθηνῶν Παλλάδος θ' ὀρίσματα,  
οἴου στερήσεσθ' ἀνδρός. ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ·  
ὡς πολλά, Κύπρι, σὼν κακῶν μεμνήσομαι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κοινὸν τόδ' ἄχος πᾶσι πολίταις  
ἦλθεν ἀέλπτως.

πολλῶν δακρύων ἔσται πίτυλος·  
τῶν γὰρ μεγάλων ἀξιοπενθεῖς  
φῆμαι μᾶλλον κατέχουσιν.

1460

ὦ μάκαρ, οἷας ἔλαχες τιμὰς,  
Ἰππόλυθ' ἥρως, διὰ σωφροσύνην  
οὐποτε θνητοῖς  
ἀρετῆς ἕλλη δύναμις μείζων·  
ἦλθε γὰρ ἢ πρόσθ' ἢ μετόπισθεν  
τῆς εὐσεβίας χάρις ἐσθλή.



## HIPPOLYTUS

THESEUS

Dearest, how noble show'st thou to thy sire !

HIPPOLYTUS

Pray to have such sons—sons in wedlock born.

THESEUS

Woe for thy reverent soul, thy righteous heart !

HIPPOLYTUS

Father, farewell thou too—untold farewells !

THESEUS

Forsake me not, my son !—be strong to bear !

HIPPOLYTUS

My strength is overborne—I am gone, my father  
Cover my face with mantles with all speed. [*Dies.*

THESEUS

O bounds of Athens, Pallas' glorious realm,  
What hero will be lost to you ! Woe's me !  
Cypris, how oft shall I recall thy wrong !

1460

CHORUS

On the city hath lighted a stroke without warning,  
On all hearts desolation  
Rain down, O ye fast-dropping tears of our mourning !  
When the mighty are fallen, their burial-oblation  
Is the wail of a nation.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt OMNES.*

<sup>1</sup> 1462-66 allude to the death of Pericles, which happened shortly before the representation of this play The poet in fact changed, to meet the occasion, the original ending, which ran thus :—

O blest one, what honours have fallen to thee,  
O hero, because of thy chastity ;  
Never shall aught be more of worth  
Than virtue unto the sons of earth ;  
For soon or late on the fear of God  
Goodly reward shall be bestowed.

[*Stobaeus, Florilegium* ]



MEDEA



## ARGUMENT

WHEN the Heroes, who sailed in the ship *Argo* to bring home the Golden Fleece, came to the land of Colchis, they found that to win that treasure was a deed passing the might of mortal man, so terribly was it guarded by monsters magical, even fire-breathing bulls and an un-sleeping dragon. But *Aphrodite* caused *Medea* the sorceress, daughter of *Aeetes* the king of the land, to love *Jason* their captain, so that by her magic he overcame the bulls and the dragon. Then *Jason* took the Fleece, and *Medea* withal, for that he had pledged him to wed her in the land of Greece. But as they fled, *Absyrtus* her brother pursued them with a host of war, yet by *Medea's* devising was he slain. So they came to the land of *Iolcos*, and to *Pelias*, who held the kingdom which was *Jason's* of right. But *Medea* by her magic wrought upon *Pelias's* daughters so that they slew their father. Yet by reason of men's horror of the deed might not *Jason* and *Medea* abide in the land, and they came to *Corinth*. But there all men rejoiced for the coming of a hero so mighty in war and a lady renowned for wisdom unearthly, for that *Medea* was grandchild of the Sun-god. But after ten years, *Creon* the king of the land spake to *Jason*, saying, "Lo, I will give thee my daughter to wife, and thou shalt reign after me, if thou wilt put away thy wife *Medea*; but her and her two sons will I banish from the land." So *Jason* consented. And of this befell things strange and awful, which are told herein.

## ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ΙΑΣΩΝ

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΠΑΙΔΕΣ ΜΗΔΕΙΑΣ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

NURSE OF MEDEA'S CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.<sup>1</sup>

MEDEA

CHORUS OF CORINTHIAN LADIES.

CREON, *King of Corinth.*

JASON

AEGEUS, *King of Athens.*

MESSSENGER.

CHILDREN OF MEDEA

The Scene is in front of Jason's House at Corinth.

<sup>1</sup> *Paedagogus* —A trusted servant, responsible for keeping the boys out of harm's way he was present at their sports, accompanied them to and from school, and never let them be out of his sight. A similar institution is familiar to Englishmen resident in India.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

Εἴθ' ὄφελ' Ἀργοῦς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος  
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυανέας Συμπληγάδας,  
μηδ' ἐν νάπαισι Πηλίου πεσεῖν ποτε  
τμηθεῖσα πεύκη, μηδ' ἐρετμῶσαι χέρας  
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων οἳ τὸ πάγχρυσον δέρος  
Πελίᾳ μετῆλθον. οὐ γὰρ ἂν δέσποιν' ἐμῇ  
Μήδεια πύργους γῆς ἔπλευσ' Ἰωλκίας  
ἔρωτι θυμὸν ἐκπλαγείσ' Ἰάσονος,  
οὐδ' ἂν κτανεῖν πείσασα Πελιάδας κόρας  
10 πατέρα κατῴκει τήνδε γῆν Κορινθίαν  
ξύν ἀνδρὶ καὶ τέκνοισιν, ἀνδάνουσα μὲν  
φυγῇ πολιτῶν ὧν ἀφίκετο χθόνα,  
αὐτῇ τε πάντα ξυμφέρουσ' Ἰάσωνι.  
ἥπερ μεγίστη γίγνεται σωτηρία,  
ὅταν γυνὴ πρὸς ἄνδρα μὴ διχοστατῇ.  
νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ πάντα, καὶ νοσεῖ τὰ φίλτατα.  
προδοὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ τέκνα δεσπότην τ' ἐμὴν  
γάμοις Ἰάσων βασιλικοῖς εὐνάζεται,  
γῆμας Κρέοντος παῖδ', ὃς αἰσυμνᾷ χθονός·  
20 Μήδεια δ' ἡ δύστηνος ἡτιμασμένη  
βοᾷ μὲν ὄρκους, ἀνακαλεῖ δὲ δεξιᾶς  
πίστιν μεγίστην, καὶ θεοὺς μαρτύρεται  
οἷας ἀμοιβῆς ἐξ Ἰάσονος κυρεῖ.  
κεῖται δ' ἄσιτος, σῶμ' ὑφείσ' ἀλγυδόσι,



## MEDEA

*Enter NURSE of Medea's Children.*

NURSE

WOULD God that Argo's hull had never flown  
Through those blue Clashing Rocks to Colchis-  
land,  
Nor that the axe-hewn pine in Pelion's glens  
Ever had fallen, nor filled with oars the hands  
Of hero-princes, who at Pelias' hest  
Quested the Golden Fleece ! My mistress then,  
Medea, ne'er had sailed to Iolcos' towers  
With love for Jason thrilled through all her soul,  
Nor had on Pelias' daughters wrought to slay  
Their sire, nor now in this Corinthian land  
Dwelt with her lord and children, gladdening  
By this her exile them whose land received her, 10  
Yea, and in all things serving Jason's weal,  
Which is the chief salvation of the home,  
When wife stands not at variance with her lord  
Now all is hatred : love is sickness-stricken  
For Jason, traitor to his babes and her,  
My mistress, weddeth with a child of kings,  
Daughter of Creon ruler of the land.  
And, slighted thus, Medea, hapless wife,  
Cries on the oaths, invokes that mightiest pledge 20  
Of the right hand, and calls the Gods to witness  
What recompense from Jason she receives  
Fasting, with limbs in grief's abandonment

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τὸν πάντα συντήκουσα δακρύοις χρόνον,  
 ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ἦσθετ' ἡδίκημένη,  
 οὐτ' ὅμμι' ἐπαίρουσ' οὐτ' ἀπαλλάσσουσα γῆς  
 πρόσωπον· ὥς δὲ πέτρος ἢ θαλάσσιος  
 30 κλύδων ἀκούει νουθετουμένη φίλων·  
 ἦν μή ποτε στρέψασα πάλλευκον δέρην  
 αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτὴν πατέρ' ἀποιμώζη φίλον  
 καὶ γαίαν οἴκους θ', οὓς προδοῦσ' ἀφίκετο  
 μετ' ἀνδρὸς ὃς σφε νῦν ἀτιμάσας ἔχει.  
 ἔγνωκε δ' ἡ τάλαινα συμφορᾶς ὑπο  
 οἶον πατρώας μὴ ἀπολείπεσθαι χθονός.  
 στυγεῖ δὲ παῖδας οὐδ' ὀρώσ' εὐφραίνεται.  
 δέδοικα δ' αὐτὴν μή τι βουλεύσῃ νέον·  
 βαρεῖα γὰρ φρήν, οὐδ' ἀνέξεται κακῶς  
 40 πᾶσχουσ'· ἐγὼ δα τήνδε, δειμαίνω τέ νιν,  
 [μὴ θηκτὸν ὥσῃ φάσγανον δι' ἥπατος,  
 σιγῇ δόμους εἰσβᾶσ', ἔν' ἔστρωται λέχος,  
 ἢ καὶ τύραννον τόν τε γήμαντα κτάνη  
 κᾶπειτα μείζω συμφορὰν λάβῃ τινά.]  
 δεινὴ γάρ· οὗτοι ῥαδίως γε συμβαλὼν  
 ἔχθραν τις αὐτῇ καλλίνικον οἴσεται.  
 ἀλλ' οἷδε παῖδες ἐκ τρόχων πεπαυμένοι,  
 στεῖχουσιν, μητρὸς οὐδὲν ἐννοοῦμενοι  
 κακῶν· νέα γὰρ φροντὶς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

50 παλαιὸν οἴκων κτῆμα δεσποίνης ἐμῆς,  
 τί πρὸς πύλαισι τήνδ' ἄγουσ' ἐρημίαν  
 ἔστηκας, αὐτὴ θρεομένη σαντῇ κακά ;  
 πῶς σοῦ μόνη Μῆδεια λείπεσθαι θέλει ;

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τέκνων ὁπαδὲ πρέσβυ τῶν Ἰάσονος,  
 χρηστοῖσι δούλοις ξυμφορὰ τὰ δεσποτῶν

## MEDEA

Flung down, she weeps and wastes through all the  
days

Since first she knew her lord's wrong done to her,  
Never uplifting eye, nor turning ever  
From earth her face No more than rock or sea-wave  
Hearkeneth she to friends that counsel her;  
Saving at whiles, when, lifting her white neck, 30  
To herself she wails her father once beloved,  
Her land, her home, forsaking which she came  
Hither with him who holds her now contemned  
Alas for her ! she knows, by affliction taught,  
How good is fatherland forfeited  
She loathes her babes, joys not beholding them  
And what she may devise I dread to think  
Grim is her spirit, one that will not brook  
Mishandling. yea, I know her, and I fear  
Lest to her bridal bower she softly steal, 40  
And through her own heart thrust the whetted knife,  
Or slay the king and him that weds his child,  
And get herself some doom yet worse thereby ;  
For dangerous is she · who begins a feud  
With her, not soon shall sing the triumph-song.  
But lo, her boys, their racing-sport put by,  
Draw near, all careless of their mother's wrongs,  
For the young heart loves not to brood in grief  
*Enter CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, with boys.*

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

O ancient chattel of my mistress' home,  
Why at the gates thus lonely standest thou, 50  
Thyself unto thyself discoursing ills ?  
How wills Medea to be left of thee ?

NURSE

O grey attendant thou of Jason's sons,  
The hearts of faithful servants still are touched

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακῶς πίτνοντα καὶ φρενῶν ἀνθάπτεται.  
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοῦτ' ἐκβέβηκ' ἀλγηδόνης,  
ὥσθ' ἵμερός μ' ὑπῆλθε γῇ τε κούρανῳ  
λέξαι μολούσῃ δεῦρο Μηδείας τύχας.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔπω γὰρ ἡ τάλαινα παύεται γόων ;

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

80 ζηλῶ σ'· ἐν ἀρχῇ πῆμα κοῦδέπω μεσοῖ.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

ὦ μῶρος, εἰ χρὴ δεσπότης εἰπεῖν τόδε·  
ὥς οὐδὲν οἶδε τῶν νεωτέρων κακῶν.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, ὦ γεραιέ ; μὴ φθόνει φράσαι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὐδέν· μετέγνων καὶ τὰ πρόσθ' εἰρημένα.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

μή, πρὸς γενείου, κρύπτε σύνδουλον σέθεν·  
συγὴν γάρ, εἰ χρή, τῶνδε θήσομαι πέρι.

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

70 ἤκουσά του λέγοντος οὐ δοκῶν κλύειν,  
πεσσοὺς προσελθών, ἔνθα δὴ παλαίτατοι  
θάσσουσι, σεμνὸν ἀμφὶ Πειρήνης ὕδωρ,  
ὥς τούσδε παῖδας γῆς ἐλᾶν Κορινθίας  
σὺν μητρὶ μέλλοι τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς  
Κρέων. ὁ μέντοι μῦθος εἰ σαφῆς ὅδε  
οὐκ οἶδα· βουλοίμην δ' ἂν οὐκ εἶναι τόδε.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

καὶ ταῦτ' Ἰάσων παῖδας ἐξανέξεται  
πάσχοντας, εἰ καὶ μητρὶ διαφορὰν ἔχει ;

ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

παλαιὰ καινῶν λείπεται κηδευμάτων,  
κοῦκ ἔστ' ἐκείνος τοῖσδε δώμασιν φίλος.

## MEDEA

By ill-betiding fortunes of their lords  
For I have sunk to such a depth of grief,  
That yearning took me hitherward to come  
And tell to earth and heaven my lady's plight.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Ceaseth not yet the hapless one from moan ?

NURSE

Cease !—her pain scarce begun, far from its height ! 60

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Ah fool !—if one may say it of his lords—  
Little she knoweth of the latest blow.

NURSE

What is it, ancient ? Grudge not thou to tell me.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Naught : I repent me of the word that 'scaped me

NURSE

Nay, by thy beard, hide not from fellow-thrall—  
Silence, if need be, will I keep thereof.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

I heard one saying—feigning not to hear,  
As I diw near the old stone seats, where sit  
The ancients round Peirene's hallowed fount,—  
“ Creon, this land's lord, is at point to banish 70  
Mother and sons from soil Corinthian ”  
Howbeit, if the tale I heard be true  
I know not : fain were I it were not so

NURSE

Will Jason brook such dealing with his sons,  
Though from their mother he be wholly estranged ?

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Old bonds of love are aye outrun by feet  
Of new —no friend is *he* unto this house.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀπωλόμεσθ' ἄρ', εἰ κακὸν προσοίσομεν  
νέον παλαιῷ, πρὶν τόδ' ἐξηντληκέναι.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

80 ἀτὰρ σύ γ', οὐ γάρ καιρὸς εἰδέναι τόδε  
δέσποιναν, ἡσύχαζε καὶ σίγα λόγον.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ τέκν', ἀκούεθ' ὅλος εἰς ὑμᾶς πατήρ ;  
ὄλοιτο μὲν μή· δεσπότης γάρ ἐστ' ἐμός·  
ἀτὰρ κακός γ' ὢν εἰς φίλους ἀλίσκεται.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τίς δ' οὐχὶ θνητῶν ; ἄρτι γιγνώσκεις τόδε,  
ὥς πᾶς τις αὐτὸν τοῦ πέλας μᾶλλον φιλεῖ,  
οἱ μὲν δικαίως, οἱ δὲ καὶ κέρδους χάριν,  
εἰ τούσδε γ' εὐνῆς εἴνεκ' οὐ στέργει πατήρ.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

90 ἴτ', εὖ γὰρ ἔσται, δωμάτων ἔσω, τέκνα.  
σύ δ' ὥς μάλιστα τούσδ' ἐρημώσας ἔχε,  
καὶ μὴ πέλαζε μητρὶ δυσθυμουμένην.  
ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον ὄμμα νιν ταυρουμένην  
τοῖσδ' ὥς τι δρασείουσαν· οὐδὲ παύσεται  
χόλου, σάφ' οἶδα, πρὶν κατασκῆψαί τινα.  
ἐχθρούς γε μέντοι, μὴ φίλους, δράσειέ τι.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἰώ,  
δύστανος ἐγὼ μελέα τε πόνων,  
ἰώ μοί μοι, πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν ;

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

100 τόδ' ἐκείνο, φίλοι παῖδες· μήτηρ  
κινεῖ κραδίαν, κινεῖ δὲ χόλον.  
σπεύδετε θᾶσσον δώματος εἴσω,  
καὶ μὴ πελάσῃτ' ὄμματος ἐγγύς,

## MEDEA

NURSE

Ruined we are then, if we add fresh ill  
To old, ere lightened be our ship of this

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

But thou—for 'tis not season that thy lady 80  
Should know—keep silence, and speak not the  
tale.

NURSE

Hear, babes, what father this is unto you !  
I curse him—not : he is my master still :  
But to his friends he stands convict of baseness.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

What man is not ? Hast learnt this only now,  
That no man loves his neighbour as himself ?  
Good cause have some, with most 'tis greed of gain—  
As here : their sire for a bride's sake loves not these.

NURSE

Pass in, dear children, for it shall be well.  
But thou, keep these apart to the uttermost : 90  
Bring them not nigh their mother angry-souled.  
For late I saw her glare, as glares a bull,  
On these, as 'twere for mischief ; nor her wrath,  
I know, shall cease, until its lightning strike.  
To foes may she work ill, and not to friends !

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

O hapless I ! O miseries heaped on mine head !  
Ah me ! ah me ! would God I were dead !

NURSE

Lo, darlings, the thing that I told you !  
Lo the heart of your mother astir !  
And astir is her anger : withhold you 100  
From her sight, come not nigh unto her.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μηδὲ προσέλθῃτ', ἀλλὰ φυλάσσεσθ'  
ἄγριον ἦθος στυγεράν τε φύσιν  
φρενὸς αὐθάδους.

ἴτε νῦν χωρεῖθ' ὥς τάχος εἴσω.  
δῆλον δ' ἀρχῆς ἐξαιρόμενον  
νέφος οἰμωγῆς ὥς τάχ' ἀνάψει  
μείζονι θυμῷ· τί ποτ' ἐργάσεται  
μεγαλόσπλαγχνος δυσκατάπανστος  
ψυχὴ δηχθεῖσα κακοῖσιν ;

110

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ,  
ἔπαθον τλάμων ἔπαθον μεγάλων  
ἄξι' ὀδυρμῶν· ὦ κατάρστοι  
παῖδες ὀλοισθε στυγεράς ματρὸς  
σὺν πατρί, καὶ πᾶς δόμος ἔρροι.

## ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἰὼ μοί μοι, ἰὼ τλήμων.  
τί δέ σοι παῖδες πατρὸς ἀμπλακίας  
μετέχουσι ; τί τούσδ' ἔχθεις ; οἷμοι,  
τέκνα, μή τι πάθῃθ' ὥς ὑπεραλγῶ.  
δεινὰ τυράννων λήματα καὶ πως  
ὀλίγ' ἀρχόμενοι, πολλὰ κρατοῦντες,  
χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν.  
τὸ γὰρ εἰθίσθαι ζῆν ἐπ' ἴσοισιν  
κρεῖσσον· ἐμοὶ γοῦν, εἰ μὴ μέγας,  
ὀχυρῶς γ' εἴη καταγηράσκειν.

120



## MEDEA

Haste, get you within : O beware ye  
Of the thoughts as a wild-beast brood,  
Of the nature too ruthless to spare ye  
In its desperate mood.

Pass ye within now, departing  
With all speed. It is plain to discern  
How a cloud of lamenting, upstarting  
From its viewless beginnings, shall burn  
In lightnings of fury yet fiercer.  
What deeds shall be dared of that soul,  
So haughty, when wrong's goads pierce her,  
So hard to control ?

110

[*Exeunt* CHILDREN *with* GUARDIAN

MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

Woe ! I have suffered, have suffered, foul wrongs that  
may waken, may waken  
Mighty lamentings full well ! O ye children  
accursed from the womb,  
Hence to destruction, ye brood of a loathed one for-  
saken, forsaken ! [blackness of doom !  
Hence with your father, and perish our home in the

NURSE

Ah me, in the father's offences  
What part have the babes, that thine hate  
Should blast them ?—forlorn innocences,  
How sorely I fear for your fate !  
How terrible princes' moods are !—  
Long ruling, unschooled to obey,—  
Unforgiving, unsleeping their feuds are :  
Better life's level way

120

Be it mine, if in greatness I may not,  
In quiet and peace to grow old.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τῶν γὰρ μετρίων πρῶτα μὲν εἰπεῖν  
τοῦνομα νικᾷ, χρήσθαί τε μακρῷ  
λῶστα βροτοῖσιν· τὰ δ' ὑπερβάλλοντ'  
οὐδένα καιρὸν δύναται θνητοῖς·  
μείζους δ' ἄτας, ὅταν ὀργισθῇ  
130 δαίμων, οἴκοις ἀπέδωκεν.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔκλυνον φωνάν, ἔκλυνον δὲ βοᾶν  
τᾶς δυστάνου ·  
Κολχίδος, οὐδέ πω ἥπιος· ἀλλά, γεραία,  
λέξον· ἐπ' ἀμφιπύλου γὰρ ἔσω μελάθρου γόον  
ἔκλυνον·  
οὐδὲ συνήδομαι, ὦ γύναι, ἄλγεσι δώματος,  
ἐπεὶ μοι φίλον κέκρανται.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

οὐκ εἰσὶ δόμοι· φροῦδα τὰδ' ἤδη  
140 τὸν μὲν γὰρ ἔχει λέκτρα τυράννων,  
ἢ δ' ἐν θαλάμοις τήκει βιοτὰν  
δέσποινα, φίλων οὐδενὸς οὐδὲν  
παραθαλπομένη φρένα μύθοις.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ,  
διά μου κεφαλᾶς φλόξ οὐρανία  
βαίῃ· τί δέ μοι ζῆν ἔτι κέρδος ;  
φεῦ φεῦ· θανάτῳ καταλυσσίμαν  
βιοτὰν στυγεράν προλιπούσα.

## MEDEA

Sweeter name than "The Mean" shall ye say not,  
And to taste it is sweetness untold.  
But to men never weal above measure  
Availed : on its perilous height  
The Gods in their hour of displeasure  
The heavier smite.

130

*Enter CHORUS of Corinthian Ladies.*

### CHORUS

I have hearkened the voice of the daughter of Colchis,  
the sound of the crying  
Of the misery-stricken ; nor yet is she stilled. Now  
the tale of her tell,  
Grey woman ; for moaned through the porch from  
her chamber the wail of her sighing ;  
And I cannot, I cannot be glad while the home in  
affliction is lying,  
The house I have loved so well.

### NURSE

Home ?—home there is none : it hath vanished  
away :

For my lord to a bride of the princes is thrall ; 140  
And my lady is pining the livelong day [say  
In her bower, and for naught that her friends' lips  
On her heart may the dews of comfort fall.

### MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

Would God that the flame of the lightning from  
heaven descending, descending,  
Might burn through mine head !—for in living  
wherein any more is my gain ?  
Alas and alas ! Would God I might bring to an  
ending, an ending,  
The life that I loathe, and behind me might cast  
all its burden of pain !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 150 αἶες, ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ γὰ καὶ φῶς, στρ.  
 ἀχὰν οἶαν ἅ δύστανος  
 μέλπει νύμφα ;  
 τίς σοί ποτε τᾶς ἀπλάτου  
 κοίτας ἔρος, ὦ ματαία,  
 σπεύσει θανάτου τελευτάν ;  
 μηδὲν τόδε λίσσου.  
 εἰ δὲ σὸς πόσις  
 καινὰ λέχη σεβίζει,  
 κείνῳ τόδε μὴ χαράσσου·  
 Ζεὺς σοι τάδε συνδικήσει. μὴ λίαν  
 τάκου δυρομένα σὸν εὐνάταν.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 160 ὦ μεγάλα Θέμι καὶ πότνι' Ἄρτεμι,  
 λεύσσεθ' ἅ πάσχω, μεγάλοις ὄρκοις  
 ἐνδησαμένα τὸν κατάρατον  
 πόσιν ; ὃν ποτ' ἐγὼ νύμφαν τ' ἐσίδοιμ'  
 αὐτοῖς μελάθροις διακναιομένους,  
 οἳ γ' ἐμὲ πρόσθεν τολμῶς' ἀδικεῖν.  
 ὦ πάτερ, ὦ πόλις, ὦν ἀπενάσθην  
 αἰσchrῶς τὸν ἐμὸν κτείνασα κάσιν.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

- 170 κλύεθ' οἷα λέγει κἀπιβοᾶται  
 Θέμιν εὐκταίαν Ζῆνᾴ θ', ὃς ὄρκων  
 θνητοῖς ταμίας νενόμισται ,

## MEDEA

### CHORUS

O Zeus, Earth, Light, did ye hear her, (Str.)  
How walleth the woe-laden breath  
Of the bride in unhappiest plight ?  
What yearning for vanished delight, 150  
O passion-distraught, should have might  
To cause thee to wish death nearer—  
The ending of all things, death ?  
Make thou not for this supplication !  
If thine husband hath turned and adored  
New love, that estranged he is,  
O harrow thy soul not for this :  
It is Zeus that shall right thee, I wis.  
Ah, pine not in over-vexation  
Of spirit, bewailing thy lord !

### MEDEA (*behind the scenes*)

O Lady of Justice, O Artemis' Majesty, see it, O see 160  
it— [lasting who tied  
Look on the wrongs that I suffer, by oaths ever-  
The soul of mine husband, that ne'er from the curse  
he might free it, nor free it  
From your vengeance ! O may I behold him at  
last, even him and his bride,  
Them, and these halls therewithal, all shattered in  
ruin, in ruin !— [despite !  
Wretches, who dare unprovoked to do to Medea  
O father, O city, whom erst I forsook, for undoing,  
undoing,  
And for shame, when the blood of my brother I  
spilt on the path of my flight !

### NURSE

Do ye hear what she saith, and uplifteth her cry  
Unto Themis and Zeus, to the Suppliant's King,  
Oath-steward of men that be born but to die ? 170

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ἔν τινι μικρῷ  
δέσποινα χόλον καταπαύσει.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ἂν ἐς ὄψιν τὰν ἀμετέραν  
ἔλθοι μύθων τ' αὐδαθέντων  
δέξαιτ' ὁμφάν,  
εἴ πως βαρύθυμον ὀργάν  
καὶ λῆμα φρενῶν μεθείη.  
μήτοι τό γ' ἐμὸν πρόθυμον  
φίλοισιν ἀπέστω.

180

ἀλλὰ βᾶσά νιν  
δεῦρο πόρευσον οἴκων  
ἔξω, φίλα καὶ τὰδ' αὔδα·  
σπεύσον πρίν τι κακῶσαι τοὺς εἴσω·  
πένθος γὰρ μεγάλως τόδ' ὀρμᾶται.

### ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

δράσω τὰδ'· ἀτὰρ φόβος εἰ πείσω  
δέσποιναν ἐμήν·  
μόχθου δὲ χάριν τήνδ' ἐπιδώσω.  
καίτοι τοκάδος δέργμα λεαίνης  
ἀποταυροῦται δμωσίν, ὅταν τις  
μῦθον προφέρων πέλας ὀρμηθῇ.

190

σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κούδέν τι σοφούς  
τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοὺς οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτοις,  
οἵτινες ὕμνους ἐπὶ μὲν θαλίαις  
ἐπὶ τ' εἰλαπίναις καὶ παρὰ δείπνοις  
ἠῦροντο βίου τερπνὰς ἀκοάς·

## MEDEA

O my lady will lay not her anger by  
Soon, making her vengeance a little thing.

### CHORUS

(*Ant.*)  
If she would but come forth where we wait her,  
If she would but give ear to the sound  
Of our speech, that her spirit would learn  
From its fierceness of anger to turn,  
And her lust for revenge not burn !  
O ne'er may my love prove traitor,  
Never false to my friends be it found !

But go thou, and forth of the dwelling 180  
Thy mistress hitherward lead :  
Say to her that friends be we all.  
O hasten, ere mischief befall  
The lords of the palace-hall ;  
For her grief, like a tempest upswelling,  
Resistless shall ruin-ward speed

### NURSE

I will do it : but almost my spirit despaireth -  
To win her : yet labour of love shall it be  
But my queen on her thralls as a mad bull glareth,  
Or a lioness couched mid her whelps, whoso dareth  
With speech to draw near her, so tameless is she.

He should err not, who named the old singers in  
singing 190  
Not cunning, but left-handed bards, for their lays  
Did they frame for the mirth-tide, the festal in-  
bringing  
Of the wine, and the feast, when the harp-strings are  
ringing  
To sweeten with melody life's sweet days.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στρυγίους δὲ βροτῶν οὐδεὶς λύπας  
 ἠΰρετο μούσῃ καὶ πολυχόρδοις  
 ᾠδαῖς παύειν, ἐξ ὧν θάνατοι  
 δειναί τε τύχαι σφάλλουσι δόμους.

200 καίτοι τάδε μὲν κέρδος ἀκείσθαι  
 μολπαῖσι βροτούς· ἵνα δ' εὐδαιπνοὶ  
 δαῖτες, τί μάτην τείνουσι βοήν;  
 τὸ παρὸν γὰρ ἔχει τέρψιν ἀφ' αὐτοῦ  
 δαιτὸς πλήρωμα βροτοῖσιν.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰαχὰν αἶον πολύστονον γόων,  
 λιγυρὰ δ' ἄχρα μογερὰ βοᾷ  
 τὸν ἐν λέχει προδόταν κακόννυμφον·  
 θεοκλυτεῖ δ' ἄδικα παθοῦσα  
 τὰν Ζανὸς ὀρκίαν Θέμιν,  
 ἅ νιν ἔβασεν  
 210 Ἑλλάδ' ἐς ἀντίπορον  
 δι' ἅλα νύχιον ἐφ' ἄλμυρὰν  
 πόντου κλῆδ' ἀπέραντον.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κορίνθιαι γυναῖκες, ἐξῆλθον δόμων,  
 μή μοι τι μέμψησθ'· οἶδα γὰρ πολλοὺς βροτῶν  
 σεμνοὺς γεγῶτας, τοὺς μὲν ὀμμάτων ἄπο,  
 τοὺς δ' ἐν θυραίοις· οἱ δ' ἀφ' ἡσύχου ποδὸς  
 δύσκειαν ἐκτήσαντο καὶ ῥαθυμίαν.  
 δίκη γὰρ οὐκ ἔνεστιν ὀφθαλμοῖς βροτῶν,  
 220 ὅστις πρὶν ἀνδρὸς σπλάγχχνον ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς  
 στρυγεῖ δεδορκώς, οὐδὲν ἡδικημένος.



## MEDEA

But the dread doom of mortals, the anguish heart-  
rending— [peace,

Never minstrel by music hath breathed on them  
Nor by song with his harp-notes in harmony blending ;  
Albeit thereof cometh death's dark ending

Unto many a home that is wrecked by these.

And yet were it surely a boon to bring healing  
Of sorrow to mortals with song ; but in vain 200  
Mid the fulness of feasting ring voices clear-pealing,  
And the banquet itself hath a glamour, concealing  
From mortals their doom, flinging spells over pain  
[Exit NURSE.

### CHORUS

I have heard it, the sigh-laden cry of the daughter  
Of Colchis, the woe-shrilling anguish of wailing  
For the traitor to love who with false vows caught  
her [assailing  
Who in strength of her wrongs chideth Heaven,  
The Oath-queen of Zeus, who with cords all-pre-  
vailing [water,  
Forth haled her, and brought her o'er star-litten 210  
Where the brine-mists hover o'er Pontus' Key,  
Unto Hellas far over the boundless sea.

*Enter* MEDEA

### MEDEA

Corinthian dames, I have come forth my doors  
Lest ye condemn me Many I know are held  
Mis-proud—some, since they shrink from public gaze ;  
Some, from their bearing to their fellow-men ;  
Some quiet lives for indolence are defamed ;  
For justice dwells not in the eyes of man,  
Who, ere he hath discerned his neighbour's heart, 220  
Hates him at sight, albeit nowise wronged.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χρή δὲ ξένον μὲν κάρτα προσχωρεῖν πόλει·  
 οὐδ' ἀστὸν ἦνεσ' ὅστις αὐθάδης γεγώς  
 πικρὸς πολίταις ἐστὶν ἀμαθίας ὑπο.  
 ἐμοὶ δ' ἄελπτον πρᾶγμα προσπεσὸν τόδε  
 ψυχὴν διέφθαρκ'· οἴχομαι δὲ καὶ βίου  
 χάριν μεθείσα κατθανεῖν χρήζω, φίλαι.  
 ἐν ᾧ γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα γιγνώσκειν καλῶς,  
 κάκιστος ἀνδρῶν ἐκβέβηχ' οὐμὸς πόσις.  
 230 πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἔστ' ἐμφυχα καὶ γνώμην ἔχει  
 γυναικὲς ἐσμεν ἀθλιώτατον φυτόν·  
 ἅς πρῶτα μὲν δεῖ χρημάτων ὑπερβολῇ  
 πόσιν πρίασθαι δεσπότην τε σώματος  
 λαβεῖν· κακοῦ γὰρ τοῦτό γ' ἄλγιον κακόν·  
 κὰν τῷδ' ἀγὼν μέγιστος, ἢ κακὸν λαβεῖν  
 ἢ χρηστόν. οὐ γὰρ εὐκλεεῖς ἀπαλλαγαὶ  
 γυναιξίν, οὐδ' οἶόν τ' ἀνήνασθαι πόσιν.  
 εἰς καινὰ δ' ἦθη καὶ νόμους ἀφιγμένην  
 δεῖ μάντιν εἶναι, μὴ μαθοῦσαν οἰκοθεν,  
 240 ὅτῳ μάλιστα χρήσεται συνευνέτη.  
 κὰν μὲν τάδ' ἡμῖν ἐκπονουμέναισιν εὖ  
 πόσις ξυνοικῇ μὴ βία φέρων ζυγόν,  
 ζηλωτὸς αἰῶν· εἰ δὲ μὴ, θανεῖν χρεών.  
 ἀνὴρ δ', ὅταν τοῖς ἔνδον ἄχθηται ξυνών,  
 ἔξω μολὼν ἔπαυσε καρδίαν ἄσης,  
 ἢ πρὸς φίλον τιν' ἢ πρὸς ἥλικα τραπεῖς·  
 ἡμῖν δ' ἀνάγκη πρὸς μίαν ψυχὴν βλέπειν.  
 λέγουσι δ' ἡμᾶς ὡς ἀκίνδυνον βίου  
 ζῶμεν κατ' οἴκους, οἱ δὲ μάρνανται δορί·  
 250 κακῶς φρονούντες· ὡς τρεῖς ἂν παρ' ἀσπίδα  
 στήναι θέλοιμ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἢ τεκεῖν ἅπαξ.

## MEDEA

A stranger must conform to the city's wont ;  
Nor citizens uncondemned may flout their fellows,  
Like mannerless churls, a law unto themselves

But me—the blow ye wot of suddenly fell  
Soul-shattering. 'Tis my ruin : I have lost  
All grace of life : I long to die, O friends.  
He, to know whom well was mine all in all,  
My lord, of all men basest hath become !  
Surely, of creatures that have life and wit, 230  
We women are of all unhappiest,  
Who, first, must buy, as buys the highest bidder,  
A husband—nay, we do but win for our lives  
A master ! Deeper depth of wrong is this  
Here too is dire risk—will the lord we gain  
Be evil or good ? Divorce ?—'tis infamy  
To us : we may not even reject a suitor !<sup>1</sup>

Then, coming to new customs; habits new,  
One need be a seer, to know the thing unlearned  
At home, what manner of man her mate shall be. 240  
And *if* we learn our lesson, *if* our lord  
Dwell with us, plunging not against the yoke,  
Happy our lot is ; else—no help but death.  
For the man, when the home-yoke galls his neck,  
Goes forth, to ease a weary sickened heart  
By turning to some friend, some kindred soul :  
We to one heart alone can look for comfort.

But we, say they, live an unperilled life  
At home, while they do battle with the spear—  
Unreasoning fools !<sup>1</sup> Thrice would I under shield 250  
Stand, rather than bear childbirth-peril once.

<sup>1</sup> A Greek girl's husband was chosen for her by her parents.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτὸς πρὸς σέ κα' μ' ἤκει λόγος·  
 σοὶ μὲν πόλις γὰρ ἔστι καὶ πατὴρ δόμοι  
 βίου τ' ὄνησις καὶ φίλων συνουσία,  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος ἄπολις οὖσ' ὑβρίζομαι  
 πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἐκ γῆς βαρβάρου λελησμένη,  
 οὐ μητέρ', οὐκ ἀδελφόν, οὐχὶ συγγενῇ  
 μεθορμίσασθαι τῆσδ' ἔχουσα συμφορᾶς.  
 τοσοῦτον οὖν σου τυγχάνειν βουλήσομαι,  
 260 ἦν μοι πόρος τις μηχανή τ' ἐξευρεθῇ  
 πόσιν δίκην τῶνδ' ἀντιτίσασθαι κακῶν  
 [τὸν δόντα τ' αὐτῷ θυγατέρ' ἢ τ' ἐγῆματο],  
 σιγᾶν. γυνὴ γὰρ τᾶλλα μὲν φόβου πλέα,  
 κακὴ δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν καὶ σίδηρον εἰσορᾶν.  
 ὅταν δ' ἐς εὐνὴν ἡδικομένη κυρῇ,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη φρὴν μαιφονωτέρα.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'· ἐνδίκως γὰρ ἐκτίσει πόσιν,  
 Μήδεια. πευθεῖν δ' οὐ σε θαυμάζω τύχας.  
 ὁρῶ δὲ καὶ Κρέοντα τῆσδ' ἄνακτα γῆς  
 270 στείχοντα, καινῶν ἄγγελον βουλευμάτων.

### ΚΡΕΩΝ

σὲ τὴν σκυθρωπὸν καὶ πόσει θυμουμένην,  
 Μήδειαν, εἶπον τῆσδε γῆς ἔξω περᾶν  
 φυγάδα, λαβοῦσαν δισσὰ σὺν σαυτῇ τέκνα,  
 καὶ μή τι μέλλειν ὥς ἐγὼ βραβεὺς λόγου  
 τοῦδ' εἰμί, κοῦκ ἄπειμι πρὸς δόμους πάλιν,  
 πρὶν ἂν σε γαίης τερμόνων ἔξω βάλω.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ· πανώλης ἢ τάλαιν' ἀπόλλυμαι.  
 ἐχθροὶ γὰρ ἐξιᾶσι πάντα διὴ κάλων,  
 κοῦκ ἔστιν ἄτης εὐπρόσοιστος ἑκβασις.

## MEDEA

But ah, thy story is not one with mine !  
Thine is this city, thine a father's home,  
Thine bliss of life and fellowship of friends ;  
But I, lone, cityless, and outraged thus  
Of him who kidnapped me from foreign shores,  
Mother nor brother have I, kinsman none,  
For port of refuge from calamity.  
Wherefore I fain would win of thee this boon :—  
If any path be found me, or device, 260  
Whereby to avenge these wrongs upon mine husband,  
On her who weds, on him who gives the bride,  
Keep silence Woman quails at every peril,  
Faint-heart to face the fray and look on steel ;  
But when in wedlock-rights she suffers wrong,  
No spirit more bloodthirsty shall be found.

### CHORUS

This will I ; for 'tis just that thou, Medea,  
Requite thy lord : no marvel thou dost grieve.  
But I see Creon, ruler of this land,  
Advancing, herald of some new decree. 270  
*Enter CREON*

### CREON

Black-lowering woman, wroth against thy lord,  
Medea, forth this land I bid thee fare  
An exile, taking thy two sons with thee ;  
And make no tarrying : daysman of this cause  
Am I, and homeward go I not again  
Ere from the land's bounds I have cast thee forth

### MEDEA

Ah me ! undone am I in utter ruin !  
My foes crowd sail pursuing : landing-place  
Is none from surges of calamity.

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

280 ἐρήσομαι δὲ καὶ κακῶς πάσχουσ' ὅμως,  
τίνος μ' ἔκατι γῆς ἀποστέλλεις, Κρέον ;

ΚΡΕΩΝ

δέδοικά σ', οὐδὲν δεῖ παραμπέχειν λόγους,  
μή μοί τι δράσης παῖδ' ἀνήκεστον κακόν.  
συμβάλλεται δὲ πολλὰ τοῦδε δείματος·  
σοφὴ πέφυκας καὶ κακῶν πολλῶν ἴδρις,  
λυπεῖ δὲ λέκτρων ἀνδρὸς ἐστερημένη.  
κλύω δ' ἀπειλεῖν σ', ὥς ἀπαγγέλλουσί μοι,  
τὸν δόντα καὶ γήμαντα καὶ γαμουμένην  
δράσειν τι. ταῦτ' οὖν πρὶν παθεῖν φυλάξομαι.  
290 κρεῖσσον δέ μοι νῦν πρὸς σ' ἀπεχθέσθαι, γύναι,  
ἧ μαλθακισθένθ' ὕστερον μεταστένειν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φεῦ φεῦ·  
οὐ νῦν με πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις, Κρέον,  
ἔβλαψε δόξα μεγάλα τ' εἵργασται κακά.  
χρὴ δ' οὐποθ' ὅστις ἀρτίφρων πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ  
παῖδας περισσῶς ἐκδιδάσκεσθαι σοφούς·  
χωρὶς γὰρ ἄλλης ἧς ἔχουσιν ἀργίας  
φθόνον πρὸς ἀστῶν ἀλφάνουσι δυσμενῇ.  
σκαιοῖσι μὲν γὰρ καινὰ προσφέρων σοφὰ  
δόξεις ἀχρεῖος κοῦ σοφὸς πεφυκέναι·  
300 τῶν δ' αὖ δοκούντων εἰδέναι τι ποικίλον  
κρεῖσσων νομισθεὶς λυπρὸς ἐν πόλει φανεῖ.  
ἐγὼ δὲ καὐτῇ τῇσδε κοινωνῶ τύχης.  
σοφὴ γὰρ οὐσα, τοῖς μὲν εἰμ' ἐπίφθονος,  
τοῖς δ' ἡσυχαία, τοῖς δὲ θατέρου τρόπου,  
τοῖς δ' αὖ προσάντης· εἰμὶ δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφή.  
σὺ δ' αὖ φοβεῖ με· μή τι πλημμελὲς πάθης ;  
οὐχ ᾧδ' ἔχει μοι—μὴ τρέσης ἡμᾶς, Κρέον—  
ὥστ' εἰς τυράννους ἀνδρας ἐξαμαρτάνειν.

## MEDEA

Yet, howso wronged, one question will I ask— 280  
For what cause, Creon, dost thou banish me ?

CREON

I fear thee—need is none to cloak my words—  
Lest thou wreak cureless vengeance on my child  
And to this dread do many things conspire :  
Wise art thou, cunning in much evil lore ;  
Chafed art thou, of thine husband's couch bereft :  
I hear thou threatenest, so they bring me word,  
To wreak on sire, on bridegroom, and on bride  
Mischief I guard mine head ere falls the blow  
Better be hated, woman, now of thee, 290  
Than once relent, and sorely groan too late

MEDEA

Not now first, Creon,—many a time ere now  
Rumour hath wronged and wrought me grievous  
harm.  
Ne'er should the man whose heart is sound of  
wit  
Let teach his sons more wisdom than the herd.  
They are burdened with unprofitable lore,  
And spite and envy of other folk they earn.  
For, if thou bring strange wisdom unto dullards,  
Useless shalt thou be counted, and not wise :  
And, if thy fame outshine those heretofore 300  
Held wise, thou shalt be odious in men's eyes.  
Myself too in this fortune am partaker.  
Of some my wisdom wins me jealousy,  
Some count me spiritless, outlandish some ;  
Unsocial some. Yet no deep lore is mine.  
And thou, thou fear'st me, lest I work thee  
harm.  
Not such am I—O Creon, dread not me—  
That against princes I should dare transgress.

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

310 τί γὰρ σύ μ' ἡδίκηκας ; ἔξέδου κόρην  
ὄτῳ σε θυμὸς ἤγεν. ἀλλ' ἐμὸν πόσιν  
μισῶ· σὺ δ', οἶμαι, σωφρονῶν ἔδρας τάδε.  
καὶ νῦν τὸ μὲν σὸν οὐ φθονῶ καλῶς ἔχειν.  
νυμφεύετ', εὖ πράσσοιτε· τήνδε δὲ χθόνα  
ἑᾶτέ μ' οἰκεῖν· καὶ γὰρ ἡδίκημένοι  
σιγησόμεσθα, κρεισσόνων νικώμενοι.

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

λέγεις ἀκοῦσαι μαλθάκ', ἀλλ' εἴσω φρενῶν  
ὀρρωδία μοι μὴ τι βουλευῆς κακόν,  
τόσῳ δέ γ' ἤσσουν ἢ πάρος πέποιθά σοι·  
320 γυνὴ γὰρ ὀξύθυμος, ὡς δ' αὐτῶς ἀνὴρ,  
ῥάων φυλάσσειν ἢ σιωπηλὸς σοφός.  
ἀλλ' ἔξιθ' ὡς τάχιστα, μὴ λόγους λέγε·  
ὡς ταῦτ' ἄραρε, κοῦκ ἔχεις τέχνην ὅπως  
μενεῖς παρ' ἡμῖν οὔσα δυσμενῆς ἐμοί.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μὴ, πρὸς σε γονάτων τῆς τε νεογάμου κόρης.

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

λόγους ἀναλοῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἂν πείσαις ποτέ.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἐξελᾶς με κοῦδὲν αἰδέσει λιτάς ;

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

φιλῶ γὰρ οὐ σὲ μάλλον ἢ δόμους ἐμούς.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ πατρίς, ὥς σου κάρτα νῦν μνείαν ἔχω.

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

πλὴν γὰρ τέκνων ἔμοιγε φίλτατον πόλις.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

330 φεῦ φεῦ, βροτοῖς ἔρωτες ὡς κακὸν μέγα.

## ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὅπως ἄν, οἶμαι, καὶ παραστῶσιν τύχαι.



## MEDEA

How hast thou wronged me ? Thou hast given thy  
child  
To whomso pleased thee But—I hate mine husband ; 310  
So, doubtless, this in prudence hast thou done.  
Nay, but I grudge not thy prosperity.  
Wed ye, and prosper. But in this your land  
Still let me dwell : for I, how wronged soe'er,  
Will hold my peace, o'ermastered by the strong.

CREON

Soft words to hear !—but in thine inmost heart,  
I fear, thou plottest mischief all the while ;  
And all the less I trust thee than before.  
The vehement-hearted woman—yea, or man—  
Is easier watched—for than the silent-cunning. 320  
Nay, forth with all speed · plead me pleadings none ;  
For this is stablished : no device hast thou  
To bide with us, who art a foe to me

MEDEA (*clasp ing his feet*)

Nay,—by thy knees, and by the bride, thy child !

CREON

Thou wastest words ; thou never shalt prevail

MEDEA

Wilt drive me forth, respecting naught my prayers ?

CREON

Ay : more I love not thee than mine own house.

MEDEA

My country ! O, I call thee now to mind !

CREON

Ay, next my children, dear to me is Corinth.

MEDEA

Alas ! to mortals what a curse is love ! 330

CREON

Blessing or curse, I trow, as fortune falls.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Ζεῦ, μὴ λάθοι σε τῶνδ' ὃς αἴτιος κακῶν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ἔρπ', ὦ ματαία, καί μ' ἀπάλλαξον πόνων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πονοῦμεν ἡμεῖς κοῦ πόνων κεχρήμεθα.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τάχ' ἐξ ὀπαδῶν χειρὸς ὠσθήσει βία.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μὴ δῆτα τοῦτό γ', ἀλλὰ σ' αἰτοῦμαι, Κρέον—

ΚΡΕΩΝ

ὄχλον παρέξεις, ὥς ἔοικας, ὦ γύναι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

φευξόμεθ'· οὐ τοῦθ' ἰκέτευσα σοῦ τυχεῖν.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

τί δ' αὖ βιάζει κοῦκ ἀπαλλάσσει χθονός;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

340

μίαν με μεῖναι τήνδ' ἔασον ἡμέραν  
καὶ ξυμπερᾶναι φροντίδ' ἧ φευξόμεθα,  
παισὶν τ' ἀφορμὴν τοῖς ἐμοῖς, ἐπεὶ πατὴρ  
οὐδὲν προτιμᾷ μηχανήσασθαι τέκνοις.  
οἴκτειρε δ' αὐτούς· καὶ σύ τοι παίδων πατὴρ  
πέφυκας· εἰκὸς δ' ἐστὶν εὐνοϊάν σ' ἔχειν.  
τοῦμοῦ γὰρ οὐ μοι φροντίς, εἰ φευξόμεθα,  
κείνους δὲ κλαίω συμφορᾷ κεχρημένους.

ΚΡΕΩΝ

350

ἥκιστα τοῦμὸν λῆμ' ἔφυ τυραννικόν,  
αἰδούμενος δὲ πολλὰ δὴ διέφθορα·  
καὶ νῦν ὀρώ μὲν ἑξαμαρτάνων, γύναι,  
ὅμως δὲ τεύξει τοῦδε· προὔννεπώ δέ σοι,  
εἴ σ' ἡ ὑπιούσα λαμπὰς ὄψεται θεοῦ  
καὶ παιῖδας ἐντὸς τῆσδε τερμόνων χθονός,

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Zeus, Zeus, forget not him who is cause of this !

CREON

Hence, passionate fool, and rid me of my trouble.

MEDEA

Troubled am I ; new troubles need I none.

CREON

Soon shalt thou be by servants' hands thrust out.

MEDEA

Nay—nay—not this, O Creon, I implore !

CREON

So, woman, thou, it seems, wilt make a coil.

MEDEA

I will flee forth :—not this the boon I crave

CREON

Why restive then ?—why rid not Corinth of thee ?

MEDEA

Suffer me yet to tarry this one day,  
And somewhat for our exile to take thought,  
And find my babes a refuge, since their sire  
Cares naught to make provision for his sons.  
Compassionate these—a father too art thou  
Of children—meet it is thou show them grace.  
Not for myself I fret, if I be banished :  
For them in their calamity I mourn

340

CREON

My spirit least of all is tyrannous  
Many a plan have my relentings marred :  
And, woman, now I know I err herein,  
Yet shalt thou win this boon. But I forewarn thee,  
If thee the approaching Sun-god's torch behold  
Within this country's confines with thy sons,

350

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θανεῖ. λέλεκται μῦθος ἀψευδῆς ὁδε.  
 νῦν δ', εἰ μένειν δεῖ, μίμν' ἐφ' ἡμέραν μίαν·  
 οὐ γάρ τι δράσεις δεινὸν ὧν φόβος μ' ἔχει.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 δύστανε γύναι,  
 φεῦ φεῦ, μελέα τῶν σῶν ἀχέων.  
 ποῖ ποτε τρέψει ; τίνα προξενίαν  
 ἢ δόμον ἢ χθόνα σωτήρα κακῶν  
 ἐξευρήσεις ;  
 ὥς εἰς ἄπορόν σε κλύδωνα θεός,  
 Μήδεια, κακῶν ἐπόρευσε.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κακῶς πέπρακται πανταχῇ· τίς ἀντερεῖ ,  
 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτη ταῦτα, μὴ δοκεῖτέ πω.  
 ἔτ' εἴσ' ἀγῶνες τοῖς νεωστὶ νυμφίοις,  
 καὶ τοῖσι κηδεύσασιν οὐ σμικροὶ πόνοι.  
 δοκεῖς γὰρ ἄν με τόνδε θωπεῦσαί ποτε,  
 370 εἰ μὴ τι κερδαίνουσαν ἢ τεχνωμένην ;  
 οὐδ' ἂν προσεῖπον οὐδ' ἂν ἠψάμην χεροῖν.  
 ὁ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον μωρίας ἀφίκετο,  
 ὥστ' ἐξὸν αὐτῷ τᾶμ' ἐλεῖν βουλευμάτα  
 γῆς ἐκβαλόντι, τήνδ' ἀφῆκεν ἡμέραν  
 μεῖναι μ', ἐν ᾗ τρεῖς τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν νεκροὺς  
 θήσω, πατέρα τε καὶ κόρην πόσιν τ' ἐμόν.  
 πολλὰς δ' ἔχουσα θανασίμους αὐτοῖς ὁδοὺς,  
 οὐκ οἶδ' ὅποιον πρῶτον ἐγχειρῶ, φίλαι,  
 πότερον ὑφάψω δῶμα νυμφικὸν πυρί,  
 380 ἢ θηκτὸν ὥσω φάσγανον δι' ἥπατος,  
 σιγῇ δόμους εἰσβάσ' ἵν' ἔστρωται λέχος.

## MEDEA

Thou diest :—the word is said that shall not lie.  
Now, if remain thou must, remain one day—  
Too short for thee to do the deeds I dread. [Exit

### CHORUS

O hapless thou !

Woe's me for thy misery, woe for the trouble and  
anguish that meet thee !

Whitherward wilt thou turn thee ?—what welcoming  
hand mid the strangers shall greet thee ?

What home or what land to receive thee, deliver-  
ance from evils to give thee, 360

Wilt thou find for thee now ?

How mid surge of despair to o'erwhelm thee in ruin  
God's hand on thine helm

Hath steered, O Medea, thy prow !

### MEDEA

Wronged—wronged by God and man ! Who shall  
gainsay ?

But is it mere despair ?—deem not so yet.

Bridegroom and bride grim wrestlings yet await ;

Nor troubles light abide these marriage-makers.

Dost think that I had cringed to yon man ever,

Except to gain some gain, or work some wile ?

Nor word nor touch of hand had I vouchsafed him ! 370

But to such height of folly hath he come,

That, when he might forestall mine every plot

By banishment, this day of grace he grants me

To stay, wherein three foes will I lay dead,

The father, and the daughter, and mine husband.

And, having for them many paths of death,

Which first to take in hand I know not, friends—

To fire yon palace midst their marriage-feast,

Or to steal softly to their bridal-bower, [knife

And through their two hearts thrust the whetted 380

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἔν τί μοι πρόσαντες· εἰ ληφθήσομαι  
 δόμους ὑπερβαίνουσα καὶ τεχνωμένη,  
 θανούσα θήσω τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐχθροῖς γέλων.

κράτιστα τὴν εὐθείαν, ἧ πεφύκαμεν  
 σοφαὶ μάλιστα, φαρμάκοις αὐτοὺς ἐλείν.  
 εἶεν·

καὶ δὴ τεθνᾶσι· τίς με δέξεται πόλις ;  
 τίς γῆν ἄσυλον καὶ δόμους ἐχεγγύους  
 ξένος παρασχὼν ῥύσεται τοῦμὸν δέμας ;  
 οὐκ ἔστι. μείνας· οὖν ἔτι σμικρὸν χρόνον,  
 390 ἦν μὲν τις ἡμῖν πύργος ἀσφαλῆς φανῇ,  
 δόλῳ μέτειμι τόνδε καὶ σιγῇ φόνον·  
 ἦν δ' ἐξελαύνη ξυμφορὰ μ' ἀμήχανος,  
 αὐτὴ ξίφος λαβούσα, κεῖ μέλλω θανεῖν,  
 κτενῶ σφε, τόλμης δ' εἶμι πρὸς τὸ καρτερόν.

οὐ γὰρ μὰ τὴν δέσποιναν ἦν ἐγὼ σέβω  
 μάλιστα πάντων καὶ ξυνεργὸν εἰλόμην,  
 Ἑκάτην μυχοῖς ναίουσαν ἐστίας ἐμῆς,  
 χαίρων τις αὐτῶν τοῦμὸν ἀλγυνεῖ κέαρ.  
 400 πικροὺς δ' ἐγὼ σφιν καὶ λυγροὺς θήσω γάμους,  
 πικρὸν δὲ κῆδος καὶ φυγὰς ἐμὰς χθονός.

ἀλλ' εἶα· φείδου μηδὲν ὧν ἐπίστασαι,  
 Μήδεια, βουλευούσα καὶ τεχνωμένη·  
 ἔρπ' εἰς τὸ δεινόν· νῦν ἀγὼν εὐψυχίας.  
 ὁρᾷς ἂ πάσχεις ; οὐ γέλωτα δεῖ σ' ὀφλεῖν  
 τοῖς Σισυφείοις τοῖς τ' Ἰάσονος γάμοις,  
 γεγῶσαν ἐσθλοῦ πατρὸς Ἑλίου τ' ἄπο.  
 ἐπίστασαι δέ· πρὸς δὲ καὶ πεφύκαμεν  
 γυναικες, εἰς μὲν ἔσθλ' ἀμηχανώταται,  
 κακῶν δὲ πάντων τέκτονες σοφώταται.

## MEDEA

Yet one thing bars the way—if I be found  
Crossing the threshold of the house and plotting,  
Die shall I mid the mocking laughter of foes.

Best the sure path, wherein my nature's cunning  
Excels, by poisons to destroy them—yea.  
Now, grant them dead: what city will receive  
me,

What host vouchsafe a land of refuge, home  
Secure, and from the avenger shield my life?  
There is none. Tarrying then a little space,  
If any tower of safety shall appear, 390  
These deaths by guile and silence will I compass;  
But if misfortune drive me desperate forth,  
Myself will grip the sword,—yea, though I die,—  
Aud slay, and dare the strong hand's reckless  
deed.

Ah, by the Queen of Night, whom I revere  
Above all, and for fellow-worker chose,  
Hecate, dweller by mine hearth's dark shrine,  
None, none shall vex my soul, and rue it not.  
Bitter and woeful bridal will I give them,  
Bitter troth-plight and banishing of me. 400

Up then!—spare naught of all thy sorcery-lore,  
Medea, of thy plotting and contriving;  
On to the dread deed! Now is need of daring.  
Look on thy wrongs: thou must not make derision  
For sons of Sisyphus, for Jason's bride,—  
Thou, sprung from royal father, from the Sun!  
Thou know'st the means. I prove me woman  
indeed!

Men say we are most helpless for all good,  
But of dark deeds most cunning fashioners.

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 410 ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν χωροῦσι παγαί, στρ. α'  
καὶ δίκαια καὶ πάντα πάλιν στρέφεται.  
ἀνδράσι μὲν δόλιαι βουλαί, θεῶν δ'  
οὐκέτι πίστις ἄραρε.  
τὰν δ' ἐμὰν εὐκλειαν ἔχειν βιοτὰν  
στρέψουσι φᾶμαι·  
ἔρχεται τιμὰ γυναικείῳ γένει·  
420 οὐκέτι δυσκέλαδος φάμα γυναικάς ἔξει.

ἀντ. α'

- μοῦσαι δὲ παλαιγενέων λήξουσ' αἰοιδᾶν  
τὰν ἐμὰν ὑμνεῦσαι ἀπιστοσύναν.  
οὐ γὰρ ἐν ἀμετέρᾳ γνώμῃ λύρας  
ᾧπασε θέσπιν αἰοιδᾶν  
Φοῖβος, ἀγήτωρ μελέων· ἐπεὶ ἀντ-  
άχῃσ' ἂν ὕμνον  
ἀρσένων γέννα· μακρὸς δ' αἰὼν ἔχει  
430 πολλὰ μὲν ἀμετέραν ἀνδρῶν τε μοῖραν εἰπεῖν.

στρ. β'

σὺ δ' ἐκ μὲν οἴκων πατρίων ἔπλευσας  
μαίνομένα κραδίᾳ, διδύμας ὀρίσασα πόντου  
πέτρας· ἐπὶ δὲ ξένα  
ναίεις χθονί, τᾷς ἀνάνδρου  
κοίτας ὀλέσασα λέκτρον,  
τάλαινα, φυγὰς δὲ χώρας  
ἄτιμος ἐλαύνει.



## MEDEA

### CHORUS

(*Str* 1)

Upward and back to their fountains the sacred rivers  
are stealing ; [confusion .  
Justice is turned to injustice, the order of old to 410  
The thoughts of the hearts of men are treachery  
wholly, and, reeling [become a delusion  
From its ancient foundations, the faith of the Gods is  
Everywhere change !—even me men's voices hence-  
forth shall honour ,  
My life shall be sunlit with glory ; for woman the  
old-time story [be upon her.  
Is ended, the slanders hoary no more shall as chains

(*Ant* 1)

And the strains of the singers of old generations for  
shame shall falter, [faithlessness ever. 420  
Which sang evermore of the treason of woman, her  
Alas, that our lips are not touched with the fire of  
song from the altar  
Of Phoebus, the Harper-king, of the inspiration-  
giver ! [ringing  
Else had I lifted my voice in challenge of song high-  
Unto men : for the roll of the ages shall find for  
the poet-sages [their singing  
Proud woman-themes for their pages, heroines worthy

(*Str* 2)

But thou from the ancient home didst sail over  
leagues of foam, [sawest dispart, 430  
On-spied by a frenzied heart, and the sea-gates  
The Twin Rocks Now, in the land  
Of the stranger, thy doom is to waken  
To a widowed couch, and forsaken  
Of thy lord, and woe-overtaken,  
To be cast forth shamed and banned

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

440 βέβακε δ' ὄρκων χάρις, οὐδ' ἔτ' αἰδῶς ἀντ. β'  
Ἑλλάδι τᾷ μεγάλᾳ μένει, αἰθερία δ' ἀνέπτα.  
σοὶ δ' οὔτε πατρὸς δόμοι,  
δύστανε, μεθορμίσασθαι  
μόχθων πάρα, σῶν τε λέκτρων  
ἄλλα βασιλεια κρείσσω  
δόμοισιν ἐπέστα.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐ νῦν κατεῖδον πρῶτον, ἀλλὰ πολλάκις,  
τραχεῖαν ὀργὴν ὡς ἀμήχανον κακόν.  
σοὶ γὰρ παρὸν γὰν τήνδε καὶ δόμους ἔχειν  
450 κούφως φερούσῃ κρεισσόνων βουλευμάτα,  
λόγων ματαίων εἵνεκ' ἐκπεσεῖ χθονός.  
κάμοι μὲν οὐδὲν πρᾶγμα· μὴ παύσῃ ποτὲ  
λέγουσ' Ἰάσων ὡς κάκιστός ἐστ' ἀνὴρ·  
ἂ δ' εἰς τυράννους ἐστὶ σοι λελεγμένα,  
πᾶν κέρδος ἡγοῦ ζημιουμένη φυγῇ.  
καγὼ μὲν αἰὲ βασιλέων θυμουμένων  
ὀργὰς ἀφῆρουν καὶ σ' ἐβουλόμην μένειν·  
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἀνίεις μωρίας, λέγουσ' αἰὲ  
κακῶς τυράννους· τοιγὰρ ἐκπεσεῖ χθονός.  
ὁμως δὲ κακ τῶνδ' οὐκ ἀπειρηκῶς φίλοις  
460 ἦκω, τὸ σὸν δὲ προσκοπούμενος, γύναι,  
ὡς μήτ' ἀχρήμων σὺν τέκνοισιν ἐκπέσῃς  
μήτ' ἐνδεής του· πόλλ' ἐφέλκεται φυγῇ  
κακὰ ξὺν αὐτῇ. καὶ γὰρ εἰ σύ με στυγεῖς,  
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην σοὶ κακῶς φρονεῖν ποτε.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, τοῦτο γάρ σ' εἰπεῖν ἔχω  
γλώσση μέγιστον εἰς ἀνανδρίαν κακόν,  
ἦλθες πρὸς ἡμᾶς, ἦλθες ἔχθιστος γεγώς

## MEDEA

(*Ant* 2)

Disannulled is the spell of the oath : no shame for  
the broken troth [flight hath it ta'en.  
In Hellas the wide doth remain, but heavenward its  
No home of a father hast thou 440  
For thine haven when trouble-storms lower.  
Usurped is thy bridal bower  
Of another, in pride of her power,  
Ill-starred, overqueening thee now.

*Enter* JASON.

JASON

Not now first, nay, but oftentimes have I marked  
What desperate mischief is a froward spirit.  
Thou mightest stay in Corinth, in these halls,  
Bearing unfractiously thy rulers' pleasure,  
Yet for wild whirling words banished thou art. 450  
Me they vex not—cease never, an thou wilt,  
Clamouring, "Jason is of men most base!"  
But, for thy railing on thy rulers, count it  
All gain, that only exile punisheth thee  
For me—I have striven long to appease the wrath  
Of kings incensed · fain would I thou shouldst stay  
But thou rein'st not thy folly, speaking still  
Evil of dignities ; art therefore banished  
Yet, for all this, not wearied of my friends,  
With so much forethought come I for thee, lady, 460  
That, banished with thy babes, thou lack not gold,  
Nor aught beside ; for exile brings with it  
Hardships full many Though thou hatest me,  
Never can I bear malice against thee.

MEDEA

Cartiff of cartiffs '—blackest of reproaches  
My tongue for thine unmanliness can frame—  
Com'st thou to me—dost come, most hateful proved

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

[θεοῖς τε κάμοι παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένει ;]  
 οὔτοι θράσος τόδ' ἐστὶν οὐδ' εὐτολμία,  
 470 φίλους κακῶς δράσαντ' ἐναντίον βλέπειν,  
 ἀλλ' ἡ μεγίστη τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις νόσων  
 πασῶν, ἀναίδει· εὖ δ' ἐποίησας μολῶν,  
 ἐγὼ τε γὰρ λέξασα κουφισθήσομαι  
 ψυχὴν κακῶς σε, καὶ σὺ λυπήσει κλύων.  
 ἐκ τῶν δὲ πρώτων πρῶτον ἄρξομαι λέγειν.  
 ἐσωσά σ', ὡς ἴσασιν Ἑλλήνων ὅσοι  
 ταῦτόν συνεισέβησαν Ἀργῶν σκάφος,  
 πεμφθέντα ταύρων πυρπνῶν ἐπιστάτην  
 480 ζευγλαῖσι καὶ σπεροῦντα θανάσιμον γύνῃ·  
 δράκοντά θ', ὃς πάγχρυσον ἀμπέχων δέρας  
 σπείραις ἔσφζε πολυπλόκοις ἄπνους ὦν,  
 κτείνασ' ἀνέσχον σοὶ φάος σωτήριον.  
 αὐτὴ δὲ πατέρα καὶ δόμους προδοῦσ' ἐμούς  
 τὴν Πηλιῶτιν εἰς Ἴωλκὸν ἰκόμην  
 σὺν σοί, πρόθυμος μᾶλλον ἢ σοφώτερα·  
 Πελλίαν τ' ἀπέκτειν', ὥσπερ ἄλγιστον θανεῖν,  
 παίδων ὑπ' αὐτοῦ, πάντα δ' ἐξείλον δόμον.<sup>1</sup>  
 καὶ ταῦθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν, ὦ κάκιστ' ἀνδρῶν, παθὼν  
 προὔδωκας ἡμᾶς, καινὰ δ' ἐκτήσω λέχη,  
 490 παίδων γεγῶτων· εἰ γὰρ ἦσθ' ἅπαις ἔτι,  
 συγγνωστὸν ἦν σοι τοῦδ' ἐρασθῆναι λέχους.  
 ὄρκων δὲ φροῦδη πίστις, οὐδ' ἔχω μαθεῖν  
 εἰ θεοὺς νομίζεις τοὺς τότε οὐκ ἄρχειν ἔτι,  
 ἢ καινὰ κεῖσθαι θέσμι' ἀνθρώποις τὰ νῦν,  
 ἐπεὶ σύνοισθά γ' εἰς ἔμ' οὐκ εὖορκος ὦν.  
 φεῦ δεξιὰ χεὶρ ἦς σὺ πόλλ' ἐλαμβάνου,  
 καὶ τῶνδε γονάτων, ὡς μάτην κεχρώσμεθα

<sup>1</sup> Some MSS. have φόβον, "I cast out all thy (or their) fear."



## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- κακοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ἐλπίδων δ' ἡμάρτομεν.  
 ἄγ', ὥς φίλῳ γὰρ ὄντι σοι κοινώσομαι,  
 590 δοκοῦσα μὲν τί πρὸς γε σοῦ πράξειν καλῶς;  
 ὅμως δ' ἐρωτηθεὶς γὰρ αἰσχίων φανεῖ  
 νῦν ποῖ τράπωμαι; πότερα πρὸς πατρὸς δόμους,  
 οὓς σοὶ προδοῦσα καὶ πάτραν ἀφικόμην;  
 ἢ πρὸς ταλαίνας Πεληιάδας; καλῶς γ' ἂν οὖν  
 δέξαιντό μ' οἴκοις ὧν πατέρα κατέκτανον.  
 ἔχει γὰρ οὕτω· τοῖς μὲν οἴκοθεν φίλοις  
 ἐχθρὰ κατέστηχ', οὓς δέ μ' οὐκ ἐχρῆν κακῶς  
 δρᾶν, σοὶ χάριν φέρουσα πολεμίους ἔχω.  
 τοιγάρ με πολλαῖς μακαρίαν Ἑλληνίδων  
 510 ἔθηκας ἀντὶ τῶνδε· θαυμαστὸν δέ σε  
 ἔχω πόσιν καὶ πιστὸν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ,  
 εἰ φεύξομαί γε γαῖαν ἐκβεβλημένη,  
 φίλων ἔρημος, σὺν τέκνοις μόνη μόνοις·  
 καλὸν γ' ὄνειδος τῷ νεωστὶ νυμφίῳ,  
 πτωχοὺς ἀλᾶσθαι παῖδας ἢ τ' ἐσωσά σε.  
 ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὃς κίβδηλος ἦ  
 τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὥπασας σαφῆ,  
 ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτῳ χρὴ τὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,  
 οὐδεὶς χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 520 δεινὴ τις ὀργὴ καὶ δυσίατος πέλει,  
 ὅταν φίλοι φίλοισι συμβάλωσ' ἔριν.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

- δεῖ μ', ὥς ἔοικε, μὴ κακὸν φῦναι λέγειν,  
 ἀλλ' ὥστε ναὸς κεδνὸν οἰακοστρόφον  
 ἄκροισι λαΐφους κρασπέδοις ὑπεκδραμεῖν  
 τὴν σὴν στόμαργον, ὦ γύναι, γλωσσαλγίαν.  
 ἐγὼ δ', ἐπεὶ σὴν καὶ λῖαν πυργοῖς χάριν,  
 - Κύπριν νομίζω τῆς ἐμῆς ναυκληρίας

## MEDEA

Of a base man, thus frustrate of mine hopes !  
Come, as a friend will I commune with thee—  
Yet what fair dealing should I hope from thee ?— 500  
Yet will I · questioned, baser shalt thou show  
Now, whither turn I ?—to my father's house,  
My land ?—which I betrayed, to flee with thee !  
To Pelias' hapless daughters ? Graciously  
Their father's slayer would they welcome home !  
For thus it is—a foe am I become  
To mine own house . no quarrel I had with those  
With whom I have now a death-feud for thy  
sake

For all this hast thou made me passing-blest  
Midst Hellas' daughters ! Oh, in thee have I— 510  
O wretched I !—a wondrous spouse and leal,  
Since from the land cast forth I pass to exile  
Forlorn of friends, alone with children lone.  
A proud reproach for our new bridegroom this—  
“ In poverty his babes, his saviour, wander ! ”  
O Zeus, ah wherefore hast thou given to men  
Plain signs for gold which is but counterfeit,  
But no assay-mark nature-graven shows  
On man's form, to discern the base withal ?

## CHORUS

Awful and past all healing is that wrath 520  
When they that once loved clash in feud of hate.

## JASON

Needs must I be not ill at speech, meseems,  
But, like the careful helmsman of a ship,  
With close-reefed canvas run before the gale,  
Woman, of thy tempestuous-railing tongue.  
I—for thy kindness tower-high thou piles—  
Deem Cypris saviour of my voyaging,

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σώτειραν εἶναι θεῶν τε κἀνθρώπων μόνην.  
 σοὶ δ' ἔστι μὲν νοῦς λεπτός—ἀλλ' ἐπίφθονος  
 530 λόγος διελθεῖν, ὥς Ἴερος σ' ἠνάγκασε  
 τόξοις ἀφύκτοις τοῦμὸν ἐκσῶσαι δέμας.  
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀκριβῶς αὐτὸ θήσομαι λίαν·  
 ὅπη γὰρ οὔν ὤνησας, οὐ κακῶς ἔχει.  
 μείζω γε μέντοι τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας  
 εἴληφας ἢ δέδωκας, ὥς ἐγὼ φράσω.  
 πρῶτον μὲν Ἑλλάδ' ἀντὶ βαρβάρου χθονὸς  
 γαῖαν κατοικεῖς καὶ δίκην ἐπίστασαι  
 νόμοις τε χρῆσθαι μὴ πρὸς ἰσχύος χάριν·  
 540 πάντες δέ σ' ἤσθοντ' οὔσαν Ἑλληνες σοφὴν,  
 καὶ δόξαν ἔσχες· εἰ δὲ γῆς ἐπ' ἑσχάτοις  
 ὄροισιν ᾤκεις, οὐκ ἂν ἦν λόγος σέθεν.  
 εἴη δ' ἔμοιγε μήτε χρυσὸς ἐν δόμοις  
 μήτ' Ὀρφέως κάλλιον ὑμνῆσαι μέλος,  
 εἰ μὴ ἴσις ἢ τύχη γένοιτό μοι.  
 τοσαῦτα μὲν σοι τῶν ἐμῶν πόνων πέρι  
 ἔλεξ'. ἄμιλλαν γὰρ σὺ προὔθηκας λόγων.  
 ἂ δ' εἰς γάμους μοι βασιλικὸς ὠνείδισας,  
 ἐν τῷδε δείξω πρῶτα μὲν σοφὸς γεγώς,  
 550 ἔπειτα σῶφρων, εἵτα σοὶ μέγας φίλος  
 καὶ παισὶ τοῖς ἐμοῖσιν· ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἥσυχος.  
 ἐπεὶ μετέστην δεῦρ' Ἰωλκίας χθονὸς  
 πολλὰς ἐφέλκων συμφορὰς ἀμηχάνους,  
 τί τοῦδ' ἂν εὖρημ' ἠῦρον εὐτυχέστερον  
 ἢ παῖδα γῆμαι βασιλέως φυγὰς γεγώς;  
 οὐχ, ἢ σὺ κνίζεις, σὸν μὲν ἐχθαίρων λέχος,  
 καινῆς δὲ νύμφης ἰμέρῳ πεπληγμένος,  
 οὐδ' εἰς ἄμιλλαν πολύτεκνον σπουδὴν ἔχων·  
 ἄλλις γὰρ οἱ γεγῶτες οὐδὲ μέμφομαι·  
 ἀλλ' ὥς, τὸ μὲν μέγιστον, οἰκοῖμεν καλῶς



## MEDEA

Her, and none other or of Gods or men  
Thou art subtle of wit—nay, but ungenerous  
It were to tell how Love, by strong compulsion 530  
Of shafts unerring, made thee save my life  
Yet take I not account too strict thereof;  
For, in that thou didst save me, thou didst well  
Howbeit, more hast thou received than given  
From my deliverance, as my words shall prove —  
First, then, in Hellas dwell'st thou, in the stead  
Of land barbaric, knowest justice, learnest  
To live by law without respect of force,  
And all the Greeks have heard thy wisdom's fame  
Renown is thine, but if on earth's far bourn 540  
Thou dwelledst yet, thou hadst not lived in story  
Now mine be neither gold mine halls within,  
Nor sweeter song be mine than Orpheus sang,  
If my fair fortune be to fame unknown

Thus far of my great labours have I spoken,—  
This challenge to debate didst thou fling down.—  
But, for thy railings on my royal marriage,  
Herein will I show, first, that wise I was;  
Then, temperate; third, to thee the best of  
friends  
And to my children—nay, but hear me out 550

When I came hither from Iolcos-land  
With many a desperate fortune in my train,  
What happier treasure-trove could I have found  
Than to wed—I, an exile—with a princess?  
Not—where it galls thee—loathing couch of thine,  
And for a new bride smitten with desire,  
Nor eager I to multiply mine offspring —  
Suffice these born to me: no fault in them:  
But that—this chiefly—we might live in honour,

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

560 καὶ μὴ σπανιζοίμεσθα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι  
 πένητα φεύγει πᾶς τις ἐκποδῶν φίλος,  
 παῖδας δὲ θρέψαιμ' ἀξίως δόμων ἐμῶν,  
 σπείρας τ' ἀδελφούς τοῖσιν ἐκ σέθεν τέκνοις,  
 εἰς ταῦτ' ὀφείλῃ, καὶ ξυναρτήσας γένος,  
 εὐδαιμονοίην. σοί τε γὰρ παίδων τί δεῖ,  
 ἐμοί τε λύει τοῖσι μέλλουσιν τέκνοις  
 τὰ ζῶντ' ὀνῆσαι. μὲν βεβούλευμαι κακῶς;  
 οὐδ' ἂν σὺ φαίης, εἴ σε μὴ κνίζοι λέχος.

570 ἀλλ' εἰς τοσούτον ἦκεθ' ὥστ' ὀρθομένης  
 εὐνῆς γυναῖκες πάντ' ἔχειν νομίζετε,  
 ἣν δ' αὖ γένηται ξυμφορά τις εἰς λέχος,  
 τὰ λῆστα καὶ κάλλιστα πολεμιώτατα  
 τίθεσθε. χρῆν ἄρ' ἄλλοθεν ποθεν βροτοὺς  
 παῖδας τεκνοῦσθαι, θῆλυ δ' οὐκ εἶναι γένος·  
 χροῦτως ἂν οὐκ ἦν οὐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἰᾶσον,· εὖ μὲν τοῦσδ' ἐκόσμησας λόγους·  
 ὅμως δ' ἔμοιγε, κεῖ παρὰ γνώμην ἐρῶ,  
 δοκεῖς προδοὺς σὴν ἄλοχον οὐ δίκαια δρᾶν.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

580 ἦ πολλὰ πολλοῖς εἰμι διάφορος βροτῶν.  
 ἐμοί γὰρ ὅστις ἄδικος ὢν σοφὸς λέγειν  
 πέφυκε, πλείστην ζημίαν ὀφλίσκάνει·  
 γλώσση γὰρ αὐχῶν τᾷδικ' εὖ περιστελεῖν,  
 τολμᾷ πανουργεῖν· ἔστι δ' οὐκ ἄγαν σοφός.

ὥς καὶ σὺ μὴ νυν εἰς ἔμ' εὐσχήμων γένῃ  
 λέγειν τε δεινός· ἐν γὰρ ἐκτενεῖ σ' ἔπος.  
 χρῆν σ', εἴπερ ἦσθα μὴ κακός, πείσαντά με  
 γαμεῖν γάμον τόνδ', ἀλλὰ μὴ συγῇ φίλων.

## MEDEA

And be not straitened,—for I know full well 560  
 How all friends from the poor man stand aloof,—  
 And I might nurture as beseems mine house  
 Our sons, and to these born of thee beget  
 Brethren, and, knitting in one family all,  
 Live happy days. Thou, what wouldst thou of  
 children ?

But me it profits, through sons to be born  
 To help the living Have I planned so ill ?  
 Not thou wouldst say it, save for jealousy's sting

But ye—ye women—so unreasoning are  
 That, wedlock-rights untrampled-on, all's well ; 570  
 But, if once your sole tenure be infringed,  
 With the best, fairest lot are ye at feud  
 Most bitter Would that mortals otherwise  
 Could get them babes, that womankind were not,  
 And so no curse had lighted upon men.

### CHORUS

Words, Jason, words, tricked out full cunningly !  
 Yet to me—though I speak not to thy mind—  
 Unjust thou seem'st, betraying thus thy wife.

### MEDEA

Not as the world thinks think I oftentimes ;  
 Nay, to my thought, a villain's artful tongue 580  
 Doubles the hurt his villainy doth to him .  
 So sure his tongue can gloze the wrong, he grows  
 Reckless in sin—a mere fool's wisdom this

Then be not thou, as touching me, fair-seeming  
 And crafty-tongued · one word shall overthrow thee ·  
 Thou shouldst, wert thou not base, have wed this  
 bride

With my consent, not hid it from thy friends

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

590 καλῶς γ' ἄν, οἶμαι, τῷδ' ὑπηρέτεις λόγῳ,  
εἴ σοι γάμον κατεῖπον, ἥτις οὐδὲ νῦν  
τολμᾷς μεθεῖναι καρδίας μέγαν χόλον·

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐ τοῦτό σ' εἶχεν, ἀλλὰ βάρβαρον λέχος  
πρὸς γήρας οὐκ εὐδοξον ἐξέβαινέ σοι.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

εἴ νυν τόδ' ἴσθι, μὴ γυναικὸς εἴνεκα  
γῆμαί με λέκτρα βασιλέων ἃ νῦν ἔχω,  
ἀλλ', ὥσπερ εἶπον καὶ πάρος, σῶσαι θέλων  
σέ, καὶ τέκνοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὁμοσπόρους  
φῦσαι τυράννους παῖδας, ἔρυμα δώμασι.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μή μοι γένοιτο λυπρὸς εὐδαίμων βίος  
μηδ' ὄλβος ὅστις τὴν ἐμὴν κνίζοι φρένα.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

600 οἶσθ' ὥς μετεύξει καὶ σοφώτερα φανεῖ;  
τὰ χρηστὰ μή σοι λυπρὰ φαινέσθω ποτε,  
μηδ' εὐτυχούσα δυστυχῆς εἶναι δόκει.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὑβρίζ', ἐπειδὴ σοὶ μὲν ἔστ' ἀποστροφή,  
ἐγὼ δ' ἔρημος τήνδε φευξοῦμαι χθόνα.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

αὐτὴ τάδ' εἶλον· μηδέν' ἄλλον αἰτιῶ.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δρῶσα; μὼν γαμούσα καὶ προδοῦσά σε;

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἀρὰς τυράννοις ἀνοσίλους ἀρωμένη.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

καὶ σοῖς ἀραῖα γ' οὔσα τυγχάνω δόμοις.

## MEDEA

JASON

Ay, this my purpose nobly hadst thou helped,  
Had I a marriage named, who even now  
Canst not refrain thy heart's exceeding wrath ! 590

MEDEA

Not this thine hindrance, but the alien wife  
No crown of honour was as eld drew on

JASON

Now know this well—not for the woman's sake  
I wed the royal bride whom I have won,  
But, as I said, of my desire to save  
Thee, and beget seed royal, to my sons  
Brethren, and for mine house a tower of strength.

MEDEA

No prosperous life 'neath sorrow's cloud for me,  
Nor weal, with thorns aye ranking in mine heart !

JASON

Know'st how to change thy prayer, and wiser  
show ? 600  
May thy good never seem to thee thy grief ;  
Nor in fair fortune deem thy lot misfortune

MEDEA

O yea, insult ! Thou hast a refuge, thou ;  
But desolate I am banished from this land

JASON

Thyself hast chosen this · blame none beside.

MEDEA

I ?—sooth, by wedding and betraying thee !

JASON

By cursing princes with an impious curse.

MEDEA

Ay—and to *thine* house hast thou found me a curse !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

610 ὥς οὐ κρινοῦμαι τῶνδέ σοι τὰ πλείονα.  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει παισὶν ἢ σαυτῆς φυγῇ  
 προσωφέλημα χρημάτων ἐμῶν λαβεῖν,  
 λέγ'. ὥς ἔτοιμος ἀφθόνῳ δοῦναι χερὶ  
 ξένοις τε πέμπειν σύμβολ', οἱ δράσουσί σ' εὖ.  
 καὶ ταῦτα μὴ θέλουσα μωρανεῖς, γύναι·  
 λήξασα δ' ὀργῆς κερδανεῖς ἀμείνονα.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὔτ' ἂν ξένοισι τοῖσι σοῖς χρησαίμεθ' ἄν,  
 οὔτ' ἄν τι δεξαίμεσθα, μήθ' ἡμῖν δίδου·  
 κακοῦ γὰρ ἀνδρὸς δῶρ' ὄνησιν οὐκ ἔχει.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

620 ἀλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι,  
 ὥς πάνθ' ὑπουργεῖν σοί τε καὶ τέκνοις θέλω·  
 σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀρέσκει τὰγάθ', ἀλλ' αὐθαδίᾳ  
 φίλους ἀπωθεῖ· τοιγὰρ ἀλγυνεὶ πλέον·

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χώρει· πόθῳ γὰρ τῆς νεοδμήτου κόρης  
 αἰρεῖ χρονίζων δωμαίων ἐξώπιος·  
 νύμφευ· ἴσως γάρ, σὺν θεῷ δ' εἰρήσεται,  
 γαμεῖς τοιοῦτον ὥστε σ' ἀρνεῖσθαι γάμον.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν στρ. α'  
 ἐλθόντες οὐκ εὐδοξίαν  
 οὐδ' ἀρετὰν παρέδωκαν  
 630 ἀνδράσιν· εἰ δ' ἄλλις ἔλθοι  
 Κύπρις, οὐκ ἄλλα θεὸς εὐχαρις οὕτως.  
 μήποτ', ὦ δέσποιν', ἐπ' ἐμοὶ  
 χρυσέων τόξων ἐφείης  
 ἰμέρῳ χρίσας' ἀφυκτον οἰστόν.

## MEDEA

JASON

With thee no more I wrangle touching this  
But if, or for the children or thyself, 610  
For help in exile thou wilt take my gold,  
Speak . ready am I to give with hand ungrudging,  
And send guest-tokens which shall find thee friends  
If this thou wilt not, foolish shalt thou be .  
Refrain wrath, and advantaged shalt thou be.

MEDEA

Thy friends !—nothing will I of friends of thine  
No whit will I receive, nor offer thou  
No profit is there in a villain's gifts.

JASON

In any wise I call the Gods to witness  
That all help would I give thee and thy sons , 620  
But thy good likes thee not : thy stubborn pride  
Spurns friends · the more thy grief shall therefore be.  
[*Exit.*

MEDEA

Away !—impatience for the bride new-trapped  
Consumes thee loitering from her bower afar !  
Wed · for perchance—and God shall speed the  
word—  
Thine shall be bridal thou wouldst fain renounce

CHORUS

Love bringeth nor honour nor profit to men when it (Str 1)  
cometh restraining [raining  
Not its unscanted excess : but if Cypris, in measure 630  
Her joy, cometh down, there is none other  
Goddess so winsome as she.  
Not upon me, O Queen, do thou aim from thy bow  
all-golden [—not on me !  
The arrow desire-envenomed that none may avoid

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στέγοι<sup>1</sup> δέ με σωφροσύνα, ἀντ. α'  
 δώρημα κάλλιστον θεῶν·  
 μηδέ ποτ' ἀμφιλόγους ὀρ-  
 γὰς ἀκόρεστά τε νείκη  
 640 θυμὸν ἐκπλήξας' ἐτέροις ἐπὶ λέκτροις  
 προσβάλοι δεινὰ Κύπρις, ἀ-  
 πτολέμους δ' εὐνὰς σεβίζουσ'  
 ὀξύφρων κρίνοι λέχη γυναικῶν.

ὦ πατρίς, ὦ δώματα, μὴ στρ. β'  
 δῆτ' ἄπολις γενοίμαν  
 τὸν ἀμηχανίας ἔχουσα  
 δυσπέρατον αἰῶν',  
 οἰκτροτάτων ἀχέων.  
 θανάτῳ θανάτῳ πάρος δαμείην  
 650 ἀμέραν τάνδ' ἐξανύσασα· μό-  
 χθων δ' οὐκ ἄλλος ὑπερθεῖν ἢ  
 γὰς πατρίας στέρεσθαι

εἶδομεν, οὐκ ἐξ ἐτέρων ἀντ. β'  
 μῦθον ἔχω φράσασθαι·  
 σέ γάρ οὐ πόλις, οὐ φίλων τις  
 ᾧκτισεν παθοῦσαν  
 δεινότατον παθέων.  
 ἀχάριστος ὄλοιθ' ὅτῳ πάρεστι  
 660 μὴ φίλους τιμᾶν καθαρὰν ἀνοί-  
 ξαντα κλῆδα φρενῶν· ἐμοὶ  
 μὲν φίλος οὔ ποτ' ἔσται.

## Αἴγες

Μήδεια, χαῖρε· τοῦδε γὰρ προοίμιον  
 κάλλιον οὐδεὶς οἶδε προσφωνεῖν φίλους.

<sup>1</sup> Wecklein : for MSS στέργοι, "befriend me."



## MEDEA

(*Ant* 1)  
But let Temperance shield me, the fairest of gifts of  
the Gods ever-living [unforgiving,  
Nor ever with passion of jarring contention, nor feuds  
In hei terrois may Love's Queen visit me, smiting  
with maddened unrest  
For a couch mismated my soul; but the peace of the  
bride-bed be holden [bonds that be best. 640  
In honour of her, and her keen eyes choose for us  
(*St* 2)

O fatherland, O mine home,  
Not mine be the exile's doom !  
Into poverty's pathways hard to be trod may my feet  
not be guided !  
Most piteous anguish were this  
By death—O by death ere then may the conflict of  
life be decided, [land divided—  
Ended be life's little day ! To be thus from the home- 650  
No pang more bitter there is.

(*Ant* 2)  
We have seen, and it needeth naught  
That of others herein we be taught :  
For thee not a city, for thee not a friend hath  
compassionated

When affliction most awful is thine  
But he, who regardeth not friends, accursed may he  
perish, and hated, [hapless-fated— 660  
Who opes not his heart with sincerity's key to the  
Never such shall be friend of mine

*Enter* AEGEUS.

AEGEUS

Medea, joy to thee !—for fairer greeting  
None knoweth to accost his friends withal

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, παῖ σοφοῦ Πανδίωνος,  
Αἰγέυ. πόθεν γῆς τῆσδ' ἐπιστροφῆ πέδον ,

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

Φοῖβου παλαιὸν ἐκλιπὼν χρηστήριον.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δ' ὀμφαλὸν γῆς θεσπιφδὸν ἐστάλης ;

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

παίδων ἐρευνῶν σπέρμ' ὅπως γένοιτό μοι.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

670 πρὸς θεῶν, ἅπαις γὰρ δεῦρ' αἰεὶ τείνεις βίον ;

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἅπαιδές ἐσμεν δαίμονός τινος τύχη.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δάμαρτος οὔσης, ἣ λέχους ἄπειρος ὦν ;

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

οὐκ ἐσμέν εὐνῆς ἄζυγες γαμηλίου.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δῆτα Φοῖβος εἶπέ σοι παίδων πέρι ;

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

σοφώτερ' ἢ κατ' ἄνδρα συμβαλεῖν ἔπη.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

θέμις μὲν ἡμᾶς χρησμὸν εἰδέναι θεοῦ ;

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

μάλιστ', ἐπεὶ τοι καὶ σοφῆς δεῖται φρενός.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δῆτ' ἔχρησε ; λέξον, εἰ θέμις κλύειν.

## ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἄσκοῦ με τὸν προὔχοντα μὴ λῦσαι πόδα,

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

680 πρὶν ἂν τί δράσης ἢ τίν' ἐξίκη χθόνα ;

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Joy to thee also, wise Pandion's son,  
Aegeus Whence art thou journeying through this  
land ?

AEGEUS

Leaving the ancient oracle of Phoebus

MEDEA

Why didst thou fare to earth's prophetic navel ?

AEGEUS

To ask how seed of children might be mine

MEDEA

'Fore Heaven !—aye childless is thy life till now ? 670

AEGEUS

Childless I am, by chance of some God's will

MEDEA

This, with a wife, or knowing not the couch ?

AEGEUS

Nay, not unyoked to wedlock's bed am I

MEDEA

Now what to thee spake Phoebus touching issue ?

AEGEUS

Deep words of wisdom not for man to interpret

MEDEA

Without sin might I know the God's reply ?

AEGEUS

O yea—good sooth, it asks a wise wit most

MEDEA

What said he ? Say, if sin be not to hear

AEGEUS

“ Loose not the wine-skin's forward-jutting foot ”—

MEDEA

Till thou shouldst do what thing, or reach what land ? 680

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

πρὶν ἂν πατρώαν αὖθις ἐστίαν μόλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ' ὥς τί χρήζων τήνδε ναυστολεῖς χθόνα ;

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

Πιτθεὺς τις ἔστι γῆς ἄναξ Τροιζηνίας.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

παῖς, ὥς λέγουσι, Πέλοπος εὐσεβέστατος.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τούτῳ θεοῦ μάντευμα κοινῶσαι θέλω.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σοφὸς γὰρ ἀνὴρ καὶ τρίβων τὰ τοιάδε.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

κἄμοί γε πάντων φίλτατος δορυξένων.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης καὶ τύχοις ὅσων ἐράς.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί γὰρ σὸν ὄμμα χρώς τε συντέτηχ' ὅδε ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

690' Αἰγεῦ, κάκιστος ἔστι μοι πάντων πόσις.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί φῆς ; σαφῶς μοι σὰς φράσον δυσθυμίας.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀδικεῖ μ' Ἰάσων οὐδὲν ἔξ ἐμοῦ παθῶν

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

τί χρήμα δράσας ; φράζε μοι σαφέστερον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

γυναῖκ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν δεσπότην δόμων ἔχει.

ΑΙΓΕΥΣ

ἦ που τετόλμηκ' ἔργον αἰσχιστον τόδε ;

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ' ἴσθ'· ἄτιμοι δ' ἐσμέν οἱ πρὸ τοῦ φίλοι.

## MEDEA

ÆGEUS

“Till to the hearth ancestral back thou come ”

MEDEA

And thou, what wouldst thou sailing to this shore ?

ÆGEUS

There is one Pittheus, king of Troezen he,—

MEDEA

A man most pious, Pelops' son, they say

ÆGEUS

To him the God's response I fain would tell.

MEDEA

Yea—a wise man, who hath much skill therein

ÆGEUS

Yea, and my best-belovèd spear-ally.

MEDEA

Now prosper thou, and win thine heart's desire

ÆGEUS

Why droops thine eye ?—why this wan-wasted hue ?

MEDEA

Ægeus, of all men basest is mine husband.

690

ÆGEUS

What say'st thou ? Clearly tell me thine heart's pain

MEDEA

•He wrongs me—Jason, never wronged of me

ÆGEUS

What hath he done ? More plainly tell it out

MEDEA

Another wife he takes, his household's queen

ÆGEUS

Ha ! hath he daied in truth this basest deed ?

MEDEA

Yea I am now dishonoured, once beloved

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πότερον ἐρασθεῖς, ἢ σὸν ἐχθαίρων λέχος ,

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μέγαν γ' ἔρωτα· πιστὸς οὐκ ἔφυ φίλοις.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἴτω νυν, εἴπερ ὥς λέγεις ἐστὶν κακός.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

700 ἀνδρῶν τυράννων κῆδος ἡράσθη λαβεῖν.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

δίδωσι δ' αὐτῷ τίς ; πέραινέ μοι λόγον.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κρέων, ὃς ἄρχει τῆσδε γῆς Κορινθίας.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

συγγνωστὰ μὲν τᾶρ' ἦν σε λυπεῖσθαι, γύναι.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὀλωλα· καὶ πρὸς γ' ἐξελαύνομαι χθονός.

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πρὸς τοῦ ; τόδ' ἄλλο καινὸν αὖ λέγεις κακόν.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

Κρέων μ' ἐλαύνει φυγάδα γῆς Κορινθίας

ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἐᾷ δ' Ἰάσων ; οὐδὲ ταῦτ' ἐπήνεσα.

ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

710 λόγῳ μὲν οὐχί, καρτερεῖν δὲ βούλεται.  
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε τῆσδε πρὸς γενειάδος  
γονάτων τε τῶν σῶν ἱκεσία τε γίγνομαι,  
οἴκτειρον οἴκτειρόν με τὴν δυσδαίμονα,  
καὶ μή μ' ἔρημον ἐκπεσοῦσαν εἰσίδης,  
δέξαι δὲ χώρα καὶ δόμοις ἐφέστιον.  
οὕτως ἔρωσ σοὶ πρὸς θεῶν τελεσφόρος  
γένοιτο παίδων, καὐτὸς ὄλβιος θάνοις.

## MEDEA

AEGEUS

Another love was this?—or hate of thee?

MEDEA

*Love*?—deep and high his love is!—traitor in love!

AEGEUS

Away with him, if he be base as this!

MEDEA

His love was for affinity with princes. 700

AEGEUS

Who giveth him his daughter? Tell me all

MEDEA

Creon, who ruleth this Corinthian land

AEGEUS

Sooth, lady, reason was that thou shouldst grieve

MEDEA

'Tis death to me! Yea, also am I banished

AEGEUS

Of whom? A monstrous wrong thou namest now!

MEDEA

Creon from Corinth driveth me an exile

AEGEUS

Doth Jason suffer this?—I count it shame!

MEDEA

In pretence, no—yet O, he bears it well!  
But I beseech thee, lo, thy beard I touch,— 710  
I clasp thy knees, thy suppliant am I now:—  
Pity, O pity me the evil-starred,  
And see me not cast forth to homelessness.  
Receive to a hearth-place in thy land, thine halls.  
So by heaven's blessing fruitful be thy love  
In children, and in death thyself be blest

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὖρημα δ' οὐκ οἶσθ' οἷον ἡῦρηκας τόδε·  
παύσω δέ σ' ὄντ' ἄπαιδα καὶ παίδων γονὰς  
σπείραί σε θήσω· τοιάδ' οἶδα φάρμακα.

### ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

720 πολλῶν ἑκατι τήνδε σοι δοῦναι χάριν,  
γύναι, πρόθυμός εἰμι, πρῶτα μὲν θεῶν,  
ἔπειτα παίδων ὧν ἐπαγγέλλει γονάς·  
εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ φροῦδός εἰμι πᾶς ἐγώ.  
[οὕτω δ' ἔχει μοι· σοῦ μὲν ἐλθούσης χθόνα,  
πειράσομαί σου προξενεῖν δίκαιος ὢν.]  
τόσον γε μέντοι σοι προσημαίνω, γύναι·  
ἐκ τῆσδε μὲν γῆς οὗ σ' ἄγειν βουλήσομαι·  
αὕτῃ δ' ἐάνπερ εἰς ἐμούς ἐλθῇς δόμους,  
μενεῖς ἄσυλος κοῦ σε μὴ μεθῶ τι·  
730 ἐκ τῆσδε δ' αὕτῃ γῆς ἀπαλλάσσου πόδα·  
ἀναίτιος γὰρ καὶ ξένοις εἶναι θέλω.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἔσται τάδ'· ἀλλὰ πίστις εἰ γένοιτό μοι  
τούτων, ἔχοιμ' ἂν πάντα πρὸς σέθεν καλῶς.

### ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

μῶν οὐ πέποιθας ; ἢ τί σοι τὸ δυσχερές ;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πέποιθα· Πελίου δ' ἐχθρός ἐστὶ μοι δόμος  
Κρέων τε· τούτοις δ', ὀρκίοισι μὲν ζυγεῖς,  
ἄγουσιν οὐ μεθεῖ' ἂν ἐκ γαίης ἐμέ·  
λόγοις δὲ συμβάς, καὶ θεῶν ἀνώμοτος,  
φίλος γένοι' ἂν κἀπικηρυκεύμασι  
τάχ<sup>1</sup> ἂν πίθοιο· τὰ μὰ μὲν γὰρ ἀσθενῇ,  
740 τοῖς δ' ὄλβος ἔστι καὶ δόμος τυραννικός.

<sup>1</sup> Wytttenbach for MSS. οὐκ



## MEDEA

Thou know'st not what good fortune thou hast  
found ;

For I will end thy childlessness, will cause  
Thy seed to grow to sons , such charms I know

### AEGEUS

For many causes am I minded, lady,  
This grace to grant thee : for the Gods' sake first ;      720  
Then, for thy promise of a seed of sons ,  
For herein Aegeus' name is like to die.  
But thus it is—if to my land thou come,  
I will protect thee all I can my right  
Is this ; but I forewarn thee of one thing—  
Not from this land to lead thee I consent ,  
But, if thou reachest of thyself mine halls,  
Safe shalt thou bide ; to none will I yield thee  
But from this land thou must thyself escape ,  
For even to strangers blameless will I be      730

### MEDEA

So be it    Yet, were oath-pledge given for this  
To me, then had I all I would of thee

### AEGEUS

Ha, dost not trust me ?—or at what dost stumble ?

### MEDEA

I trust thee ; but my foes are Pelias' house  
And Creon    Oath-bound, thou could'st never yield me  
To these, when they would drag me from the land  
Hadst thou but promised, to the Gods unpledged,  
Thou mightest turn their friend, might'st lightly  
yield

To herald-summons.    Strengthless is my cause  
Wealth is on their side, and a princely house.

740

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

πολλὴν ἔλεξας ἐν λόγοις προμηθίαν·  
ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, δρᾶν τάδ' οὐκ ἀφίσταμαι.  
ἐμοί τε γὰρ τάδ' ἐστὶν ἀσφαλέστατα,  
σκῆψίν τιν' ἐχθροῖς σοῖς ἔχοντα δεικνύναι,  
τὸ σὸν τ' ἄραρε μᾶλλον· ἐξηγοῦ θεούς.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὄμνυ πέδον Γῆς πατέρα θ' Ἥλιον πατρὸς  
τοῦμοῦ, θεῶν τε συντιθεῖς ἅπαν γένος.

### ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν ; λέγε.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

750

μήτ' αὐτὸς ἐκ γῆς σῆς ἔμ' ἐκβαλεῖν ποτε,  
μήτ' ἄλλος ἦν τις τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν ἄγειν  
χρηῆζην, μεθήσειν ζῶν ἐκουσίῳ τρόπῳ.

### ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ὄμνυμι Γαῖαν Ἥλιου θ' ἄγνὸν σέβας <sup>1</sup>  
θεούς τε πάντας ἐμμενεῖν ἅ σου κλύω.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἄρκεῖ· τί δ' ὄρκῳ τῷδε μὴ ῥυμένων πάθοις ;

### ΑΙΓΕΤΣ

ἂ τοῖσι δυσσεβοῦσι γίγνεται βροτῶν.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

χαίρων πορεύου· πάντα γὰρ καλῶς ἔχει.  
κἀγὼ πόλιν σὴν ὡς τάχιστ' ἀφίξομαι,  
πράξασ' ἂ μέλλω καὶ τυχοῦσ' ἂ βούλομαι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

760

ἀλλὰ σ' ὁ Μαίας πομπαῖος ἀναξ  
πελάσειε δόμοις, ὧν τ' ἐπίνοιαν

<sup>1</sup> Porson . MSS. vary between λαμπρὸν φῶς and φάος

## MEDEA

AEGEUS

Foresight exceeding, lady, in thy words  
Yet, if this be thy will, I draw not back  
Yea, for myself is this the safest course,  
To have a plea to show unto thy foes ;  
And firmer stands thy cause    The Oath-gods name

MEDEA

Swear by Earth's plain, and by my father's father,  
The Sun, and join the Gods' whole race thereto

AEGEUS

That I will do or not do—what ?    Say on

MEDEA

Never thyself to cast me forth thy land,  
Nor, if a foe of mine would hale me thence,    750  
To yield me willingly up, while thou dost live

AEGEUS

By Earth, the Sun's pure majesty, and all  
The Gods, I swear to abide by this thou hast said.

MEDEA

Enough    For broken troth what penalty ?

AEGEUS

The worst that scourgeth God-despising men.

MEDEA

Pass on thy way rejoicing : all is well.  
I too will come with all speed to thy burg,  
When mine intent is wrought, my wish attained.

[*Exit* AEGEUS

CHORUS

Now the Scion of Maia, the Wayfarer's King,  
Bring thee safe to thine home, and the dream of  
thine heart,    760

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σπεύδεις κατέχων πράξειας, ἐπεὶ  
γενναῖος ἀνὴρ,  
Αἰγυῦ, παρ' ἐμοὶ δεδόκησαι.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ Ζεῦ Δίκη τε Ζηνὸς Ἡλίου τε φῶς,  
νῦν καλλίνικοι τῶν ἐμῶν ἐχθρῶν, φίλαι,  
γενησόμεσθα κεῖς ὁδὸν βεβήκαμεν·  
νῦν ἐλπίς ἐχθροὺς τοὺς ἐμοὺς τίσειν δίκην.  
οὗτος γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἢ μάλιστ' ἐκάμνομεν  
770 λιμὴν πέφανται τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων·  
ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀναψόμεσθα πρυμνήτην κάλων,  
μολόντες ἄστυ καὶ πόλισμα Παλλάδος.  
ἤδη δὲ πάντα τὰμά σοι βουλεύματα  
λέξω· δέχου δὲ μὴ πρὸς ἡδονὴν λόγους.  
πέμψας· ἐμῶν τιν' οἴκετῶν Ἰάσωνα  
εἰς ὄψιν ἐλθεῖν τὴν ἐμὴν αἰτήσομαι·  
μολόντι δ' αὐτῷ μαλθακοὺς λέξω λόγους,  
ὥς καὶ δοκεῖ μοι ταῦτα, καὶ καλῶς ἔχει·  
γάμους τυράννων οὓς προδοὺς ἡμᾶς ἔχει  
780 καὶ ξύμφορ' εἶναι καὶ καλῶς ἐγνωσμένα·  
παῖδας δὲ μεῖναι τοὺς ἐμοὺς αἰτήσομαι,  
οὐχ ὥς λίπω σφε πολεμίας ἐπὶ χθονὸς  
ἐχθροῖσι παῖδας τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι,  
ἀλλ' ὥς δόλοισι παῖδα βασιλέως κτάνω.  
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτοὺς δῶρ' ἔχοντας ἐν χεροῖν,  
νύμφη φέροντας, τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα,  
λεπτὸν τε πέπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσήλατον·  
καῖνπερ λαβοῦσα κόσμον ἀμφιθῇ χροί,  
κακῶς ὀλεῖται πᾶς θ' ὃς ἂν θίγῃ κόρης·  
790 τοιοῖσδε χρίσω φαρμάκοις δωρήματα.  
ἐνταῦθα μὲν δὴ τόνδ' ἀπαλλάσσω λόγον·  
ὦμωξα δ' οἶον ἔργον ἔστ' ἐργαστέον

## MEDEA

The sweet visions that wing thy feet, mayst thou  
bring  
To accomplishment, Aegeus, for now this thing  
Hath taught me how noble thou art

### MEDEA

O Zeus, Zeus' daughter Justice, Light of the  
Sun!

Over my foes triumphant now, my friends,  
Shall we become : our feet are on the path.  
Now is there hope of vengeance on my foes  
For this man, there where my chief weakness lay,  
Hath for my plots a haven in storm appeared  
To him my bark's stern-hawser make I fast, 770  
To Pallas' burg and fortress when I go.  
And all my plots to thee will I tell now ,  
Nor look I that my words should pleasure thee :—  
One of mine household will I send to Jason,  
And will entreat him to my sight to come ,  
And soft words, when he cometh, will I speak,  
Saying, "Thy will is mine," and, "It is well",  
Saying, his royal marriage, my betrayal,  
Is our advantage, and right well devised.  
I will petition that my sons may stay— 780  
Not for that I would leave on hostile soil  
Children of mine for foes to trample on,  
But the king's daughter so by guile to slay.  
For I will send them bearing gifts in hand  
Unto the bride, that they may not be banished,  
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem.  
If she receive and don mine ornaments,  
Die shall she wretchedly, and all who touch her ;  
With drugs so dread will I anoint my gifts  
Howbeit here I pass this story by, 790  
And wail the deed that yet for me remains

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τοῦντεῦθεν ἡμῖν· τέκνα γὰρ κατακτενῶ  
 τᾶμ'· οὐτις ἔστιν ὅστις ἐξαιρήσεται·  
 δόμον τε πάντα συγχέας' Ἰάσονος  
 ἔξειμι γαίης, φιλτάτων παίδων φόνον  
 φεύγουσα καὶ τλᾶσ' ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον.  
 οὐ γὰρ γελᾶσθαι τλητὸν ἐξ ἐχθρῶν, φίλαι.  
 ἴτω· τί μοι ζῆν κέρδος; οὔτε μοι πατρίς  
 οὔτ' οἶκος ἔστιν οὔτ' ἀποστροφὴ κακῶν.  
 800 ἡμάρτανον τόθ' ἡνίκ' ἐξελίμπανον  
 δόμους πατρώους, ἀνδρὸς Ἑλληνος λόγοις  
 πεισθεῖς, ὃς ἡμῖν σὺν θεῷ τίσει δίκην.  
 οὔτ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ γὰρ παῖδας ὄψεται ποτε  
 ζῶντας τὸ λοιπὸν οὔτε τῆς νεοζύγου  
 νύμφης τεκνώσει παῖδ', ἐπεὶ κακὴν κακῶς  
 θανεῖν σφ' ἀνάγκη τοῖς ἐμοῖσι φαρμάκοις.  
 μηδεῖς με φαύλην κᾶσθενὴ νομιζέτω  
 μηδ' ἡσυχαίαν, ἀλλὰ θατέρου τρόπου,  
 βαρεῖαν ἐχθροῖς καὶ φίλοισιν εὐμενῇ·  
 810 τῶν γὰρ τοιούτων εὐκλεέστατος βίος.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπεὶ περ ἡμῖν τόνδ' ἐκοίνωσας λόγον,  
 σέ τ' ὠφελεῖν θέλουσα, καὶ νόμοις βροτῶν  
 ξυλλαμβάνουσα, δρᾶν σ' ἀπεννέπω τάδε.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλως· σοὶ δὲ συγγνώμη λέγειν  
 τὰδ' ἐστί, μὴ πᾶσχουσιν ὥς ἐγὼ κακῶς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλὰ κτανεῖν σὼ παῖδε τολμήσεις, γύναι;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὔτω γὰρ ἂν μάλιστα δηχθείη πόσις.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἂν γένοιό γ' ἀθλιωτάτη γυνή.

## MEDEA

To bring to pass ; for I will slay my children,  
Yea, mine : no man shall pluck them from mine  
hand.

Then, having brought all Jason's house to wrack,  
I leave the land, fleeing my dear babes' blood,  
And having dared a deed most impious  
For unendurable are mocks of foes.

Let all go : what is life to me ? Nor country  
Nor home have I, nor refuge from mine ills.

Then erred I, in the day when I forsook 800  
My father's halls, by yon Greek's words beguiled,  
Who with God's help shall render me requital.

For never living shall he see henceforth  
The sons I bare him, nor shall he beget  
A son of his new bride, that wretch foredoomed  
In agony to die by drugs of mine

Let none account me impotent, nor weak,  
Nor spiritless !—O nay, in other sort,

Grim to my foes, and kindly to my friends  
Most glorious is the life of such as I 810

### CHORUS

Since thou hast made me partner of this tale,—  
Wishing to help thee, and yet championing  
The laws of men, I say, do thou not this !

### MEDEA

It cannot be but so · yet reason is  
That thou say this, who art not wronged as I.

### CHORUS

Woman, wilt have the heart to slay thy sons ?

### MEDEA

Yea · so mine husband's heart shall most be wrung

### CHORUS

But thou of wives most wretched shouldst become.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

820 ἴτω· περισσοὶ πάντες οὖν μέσφ' λόγιοι.  
 ἀλλ' εἶα χώρει καὶ κόμιζ' Ἰάσονα·  
 εἰς πάντα γὰρ δὴ σοὶ τὰ πιστὰ χρώμεθα.  
 λέξης δὲ μηδὲν τῶν ἐμοὶ δεδογμένων,  
 εἴπερ φρονεῖς εὖ δεσπότηις γυνή τ' ἔφυς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἐρεχθεῖδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιοι στρ. α'  
 καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων, ἱερᾶς  
 χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἀποφερβόμενοι  
 830 κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, αἰὲ διὰ λαμπροτάτου  
 βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθέρος, ἔνθα ποθ' ἄγνὰς  
 ἐννέα Πιερίδας Μούσας λέγουσι  
 ξανθὰν Ἀρμονίαν φυτεῦσαι·

τοῦ καλλινάου τ' ἀπὸ Κηφισοῦ ῥοὰς ἀντ. α'  
 τὰν Κύπριν κλήζουσιν ἀφυσσαμέναν  
 χώραν καταπνεῦσαι μετρίας ἀνέμων αὔρας·  
 840 αἰὲ δ' ἐπιβαλλομέναν  
 χαίταισιν εὐώδη ῥοδέων πλόκον ἀνθέων  
 τᾷ σοφίᾳ παρέδρους πέμπειν ἔρωτας,  
 παντοίας ἀρετᾶς ξυνεργούς.

πῶς οὖν ἱερῶν ποταμῶν στρ. β'  
 ἢ πόλις ἢ φίλων  
 πόμπιμός σε χώρα



## MEDEA

### MEDEA

So be it : wasted are all hindering words  
But ho ! [*enter NURSE*] go thou and Jason bring to  
me— 820

Thou whom I use for every deed of trust,  
And look thou tell none aught of mine intent,  
If thine is loyal service, thou a woman

[*Exeunt MEDEA and NURSE*]

### CHORUS

O happy the race in the ages olden (*Str.* 1)  
Of Erechtheus, the seed of the blest Gods' line,  
In a land unravaged, peace-enfolden,  
Aye quaffing of Wisdom's glorious wine,  
Ever through air clear-shining brightly 830  
As on wings uplifted pacing lightly,  
Where Harmonia, they tell, of the tresses golden,  
Bare the Pierid Muses, the stainless Nine<sup>1</sup>

(*Ant.* 1)

And the streams of Cephissus the lovely-flowing  
They tell how the Lady of Cyprus drew,  
And in Zephyr-wafts of the winds sweet-blowing  
Breathed far over the land their dew.  
And she sendeth her Loves which, throned in  
glory  
By Wisdom, fashion all virtue's story ; 840  
And over her hair is she throwing, throwing,  
Roses in odorous wreaths aye new

*Re-enter MEDEA* (*Str.* 2)

How then should the hallowed city,  
The city of sacred waters,  
Which shields with her guardian hand

<sup>1</sup> Another interpretation is equally admitted by the Greek—"Grew, sown by the Muses, the stainless Nine"

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

850

860

ΙΑΣΩΝ

350

## MEDEA

All friends that would fare through her land,  
Receive a murderess banned,  
Who had slaughtered her babes without pity,  
A pollution amidst of her daughters ? 850

In thine heart's thoughts set it before thee—  
To murder the fruit of thy womb '  
O think what it meaneth to slay  
Thy sons—what a deed this day  
Thou wouldst do ' By thy knees we pray,  
By heaven and earth we implore thee,  
Deal not to thy babes such a doom '  
(*Ant.* 2)

O whence, and O whence wilt thou gain thee  
Such desperate hardihood  
That for spirit so fiendish shall serve,  
That shall strengthen thine heart, that shall  
nerve  
Thine hand, that it shall not swerve  
From the ruthless deed that shall stain thee  
With horror of children's blood ?

O how, when thine eyes thou art turning 860  
On thy little ones, wilt thou refrain  
The motherhood in thee, to feel  
No upwelling of tears ? Canst thou steel  
Thy breast when thy children kneel,  
To crimson thine hand, with unyearning  
Heart for thy darlings slain ?

*Enter* JASON

JASON

I at thy bidding come . albeit my foe,  
This grace thou shalt not miss ; but I will hear  
What new thing, lady, thou dost wish of me

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 870 Ἴασον, αἰτοῦμαί σε τῶν εἰρημένων  
 συγγνώμον' εἶναι· τὰς δ' ἐμὰς ὀργὰς φέρειν  
 εἰκός σ', ἐπεὶ νῶν πόλλ' ὑπείργασται φίλα.  
 ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῇ διὰ λόγων ἀφικόμην,  
 κάλοιδόρησα· σχετλία, τί μαίνομαι  
 καὶ δυσμεναίνω τοῖσι βουλευούσιν εὖ,  
 ἐχθρὰ δὲ γαίας κοιράνοις καθίσταμαι  
 πόσει θ', ὃς ἡμῖν δρᾷ τὰ συμφορώτατα,  
 γήμας τύραννον καὶ κασιγνήτους τέκνοις  
 ἐμοῖς φυτεύων ; οὐκ ἀπαλλαχθήσομαι  
 θυμοῦ ; τί πάσχω, θεῶν ποριζόντων καλῶς ;  
 880 οὐκ εἰσὶ μέν μοι παῖδες, οἶδα δὲ χθόνα  
 φεύγοντας ἡμᾶς καὶ σπανίζοντας φίλων ,  
 ταύτ' ἐννοήσας ἡσθόμην ἀβουλίαν  
 πολλὴν ἔχουσα καὶ μάτην θυμουμένη.  
 νῦν οὖν ἐπαινῶ· σωφρονεῖν τέ μοι δοκεῖς  
 κῆδος τόδ' ἡμῖν προσλαβών, ἐγὼ δ' ἄφρων,  
 ἧ χρὴν μετεῖναι τῶνδε τῶν βουλευμάτων  
 καὶ ξυμπεραίνειν καὶ παρεστάναι λέχει  
 νύμφην τε κηδεύουσαν ἥδεσθαι σέθεν.  
 ἀλλ' ἐσμέν οἷόν ἐσμεν, οὐκ ἐρῶ κακόν,  
 890 γυναῖκες· οὐκουν χρὴν σ' ὁμοιοῦσθαι κακοῖς  
 οὐδ' ἀντιτείνειν νήπι' ἀντὶ νηπίων.  
 παριέμεσθα, καὶ φάμεν κακῶς φρονεῖν  
 τότ', ἀλλ' ἄμεινον νῦν βεβούλευμαι τόδε.  
 ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, δεῦτε, λείπετε στέγας,  
 ἐξέλθετ', ἀσπάσασθε καὶ προσείπατε  
 πατέρα μεθ' ἡμῶν, καὶ διαλλάχθηθ' ἅμα  
 τῆς πρόσθεν ἐχθρας εἰς φίλους μητρὸς μέτα·  
 σπονδαὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν καὶ μεθέστηκεν χόλος.  
 λάβεσθε χειρὸς δεξιᾶς· οἴμοι κακῶν.

## MEDEA

### MEDEA

Jason, I ask thee to forgive the words  
 Late-spoken Well thou mayest gently bear 870  
 With my wild mood, for all the old love's sake  
 Now have I called myself to account, and railed  
 Upon myself—"Wretch, wherefore am I mad?  
 And wherefore rage against good counsellors,  
 And am at feud with rulers of the land,  
 And with my lord, who works my veriest good,  
 Wedding a royal house, to raise up brethren  
 Unto my sons? Shall I not cease from wrath?  
 What aileth me, when the Gods proffer boons?  
 Have I not children? Know I not that we 880  
 Are exiles from our own land, lacking friends?"  
 Thus musing, was I ware that I had nursed  
 Folly exceeding, anger without cause.  
 Now then I praise thee wise thou seem'st to me  
 In gaining us this kinship, senseless I,  
 Who in these counsels should have been thine  
 ally,  
 Have furthered all, have decked the bridal couch,  
 And joyed to minister unto the bride  
 But we are—women. needs not harsher word  
 Yet shouldst thou not for evil render evil, 890  
 Nor pit against my folly folly of thine  
 I yield, confessing mine unwisdom then,  
 But unto better counsels now am come  
 Children, my children, hither: leave the house;  
 [Enter CHILDREN.  
 Come forth, salute your father, and with me  
 Bid him farewell be reconciled to friends  
 Ye, with your mother, from the hate o'erpast  
 Truce is between us, rancour hath given place  
 Clasp ye his right hand. Woe for ambushed ills!

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

900 ὥς ἐννοοῦμαι δὴ τι τῶν κεκρυμμένων.  
 ἄρ', ὦ τέκν', οὕτω καὶ πολὺν ζῶντες χρόνον  
 φίλην ὀρέξετ' ὠλένην; τάλαιν' ἐγώ,  
 ὥς ἀρτίδακρύς εἰμι καὶ φόβου πλέα.  
 χρόνῳ δὲ νεῖκος πατρὸς ἐξαιρουμένη  
 ὄψιν τέρειναν τήνδ' ἐπλησα δακρύων.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

καμοὶ κατ' ὅσων χλωρὸν ὠρμήθη δάκρυ·  
 καὶ μὴ προβαίη μείζον ἢ τὸ νῦν κακόν.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

910 αἰνῶ, γύναι, τὰδ' οὐδ' ἐκεῖνα μέμφομαι·  
 εἰκὸς γὰρ ὀργὰς θήλυ ποιεῖσθαι γένος,  
 †γάμους παρεμπολῶντος ἀλλοίους, πύσει.†  
 ἀλλ' εἰς τὸ λῶον σὸν μεθέστηκεν κέαρ,  
 ἔγνωσ δὲ τὴν νικῶσαν ἀλλὰ τῷ χρόνῳ  
 βουλήν· γυναικὸς ἔργα ταῦτα σῶφρονος.  
 ὑμῖν δέ, παῖδες, οὐκ ἀφροντίστως πατήρ  
 πολλὴν ἔθηκε σὺν θεοῖς προμηθίαν.  
 οἶμαι γὰρ ὑμᾶς τῆσδε γῆς Κορινθίας  
 τὰ πρῶτ' ἔσεσθαι σὺν κασιγνήτοις ἔτι.  
 ἀλλ' αὐξάνεσθε· τᾶλλα δ' ἐξεργάζεται  
 πατήρ τε καὶ θεῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν εὐμενής·  
 920 ἴδοιμι δ' ὑμᾶς εὐτραφεῖς ἡβῆς τέλος  
 μολόντας, ἐχθρῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ὑπερτέρους.  
 αὕτη, τί χλωροῖς δακρύοις τέγγεις κόρας,  
 στρέψασα λευκὴν ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,  
 κούκ ἀσμένη τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐδέν· τέκνων τῶνδ' ἐννοουμένη πέρι.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

θάρσει νυν· εὖ γὰρ τῶνδ' ἐγὼ θήσω πέρι.

## MEDEA

I am haunted by the shadow of hidden things ! 900  
Ah children, will ye thus, through many a year  
Living, still reach him loving arms ? Ah me,  
How swift to weep am I, how full of fear !  
Feuds with your father ended—ah, so late !—  
Have filled with tears these soft-relentng eyes.

### CHORUS

And from mine eyes start tears of pale dismay.  
Ah, may no evil worse than this befall !

### JASON

Lady, I praise this mood, yet blame not that :  
'Tis nothing strange that womankind should rage  
When the spouse trafficketh in alien marriage 910  
But now to better thoughts thine heart hath turned,  
And thou, though late, hast seen which policy  
Must win : a prudent woman's part is this.  
And for you, children, not unheedfully  
Your sire hath ta'en much forethought, so help  
heaven.

For ye, I ween, in this Corinthian land  
Shall with your brethren stand the foremost yet  
Grow ye in strength · the rest shall by your sire,  
And whatso God is gracious, be wrought out.  
You may I see to goodly stature grown, 920  
In manhood's prime, triumphant o'er my foes.  
Thou, why with wan tears thus bedew thine eyes,  
Turning away from them thy pallid cheek ?  
Why hear'st thou not with gladness this my speech ?

### MEDEA

'Tis naught, but o'er these children broods mine  
heart.

### JASON

Fear not : all will I order well for them.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δράσω τάδ'· οὔτοι σοῖς ἀπιστήσω λόγοις.  
γυνή δὲ θῆλυ καὶ πλὶ δακρύοις ἔφν.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δή, τάλαινα, τοῖσδ' ἐπιστένεις τέκνοις;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

930 ἔτικτον αὐτούς· ζῆν δ' ὅτ' ἐξήυχου τέκνα,  
εἰσῆλθέ μ' οἶκος εἰ γενήσεται τάδε.  
ἀλλ' ὦν περ εἵνεκ' εἰς ἐμούς ἦκεις λόγους,  
τὰ μὲν λέλεκται, τῶν δ' ἐγὼ μνησθήσομαι.  
ἐπεὶ τυράννοις γῆς μ' ἀποστεῖλαι δοκεῖ,—  
καὶ μοι τάδ' ἐστὶ λῶστα, γινώσκω καλῶς,  
μήτ' ἐμποδῶν σοὶ μήτε κοιράνοις χθονὸς  
ναίειν, δοκῶ γὰρ δυσμενῆς εἶναι δόμοις,—  
ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐκ γῆς τῆσδ' ἀπαίρομεν φυγῇ,  
940 παῖδες δ' ὅπως ἂν ἐκτραφῶσι σῇ χειρί,  
αἰτοῦ Κρέοντα τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμι, πειρᾶσθαι δὲ χρή.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ σὴν κέλευσον αἰτεῖσθαι πατρὸς  
γυναῖκα παῖδας τήνδε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

μάλιστα, καὶ πείσειν γε δοξάζω σφ' ἐγώ.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

950 εἴπερ γυναικῶν ἐστὶ τῶν ἄλλων μία.  
συλλήψομαι δὲ τοῦδέ σοι καὶ γὰρ πόνον·  
πέμψω γὰρ αὐτῇ δῶρ' ἃ καλλιστεύεται  
τῶν νῦν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν, οἶδ' ἐγώ, πολύ,  
λεπτὸν τε πέπλον καὶ πλόκον χρυσήλατον  
παῖδας φέροντας. ἀλλ' ὅσον τάχος χρεῶν  
κόσμον κομίζειν δεῦρο προσπόλων τινά.



## MEDEA

MEDEA

I will be brave—will not mistrust thy words ;  
But woman is but woman—born for tears

JASON

Why, hapless one, dost thou sigh over these ?

MEDEA

I bare them    When thou prayedst life for them,    930  
Pity stole o'er me, whispering, " Shall this be ? "  
But that for which thou can'st to speech of me  
In part is said ; to speak the rest is mine .  
Since the king pleaseth forth the land to send me,—  
Yea, for me too 'tis best, I know it well,  
That I bide not, a stumblingblock to thee  
And the land's lords, whose house's foe I seem,—  
Lo, from this land I fare to exile forth .  
But, that my sons by thine hand may be reared,  
Entreat thou Creon that they be not banished.    940

JASON

Prevail I may not, yet must I essay.

MEDEA

Nay then, thy bride bid thou to pray her sire  
That thy sons be not banished from this land

JASON

Yea surely , and, I trow, her shall I win

MEDEA

If of her sister women she is one  
I too will bear a part in thine endeavour ,  
For I will send her gifts outrivalling far  
In beauty aught in these days seen, I know,  
A robe fine-spun, a golden diadem ;  
Our sons to bear them.    Now must an attendant    950  
With all speed hither bring the ornaments

[*Handmaid goes*

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

εὐδαιμονήσει δ' οὐχ ἔν ἀλλὰ μυρία,  
 ἀνδρός τ' ἀρίστου σοῦ τυχοῦς' ὀμευνέτου  
 κεκτημένη τε κόσμον ὃν ποθ' Ἥλιος  
 πατρὸς πατὴρ δίδωσιν ἐκγόνοισιν οἷς.  
 λάζυσθε φερνὰς τάσδε, παῖδες, εἰς χέρας  
 καὶ τῇ τυράννῳ μακαρία νύμφῃ δότε  
 φέροντες· οὗτοι δῶρα μεμπτὰ δέξεται.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

960

τί δ', ὦ ματαία, τῶνδε σὰς κενοῖς χέρας ;  
 δοκεῖς σπανίζειν δῶμα βασιλικὸν πέπλων,  
 δοκεῖς δὲ χρυσοῦ ; σῶζε, μὴ δίδου τάδε.  
 εἴπερ γὰρ ἡμᾶς ἀξιοὶ λόγου τινὸς  
 γυνή, προθήσει χρημάτων, σάφ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

970

μή μοι σύ· πείθειν δῶρα καὶ θεοὺς λόγος·  
 χρυσὸς δὲ κρείσσων μυρίων λόγων βροτοῖς·  
 κείνης ὁ δαίμων, κείνα νῦν αὔξει θεός·  
 νέα τυραννεῖ· τῶν δ' ἐμῶν παίδων φυγὰς  
 ψυχῆς ἂν ἀλλαξαίμεθ', οὐ χρυσοῦ μόνον.  
 ἀλλ', ὦ τέκν', εἰσελθόντε πλουσίους δόμους  
 πατρὸς νέαν γυναῖκα, δεσπότην δ' ἐμήν,  
 ἱκετεύετ', ἐξαιτεῖσθε μὴ φεύγειν χθόνα,  
 κόσμον διδόντες—τοῦδε γὰρ μάλιστα δεῖ—  
 εἰς χεῖρ' ἐκείνην δῶρα δέξασθαι τάδε.  
 ἴθ' ὥς τάχιστα· μητρὶ δ' ὦν ἐρᾷ τυχεῖν  
 εὐάγγελοι γένοισθε πράξαντες καλῶς.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἐλπίδες οὐκέτι μοι παίδων ζόας,     στρ.α  
 οὐκέτι· στείχουσι γὰρ ἐς φόνον ἡδῃ.

## MEDEA

Blessings shall hers be, not one, but untold,  
Who winneth thee for lord, a peerless spouse,  
Who owneth ornaments which once the Sun,  
My father's father, to his offspring gave!

*Enter handmaid with casket.*

Take in your hands, my sons, these bridal gifts,  
And to the happy princess-bride bear ye  
And give—my gifts she shall not lightly esteem!

JASON

But, fond one, why make void thine hands of these ?  
Deem'st thou a royal house hath lack of robes, 960  
Or gold, deem'st thou ? Keep these and give them not.  
For, if my wife esteems me aught, my wish  
Will she prefer to treasures, well I wot.

MEDEA

Nay, speak not so : gifts sway the Gods, they say.  
Gold weigheth more with men than countless words.  
Hers fortune is ; God favoureth now her cause—  
Young, and a queen ! Life would I give for ransom  
Of my sons' banishment, not gold alone.  
Now, children, enter ye the halls of wealth  
Unto your sire's new wife, my lady-queen, 970  
Make supplication, pray ye be not exiled,  
And give mine ornaments—most importeth this,  
That she in her own hands receive my gifts  
Haste ye, and to your mother bring glad tidings  
Of good success in that she longs to win

*[Exeunt JASON and CHILDREN.]*

CHORUS

*(Str. 1)*

Now for the life of the children mine hope hath  
been turned to despairing  
No hope any more ! On the slaughterward path  
even now are they faring !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

δέξεται νύμφα χρυσέων ἀναδεδεσμένων

δέξεται δύστανος ἄταν·

- 980 ξανθᾷ δ' ἀμφὶ κόμα θήσει τὸν "Αἰδα  
κόσμον αὐτὰ χεροῖν.

πείσει χάρις ἀμβρόσιός τ' αὐγὰ πέπλον ἀντ. α'

χρυσότευκτόν τε στέφανον περιθέσθαι

νερτέροις δ' ἤδη πάρα νυμφοκομήσει.

τοῖον εἰς ἔρκον πεσεῖται

καὶ μοῖραν θανάτου δύστανος· ἄταν δ'

οὐχ ὑπερφεύζεται.

- 990 σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαν, ὦ κακόννυμφε στρ. β'

κηδεμῶν τυράννων,

παισὶν οὐ κατειδὼς

ὄλεθρον βιοτᾷ προσάγεις, ἀλόχῳ

τε σᾷ στυγερὸν θάνατον.

δύστανε μοίρας, ὅσον παροίχει.

μεταστένομαι δὲ σὸν ἄλγος, ἀντ. β'

ὦ τάλαινα παίδων

μᾶτερ, ἃ φονεύσεις

τέκνα νυμφιδίων ἔνεκεν λεχέων,

- 1000 ἃ σοι προλιπὼν ἀνόμως  
ἄλλη ξυνοικεῖ πόσις συνεύνῃ.

## MEDEA

The bride shall receive it, the diadem-garland that  
beareth enfolden

Doom for the hapless mid glittering sheen :  
And to set the adorning of Hades about her tresses  
golden

980

She shall take it her hands between

(*Ant.* 1)

For its glamour of beauty, its splendour unearthly,  
shall swiftly persuade her

To bedeck her with robe and with gold-wrought  
crown : she shall soon have arrayed her

In attire as a bride in the presence of phantoms from  
Hades uprisen ;

In such dread gin shall her feet be ta'en  
In the weird of death shall the hapless be whelmed,  
and from Doom's dark prison

Shall she steal forth never again

(*Str.* 2)

And thou, wretch, bridegroom accurst, who art fain  
of a princely alliance,

990

Blasting thou bringest—unknowing, un-  
thinking !—

Of life on thy sons, and thy bride shall to foul death  
plight her affiance

[sinking ']

How far from thy fortune of old art thou

(*Ant.* 2)

And amidst my lamentings I mourn for thine anguish,  
O hapless mother

Of children, who makest thee ready to  
slaughter

Thy babes, to avenge thee on him who would  
lawlessly wed with another,

1000

Would forsake thee to dwell with a  
prince's daughter.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

δέσποιν', ἀφεῖνται παῖδες οἷδε σοὶ φυγῆς,  
καὶ δῶρα νύμφῃ βασιλῆς ἀσμένῃ χεροῖν  
ἐδέξατ'· εἰρήνῃ δὲ τὰ κεῖθεν τέκνοις.  
ἔα.

τί συγχυθεῖς ἔστηκας ἡνίκ' εὐτυχεῖς ;  
τί σὴν ἔστρεψας ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,  
κούκ ἀσμένῃ τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ δέχει λόγον ;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τάδ' οὐ ξυνωδὰ τοῖσιν ἐξηγγελέμενοις.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

αἰαῖ μάλ' αὖθις.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

1010

μῶν τιν' ἀγγέλλων τύχην  
οὐκ οἶδα, δόξης δ' ἐσφάλην εὐαγγέλου ,

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἡγγειλας οἶ' ἡγγειλας· οὐ σὲ μέμφομαι.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

τί δὴ κατηφεῖς ὄμμα καὶ δακρυροεῖς ,

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πολλή μ' ἀνάγκη, πρέσβυ· ταῦτα γὰρ θεοὶ  
κἀγὼ κακῶς φρονοῦσ' ἐμηχανησάμην.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

θάρσει· κάτει τοι καὶ σὺ πρὸς τέκνων ἔτι.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἄλλους κατάξω πρόσθεν ἢ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.

### ΠΑΙΔΑΓΩΓΟΣ

οὔτοι μόνῃ σὺ σὼν ἀπεζύγῃς τέκνων.  
κούφως φέρειν χρή θνητὸν ὄντα συμφοράς.

## MEDEA

*Enter* CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN, *with* CHILDREN.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Mistress, remission for thy sons of exile !  
Thy gifts the princess-bride with joy received  
In hand ; and there is peace unto thy sons.  
Ha !

Why dost thou stand confounded mid good hap ?  
Now wherefore turnest thou thy face away,  
And dost not hear with gladness this my speech ?

MEDEA

Woe's me !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

This cry is to the tidings not attuned

MEDEA

Woe yet again !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Can I have brought ill hap  
Unwitting—erred in deeming these glad tidings ? 1010

MEDEA

As they are, are thy tidings : thee I blame not

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Why down-drooped is thine eye ? Why flow thy  
tears ?

MEDEA

Needs must they, ancient ; for these things the Gods  
And I withal—O fool !—have ill contrived.

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Fear not : thy children yet shall bring thee home

MEDEA

Others ere then shall I send home—ah me !

CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN

Not thou alone art severed from thy sons  
Submissively must mortals bear mischance

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 1020 δράσω τάδ'. ἀλλὰ βαῖνε δωμάτων ἔσω  
καὶ παισὶ πόρσυν' οἶα χρή καθ' ἡμέραν.  
ὦ τέκνα τέκνα, σφῶν μὲν ἔστι δὴ πόλις  
καὶ δῶμ', ἐν ᾧ λιπόντες ἀθλίαν ἐμὲ  
οἰκήσετ' αἰεὶ μητρὸς ἔστερημένοι·  
ἐγὼ δ' ἐς ἄλλην γαίαν εἶμι δὴ φυγὰς,  
πρὶν σφῶν ὄνασθαι κάπιδεῖν εὐδαίμονας,  
πρὶν λέκτρα καὶ γυναῖκα καὶ γαμηλίους  
εὐνὰς ἀγῆλαι λαμπάδας τ' ἀνασχεθεῖν.  
ὦ δυστάλαινα τῆς ἐμῆς αὐθαδίας  
1030 ἄλλως ἄρ' ὑμᾶς, ὦ τέκν', ἐξεθρεψάμην,  
ἄλλως δ' ἐμόχθουν καὶ κατεξάνθην πόνοις,  
στερρὰς ἐνεγκοῦς' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας  
ἧ μὴν ποθ' ἡ δύστηνος εἶχον ἐλπίδας  
πολλὰς ἐν ὑμῖν, γηροβοσκίσειν τ' ἐμὲ  
καὶ κατθανοῦσαν χερσὶν εὖ περιστελεῖν,  
ζηλωτὸν ἀνθρώποισι· νῦν δ' ὄλωλε δὴ  
γλυκεῖα φροντίς. σφῶν γὰρ ἔστερημένη  
λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον ἀλγεινόν τ' ἐμοί.  
ὑμεῖς δὲ μητέρ' οὐκέτ' ὄμμασιν φίλοις  
ὄψεσθ', ἐς ἄλλο σχῆμ' ἀποστάντες βίου.  
1040 φεῦ φεῦ· τί προσδέρκεσθέ μ' ὄμμασιν, τέκνα,  
τί προσγελάτε τὸν πανύστατον γέλων;  
αἰαῖ· τί δράσω; καρδία γὰρ οἴχεται,  
γυναῖκες, ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὥς εἶδον τέκνων.  
οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην· χαιρέτω βουλευματα  
τὰ πρόσθεν· ἄξω παῖδας ἐκ γαίας ἐμούς.  
τί δεῖ με πατέρα τῶνδε τοῖς τούτων κακοῖς  
λυποῦσαν αὐτὴν δις τόσα κτᾶσθαι κακά;  
οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγε. χαιρέτω βουλευματα.  
καίτοι τί πάσχω; βούλομαι γέλῳτ' ὀφλεῖν



## MEDEA

### MEDEA

This will I but within the house go thou,  
And for my children's daily needs prepare. 1020

[*Exit* CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.]

O children, children, yours a city is,  
And yours a home, where, leaving wretched me,  
Ye shall abide, for ever motherless!  
I shall go exiled to another land,  
Ere I have joyed in you, have seen your bliss,  
Ere I have decked for you the couch, the bride,  
The bridal bower, and held the torch on high.  
O me accurst in this my desperate mood!  
For naught, for naught, my babes, I nurtured you,  
And all for naught I laboured, travail-worn, 1030  
Bearing sharp anguish in your hour of birth.  
Ah for the hopes—unhappy!—all mine hopes  
Of ministering hands about mine age,  
Of dying folded round with loving arms,  
All men's desire! But now—'tis past—'tis past,  
That sweet imagining! Forlorn of you  
A bitter life and woeful shall I waste.  
Your mother never more with loving eyes  
Shall ye behold, passed to another life.  
Woe! woe! why gaze your eyes on me, my  
darlings? 1040  
Why smile to me the latest smile of all?  
Alas! what shall I do? Mine heart is failing  
As I behold the light in my sons' eyes!  
Women, I cannot! farewell, purposes  
O'erpast! I take my children from the land  
What need to wring their father's heart with ills  
Of these, to gain myself ills twice so many?  
Not I, not I! Ye purposes, farewell!  
Yet—yet—what ails me? Would I earn derision,

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 1050 ἐχθροὺς μεθεῖσα τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἀζημίους ;  
τολμητέον τάδ'. ἀλλὰ τῆς ἐμῆς κάκης,  
τὸ καὶ προέσθαι μαλθακοὺς λόγους φρενί.  
χωρεῖτε παῖδες εἰς δόμους· ὅτ' δὲ μὴ  
θέμις παρῆναι τοῖς ἐμοῖσι θύμασιν,  
αὐτῷ μελήσει· χεῖρα δ' οὐ διαφθερῶ.  
ᾄ ᾄ.  
μὴ δῆτα, θυμέ, μὴ σύ γ' ἐργάσῃ τάδε·  
ἕασον αὐτούς, ὦ τάλαν, φείσαι τέκνων·  
ἐκεῖ μεθ' ἡμῶν ζῶντες εὐφρανοῦσί σε.  
μὰ τοὺς παρ' Ἀἰδῇ νερτέρους ἀλάστορας,  
1060 οὗτοι ποτ' ἔσται τοῦθ' ὅπως ἐχθροῖς ἐγὼ  
παῖδας παρήσω τοὺς ἐμοὺς καθυβρίσαι.  
[πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,  
ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν οἷπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.]  
πάντως πέπρωται ταῦτα, κοῦκ ἐκφεύξεται.  
καὶ δὴ 'πὶ κρατὶ στέφανος, ἐν πέπλοις δὲ  
νύμφη τύραννος ὄλλυται, σάφ' οἶδ' ἐγώ.  
ἀλλ', εἴμι γὰρ δὴ τλημονεστάτην ὁδόν,  
καὶ τούσδε πέμψω τλημονεστέραν ἔτι,  
παῖδας προσειπεῖν βούλομαι. δότ', ὦ τέκνα,  
1070 δότ' ἀσπάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιὰν χέρα.  
ὦ φιλτάτη χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι στόμα  
καὶ σχῆμα καὶ πρόσωπον εὐγενὲς τέκνων,  
εὐδαιμονοίτην, ἀλλ' ἐκεῖ· τὰ δ' ἐνθάδε  
πατὴρ ἀφείλετ'. ὦ γλυκεῖα προσβολή,  
ὦ μαλθακὸς χρῶς πνεῦμά θ' ἥδιστον τέκνων.  
χωρεῖτε χωρεῖτ'. οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ προσβλέπειν  
οἷα τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.  
καὶ μανθάνω μὲν οἷα δρᾶν μέλλω κακά·  
θυμὸς δὲ κρείσσω τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων,  
1080 ὅσπερ μεγίστων αἵτιος κακῶν βροτοῖς.

# MEDEA

Letting my foes slip from mine hand unpunished ? 1050  
 I must dare this. Out on my coward mood  
 That let words of relenting touch mine heart !  
 Children, pass ye within. [Exeunt CHILDREN.

Now, whoso may not

Sinless be present at my sacrifice,  
 On his head be it : mine hand faltereth not.  
 Oh ! oh !

O heart, mine heart, do not—do not this deed !  
 Let them be, wretched heart, spare thou my babes !  
 There dwelling with me shall they gladden thee.  
 No !—by the nether fiends that dwell with Hades,  
 Never shall this betide, that I will leave 1060  
 My children for my foes to trample on !

They needs must die. And, since it needs must be,  
 Even I will slay them, I, who gave them life.  
 All this is utter doom :—she shall not 'scape !  
 Yea, on her head the wreath is ; in my robes  
 The princess-bride is perishing—I know it !  
 But—for I fare on journey most unhappy,  
 And shall speed these on yet unhappier—  
 I would speak to my sons [Re-enter CHILDREN.

Give, O my babes,

Give to your mother the right hand to kiss. 1070  
 O dearest hand, O lips most dear to me,  
 O form and noble feature of my children,  
 Blessing be on you—*there* !—for all things here  
 Your sire hath stolen Sweet, O sweet embrace !  
 O children's roseleaf skin, O balmy breath !  
 Away, away ! Strength faileth me to gaze  
 On you, but I am overcome of evil. [Exeunt CHILDREN.  
 Now, now, I learn what horrors I intend :  
 But passion overmastereth sober thought ;  
 And this is cause of direst ills to men. 1080

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλάκις ἤδη  
 διὰ λεπτοτέρων μύθων ἔμολον  
 καὶ πρὸς ἀμίλλας ἦλθον μείζους  
 ἢ χρὴ γενεὰν θῆλυν ἐρευνᾶν·  
 ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἔστιν μοῦσα καὶ ἡμῖν,  
 ἣ προσομιλεῖ σοφίας ἔνεκεν·  
 πάσαισι μὲν οὐ· παῦρον δὲ γένος—  
 μίαν<sup>1</sup> ἐν πολλαῖς εὖροις ἂν ἴσως—  
 οὐκ ἀπόμουσον τὸ γυναικῶν.

- 1090 καί φημι βροτῶν οἷτινές εἰσιν  
 πάμπαν ἄπειροι μῆδ' ἐφύτευσαν  
 παῖδας, προφέρειν εἰς εὐτυχίαν  
 τῶν γειναμένων.  
 οἱ μὲν ἄτεκνοι δι' ἀπειροσύνην  
 εἴθ' ἡδὺ βροτοῖς εἴτ' ἀνιαρὸν  
 παῖδες τελέθουσ' οὐχὶ τυχόντες  
 πολλῶν μόχθων ἀπέχονται·  
 οἷσι δὲ τέκνων ἔστιν ἐν οἴκοις  
 γλυκερὸν βλάστημ', ἐσορῶ μελέτην  
 1100 κατατρυχομένους τὸν ἅπαντα χρόνον·  
 πρῶτον μὲν ὅπως θρέψουσι καλῶς  
 βίότον θ' ὁπόθεν λείψουσι τέκνοις·  
 ἔτι δ' ἐκ τούτων εἴτ' ἐπὶ φλαύροις  
 εἴτ' ἐπὶ χρηστοῖς  
 μοχθοῦσι, τόδ' ἐστὶν ἄδηλον.

<sup>1</sup> Elmsley for MSS. παῦρον δὲ δὴ (or τι) γένος.

## MEDEA

### CHORUS

#### I

Full oft ere this my soul hath scaled  
Lone heights of thought, empyreal steeps,  
Or plunged far down the darkling deeps,  
Where woman's feebler heart hath failed:—

Yet wherefore failed? Should woman find  
No inspiration thrill her breast,  
Nor welcome ever that sweet guest  
Of Song, that uttereth Wisdom's mind?

Alas! not all! Few, few are they,—  
Perchance amid a thousand one  
Thou shouldest find,—for whom the sun  
Of poesy makes an inner day

#### II

Now this I say—calm bliss, that ne'er  
Knew love's wild fever of the blood,  
The pains, the joys, of motherhood,  
Passeth all parents' joy-blent care 1090

The childless, they that never prove  
If sunshine comes, or cloud, to men  
With babes—far lie beyond their ken  
The toils, the griefs, of parent-love.

But they whose halls with flowerets sweet  
Of childhood bloom—I mark them aye  
Care-fretted, travelling alway 1100  
To win their loved ones nurture meet

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1110 ἐν δὲ τὸ πάντων λοίσθιον ἤδη  
 πᾶσιν κατερῶ θνητοῖσι κακόν·  
 καὶ δὴ γὰρ ἄλις βιοτόν θ' ἡῦρον,  
 σῶμά τ' ἐς ἥβην ἤλυθε τέκνων  
 χρηστοί τ' ἐγένοντ'· εἰ δὲ κυρήσει  
 δαίμων οὗτος, φροῦδος ἐς' Αἰδην  
 θάνατος προφέρων σώματα τέκνων  
 πῶς οὖν λύει πρὸς τοῖς ἄλλοις  
 τήνδ' ἔτι λύπην ἀνιανοτάτην  
 παίδων ἔνεκεν  
 θνητοῖσι θεοὺς ἐπιβάλλειν;

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1120 φίλαι, πάλαι δὴ προσμένουσα τὴν τύχην  
 караδοκῶ τὰ κεῖθεν οἷ προβήσεται.  
 καὶ δὴ δέδορκα τόνδε τῶν Ἰάσονος  
 στείχοντ' ὀπαδῶν· πνεῦμα δ' ἡρεθισμένον  
 δείκνυσιν ὥς τι καινὸν ἀγγελεῖ κακόν.

## ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ δεινὸν ἔργον παρανόμως εἰργασμένη  
 Μήδεια, φεῦγε φεῦγε, μήτε ναίαν  
 λιποῦς' ἀπήνην μήτ' ὄχον πεδοστιβῇ.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί δ' ἄξιόν μοι τῆσδε τυγχάνει φυγῆς;

## ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὄλωλεν ἡ τύραννος ἀρτίως κόρη  
 Κρέων θ' ὁ φύσας φαρμάκων τῶν σῶν ὕπο.

## MEDEA

### III

One toils with love more strong than death .  
Yet—yet—who knoweth whether he  
A wise man or a fool shall be  
To whom he shall his wealth bequeath ?

But last, but worst, remains to tell .  
For though ye get you wealth enow,  
And though your sons to manhood grow,  
Fair sons and good —if Death the fell,

To Hades vanishing, bears down 1110  
Your children's lives, what profit is  
That Heaven hath laid, with all else, this  
Upon mankind, lone sorrow's crown ?

### MFDEA

Friends, long have I, abiding fortune's hap,  
Expected what from yonder shall befall  
And lo, a man I see of Jason's train  
Hitherward coming : his wild-fluttering breath  
Proclaimeth him the herald of strange ills 1120

*Enter* MESSENGER

### MESSENGER

O thou who hast wrought an awful deed and  
lawless,  
Flee, O Medea, flee, nor once leave thou  
The sea-wain, or the car that scours the plain

### MEDEA

Now what hath happened that calleth for such flight?

### MESSENGER

Dead is the princess even now, and dead  
Creon her father, by thy poison-drugs

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

κάλλιστον εἶπας μῦθον, ἐν δ' εὐεργέταις  
τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη καὶ φίλοις ἐμοῖς ἔσει.

### ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1130 τί φής; φρονεῖς μὲν ὀρθὰ κοῦ μαίνει, γύναι,  
ἥτις τυράννων ἐστίαν ἡκισμένην  
χαίρεις κλύουσα κοῦ φοβεῖ τὰ τοιάδε;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἔχω τι καὶ γὰρ τοῖς γε σοῖς ἐναντίον  
λόγοισιν εἰπεῖν· ἀλλὰ μὴ σπέρχου, φίλος,  
λέξον δ' ὅπως ὤλοντο· δις τόσον γὰρ ἂν  
τέρψειας ἡμᾶς, εἰ τεθνᾶσι παγκάκως.

### ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1140 ἐπεὶ τέκνων σὼν ἦλθε δίπτυχος γονὴ  
σὺν πατρὶ καὶ παρῆλθε νυμφικούς δόμους,  
ἥσθημεν οἷπερ σοῖς ἐκάμνομεν κακοῖς  
δμῶες· δι' οἴκων δ' εὐθύς ἦν πολὺς λόγος  
σὲ καὶ πόσιν σὸν νεῖκος ἐσπείσθαι τὸ πρίν.  
κυνεῖ δ' ὁ μὲν τις χεῖρ', ὁ δὲ ξανθὸν κᾶρα  
παίδων· ἐγὼ δὲ καὶ τὸς ἡδονῆς ὑπο  
στέγας γυναικῶν σὺν τέκνοις ἅμ' ἐσπόμην.  
δέσποινα δ' ἦν νῦν ἀντὶ σοῦ θαυμάζομεν,  
πρὶν μὲν τέκνων σὼν εἰσιδεῖν ξυνωρίδα,  
πρόθυμον εἶχ' ὀφθαλμὸν εἰς Ἰάσονα·  
ἔπειτα μέντοι προῦκαλύνφατ' ὄμματα  
λευκὴν τ' ἀπέστρεψ' ἔμπαλιν παρηίδα,  
1150 παίδων μυσαχθεῖς· εἰσόδους· πόσις δὲ σὸς  
ὀργὰς ἀφήρει καὶ χόλον νεάνιδος  
λέγων τὰδ'· οὐ μὴ δυσμενῆς ἔσει φίλοις,  
παύσει δὲ θυμοῦ καὶ πάλιν στρέψεις κᾶρα,  
φίλους νομίζουσ' οὔσπερ ἂν πόσις σέθεν,  
δέξει δὲ δῶρα καὶ παραιτήσει πατρὸς



## MEDEA

### MEDEA

A glorious tale thou tellest · thou henceforth  
Art of my benefactors and my friends.

### MESSENGER

What say'st? Of sound mind art thou, and not  
mad,  
Who, hearing of the havoc of the hearth 1130  
Of kings, art glad, and hast no fear for this?

### MEDEA

O yea: I too with words of controversy  
Could answer thee :—yet be not hasty, friend,  
But tell how died they: thou shouldst gladden me  
Doubly, if these most horribly have perished.

### MESSENGER

When, with their father, came thy children twain,  
And passed into the halls for marriage decked,  
Glad were we thralls who sorrowed for thy woes;  
And straightway buzzed from ear to ear the tale 1140  
Of truce to old feuds 'twixt thy lord and thee  
One kissed the hand, and one the golden head  
Of those thy sons: myself by joy drawn on  
Followed thy children to the women's bowers  
Now she which had our worship in thy stead,  
Ere she beheld thy chariot-yoke of sons,  
Aye upon Jason turned her yearning gaze  
But then before her eyes she cast her veil,  
And swept aback the scorn of her white neck,  
Loathing thy sons' approach; but now thy lord,  
To turn the maiden's wrath and spite aside, 1150  
Thus spake: "Nay, be not hostile to thy friends:  
Cease from thine anger, turn thine head again,  
Accounting friends whomso thy spouse accounts  
Their gifts receive, and plead thou with thy sire

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- φυγὰς ἀφεῖναι παισὶ τοῖσδ', ἐμὴν χάριν ;  
 ἡ δ' ὥς ἐσεῖδε κόσμον, οὐκ ἠνέσχετο,  
 ἀλλ' ἦνεσ' ἀνδρὶ πάντα· καὶ πρὶν ἐκ δόμων  
 μακρὰν ἀπείναι πατέρα καὶ παῖδας σέθεν,  
 λαβοῦσα πέπλους ποικίλους ἡμπίσχετο,  
 1160 χρυσοῦν τε θείσα στέφανον ἀμφὶ βοστρύχοις  
 λαμπρῷ κατόπτρῳ σχηματίζεται κόμην,  
 ἄψυχον εἰκὼ προσγελῶσα σώματος.  
 κᾶπειτ' ἀναστᾶσ' ἐκ θρόνων διέρχεται  
 στέγας, ἀβρὸν βαίνουσα παλλεύκῳ ποδί,  
 δώροις ὑπερχαίρουσα, πολλὰ πολλάκις  
 τένοντ' ἐς ὀρθὸν ὄμμασι σκοπομένη.  
 τοῦνθένδε μέντοι δεινὸν ἦν θέαμ' ἰδεῖν·  
 χροῖαν γὰρ ἀλλάξασα λεχρία πάλιν  
 1170 χωρεῖ τρέμουσα κῶλα, καὶ μόλις φθάνει  
 θρόνοισιν ἐμπεσοῦσα μὴ χαμαὶ πεσεῖν.  
 καὶ τις γεραιὰ προσπόλων, δόξασά που  
 ἦ Πανὸς ὄργας ἦ τινὸς θεῶν μολεῖν,  
 ἀνωλόλυξε, πρὶν γ' ὅρᾳ διὰ στόμα  
 χωροῦντα λευκὸν ἀφρόν, ὀμμάτων τ' ἀπὸ  
 κόρας στρέφουσιν, αἰμά τ' οὐκ ἐνὸν χροῖ·  
 εἴτ' ἀντίμολπον ἦκεν ὀλολυγῆς μέγαν  
 κωκυτόν. εὐθύς δ' ἡ μὲν εἰς πατρός δόμους  
 ὥρμησεν, ἡ δὲ πρὸς τὸν ἀρτίως πόσιν,  
 1180 φράσουσα νύμφης συμφοράς· ἅπαντα δὲ  
 στέγη πυκνοῖσιν ἐκτύπει δρομήμασιν.  
 ἦδη δ' ἂν ἔλκων κῶλον ἐκπλέθρου δρόμου  
 ταχύς βαδιστῆς τερμόνων ἀνθήπτετο·  
 ἡ δ' ἐξ ἀναύδου καὶ μύσαντος ὄμματος  
 δεινὸν στενάξασ' ἡ τάλαιν' ἠγείρετο·  
 διπλοῦν γὰρ αὐτῇ πῆμ' ἐπεστρατεύετο.  
 χρυσοῦς μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ κείμενος πλόκος

## MEDEA

To pardon these their exile —for my sake.”  
 She, when she saw the attire, could not refrain,  
 But yielded her lord all And ere their father  
 Far from her bower with those thy sons had gone,  
 She took the rich-wrought robes and clad herself,  
 Circling her ringlets with the golden crown, 1160  
 And by a shining mirror ranged her tresses,  
 Smiling at her own phantom image there  
 Then, rising from her seat, adown the halls  
 She paced with mincing tread of ivory feet,  
 Exulting in the gifts, and oftentimes  
 Sweeping her glance from neck to ankle-hem  
 But then was there a fearful sight to see.  
 Suddenly changed her colour · reeling back  
 With trembling limbs she goes, and scarce in  
 time

Drops on the couch to fall not on the ground. 1170

Then a grey handmaid, deeming peradventure  
That frenzy was of Pan or some God sent,  
Raised the prayer-cry, before she saw the foam  
White-frothing from her lips, or marked how rolled  
Her eyeballs, and her face's bloodless hue,  
Then a long cry of horror, not of prayer,  
She shrilled forth. Straight to her father's chambers  
one

Darted, and one unto her new-made spouse,  
To tell the bride's affliction : all the roof  
Echoed with multitudinous-hurrying feet 1180  
And a swift athlete's straining limbs had paced  
By this the full length of the furlong course,  
When she from trance all speechless of closed eyes  
In anguish woke with horrible-shrilling shriek ;  
For like two charging hosts her torment came :—  
The golden coil about her head that lay

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- θαυμαστὸν ἴει νᾶμα παμφάγου πυρός·  
πέπλοι δὲ λεπτοί, σὼν τέκνων δωρήματα,  
λεπτὴν ἔδαπτον σάρκα τῆς δυσδαίμονος.  
1190 φεύγει δ' ἀναστᾶς ἐκ θρόνων πυρουμένη,  
σείουσα χαίτην κρᾶτά τ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε,  
ῥίψαι θέλουσα στέφανον· ἀλλ' ἀραρότως  
σύνδεσμα χρυσὸς εἶχε, πῦρ δ', ἐπεὶ κόμην  
ἔσεισε, μᾶλλον δις τόσως τ' ἐλάμπετο.  
πίτνει δ' ἐς οὐδας συμφορᾷ νικωμένη,  
πλὴν τῷ τεκόντι κάρτα δυσμαθὴς ἰδεῖν·  
οὐτ' ὁμμάτων γὰρ δῆλος ἦν κατάστασις  
οὐτ' εὐφυνὲς πρόσωπον, αἷμα δ' ἐξ ἄκρου  
ἔσταζε κρατὸς συμπεφυρμένον πυρί.  
1200 σάρκες δ' ἀπ' ὀστέων ὥστε πεύκινον δάκρυ  
γναθμοῖς ἀδῆλοις φαρμάκων ἀπέρρεον,  
δεινὸν θέαμα· πᾶσι δ' ἦν φόβος θιγεῖν  
νεκροῦ· τύχην γὰρ εἵχομεν διδάσκαλον.  
πατὴρ δ' ὁ τλήμων συμφορᾶς ἀγνωσίᾳ  
ἄφνω παρελθὼν δῶμα προσπίτνει νεκρῷ·  
ᾧ μωξε δ' εὐθύς, καὶ περιπτύξας δέμας  
κυνεῖ προσαυδῶν τοιάδ'· ὦ δύστηνε παῖ,  
τίς σ' ᾧδ' ἀτίμως δαιμόνων ἀπώλεσε ;  
1210 τίς τὸν γέροντα τύμβον ὀρφανὸν σέθεν  
τίθησιν ; οἴμοι, συνθάνοιμί σοι, τέκνον.  
ἐπεὶ δὲ θρήνων καὶ γόων ἐπαύσατο,  
χρήζων γεραιὸν ἐξαναστήσαι δέμας  
προσείχεθ' ὥστε κισσὸς ἔρνεσιν δάφνης  
λεπτοῖσι πέπλοις, δεινὰ δ' ἦν παλαίσματα·  
ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἤθελ' ἐξαναστήσαι γόνυ,  
ἢ δ' ἀντελάζυτ'· εἰ δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἄγοι,  
σάρκας γεραιὰς ἐσπάρασσ' ἀπ' ὀστέων.  
χρόνῳ δ' ἀπέσβη<sup>1</sup> καὶ μετῆχ' ὁ δύσμορος

<sup>1</sup> Scaliger . for ἀπέστη

## MEDEA

'Gan spurt a marvellous stream of ravening fire :  
The delicate robes, the gift thy children brought,  
Had fangs to gnaw her delicate tortured flesh !  
Upstarting from her seat she flees, all flame, 1190  
Shaking her hair, her head, this way and that,  
To cast from her the crown , but firmly fixed  
The gold held fast its grip : the fire, whene'er  
'She shook her locks, with doubled fury blazed.  
Then agony-vanquished falls she on the floor,  
Marred past all knowledge, save for a father's eyes.  
No more was seen her eyes' imperial calm,  
No more her comely features ; but the gore  
Dripped from her head's crown flecked with blended  
fire.

The flesh-flakes from her bones, like the pine's tears, 1200  
'Neath that mysterious drug's devourings melted,—  
Dread sight !—and came on all folk fear to touch  
The corpse . her hideous fate had we for warning

But, ignorant of all, her wretched sire,  
Suddenly entering, falls upon her corpse,  
And straightway wailed and clasped the body round,  
And kissed it, crying, " O my hapless child,  
What God thus horribly hath thee destroyed ?  
Who maketh this old sepulchre bereft  
Of thee ? Ah me, would I might die with thee ! " 1210  
But when from wailing and from moans he ceased,  
Fain would he have upraised his aged frame,  
Yet clave, as ivy clings to laurel boughs,  
To the filmy robes : then was a ghastly wrestling ;  
For, while he strained to upraise his knee, she  
seemed

To upwrithe and grip him : if by force he haled,  
Torn from the very bones was his old flesh.  
Life's light at last quenched, he gave up the ghost,

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- 1220 ψυχὴν· κακοῦ γὰρ οὐκέτ' ἦν ὑπέρτερος  
 κεῖνται δὲ νεκροὶ παῖς τε καὶ γέρων πατὴρ  
 πέλας, ποθεινὴ δακρύοισι συμφορά.  
 καὶ μοι τὸ μὲν σὸν ἐκποδὼν ἔστω λόγου·  
 γνῶσει γὰρ αὐτὴ ζημίας ἀποστροφῇ.  
 τὰ θνητὰ δ' οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ἡγοῦμαι σκιάν,  
 οὐδ' ἂν τρέσας εἴποιμι τοὺς σοφοὺς βροτῶν  
 δοκοῦντας εἶναι καὶ μεριμνητὰς λόγων,  
 τούτους μεγίστην ζημίαν ὀφλισκάνειν.  
 θνητῶν γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἔστιν εὐδαίμων ἀνὴρ·  
 ὄλβου δ' ἐπιρρυέντος εὐτυχέστερος  
 1230 ἄλλου γένοιτ' ἂν ἄλλος, εὐδαίμων δ' ἂν οὔ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔοιχ' ὁ δαίμων πολλὰ τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
 κακὰ ξυνάπτειν ἐνδίκως Ἰάσονι.  
 ὦ τλήμων, ὥς σου συμφορὰς οἰκτείρομεν,  
 κόρη Κρέοντος, ἥτις εἰς Ἄιδου δόμους  
 οἴχει γάμων ἑκατι τῶν Ἰάσονος.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

- φίλοι, δέδοκται τοῦργον ὥς τάχιστα μοι  
 παῖδας κτανούσῃ τῇσδ' ἀφορμᾶσθαι χθονός,  
 καὶ μὴ σχολὴν ἄγουσαν ἐκδοῦναι τέκνα  
 ἄλλη φονεῦσαι δυσμενεστέρᾳ χερὶ.  
 1240 πάντως σφ' ἀνάγκη κατθανεῖν· ἐπεὶ δὲ χρή,  
 ἡμεῖς κτενοῦμεν, οἵπερ ἐξεφύσαμεν.  
 ἀλλ' εἴ ὀπλίζου, καρδίᾳ. τί μέλλομεν  
 τὰ δεινὰ κάναγκαῖα μὴ πράσσειν κακά ;  
 ἄγ', ὦ τάλαινα χεὶρ ἐμή, λαβὲ ξίφος,  
 λάβ', ἔρπε πρὸς βαλβίδα λυπηρὰν βίου,  
 καὶ μὴ κακισθῆς μηδ' ἀναμνησθῆς τέκνων,  
 ὥς φίλταθ', ὥς ἔτικτες· ἀλλὰ τήνδε γε  
 λαθοῦ βραχεῖαν ἡμέραν παίδων σέθεν,

## MEDEA

Ill-starred, down-sinking 'neath destruction's sea.  
 There lie the corpses, child by grey old sire 1220  
 Clasped, —such affliction tears, not words, must  
 mourn

And of thy part no word be said by me .—  
 Thyself from punishment wilt find escape  
 But man's lot now, as oft, I count a shadow,  
 Nor fear to say that such as seem to be  
 In wit most keen of men, most subtle of speech,  
 Even these pay heaviest penalty of all ,  
 For among mortals happy man is none  
 In fortune's flood-tide might a man become  
 More prosperous than his neighbour · happy ?—no ! 1230  
[Exit.]

### CHORUS

Fortune, meseems, with many an ill this day  
 Doth compass Jason,—yea, and rightfully  
 But O the pity of thy calamity,  
 Daughter of Creon, who to Hades' halls  
 Hast passed, because with thee would Jason wed !

### MEDEA

Friends, my resolve is taken, with all speed  
 To slay my children, and to flee this land,  
 And not to linger and to yield my sons  
 To death by other hands more merciless.  
 They needs must die . and, since it needs must be, 1240  
 Even I will give them death, who gave them life  
 Up, gird thee for the fray, mine heart ! Why loiter  
 To do the dread ill deeds that must be done ?  
 Come, wretched hand of mine, grasp thou the sword ,  
 Grasp !—on to the starting-point of a blasted life !  
 Oh, turn not craven !—think not on thy babes,  
 How dear they are, how thou didst bear them . nay,  
 For this short day do thou forget thy sons,

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1250 κᾶπειτα θρήνει. καὶ γὰρ εἰ κτενεῖς σφ', ὅμως  
φίλοι γ' ἔφυσαν—δυστυχῆς δ' ἐγὼ γυνή.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ Γᾶ τε καὶ παμφαῆς στρ.  
ἀκτὶς Ἀελίου, κατίδεδ' ἴδετε τὰν  
ὀλομένην γυναῖκα, πρὶν φοινίαν  
τέκνοις προσβαλεῖν χέρ' αὐτοκτόνον·  
σᾶς γὰρ ἀπὸ χρυσέας γονᾶς  
ἔβλασθεν, θεοῦ δ' αἵματι πίτνειν  
φόβος ὑπ' ἀνέρων.  
ἀλλὰ νιν, φάος διογενές, κάτειρ-  
γε, κατὰπαινον, ἔξελ' οἴκων τάλαι-  
1260 ναν φονίαν τ' Ἐρινὺν ὑπ' ἀλαστόρων.

μάταν μόχθος ἔρρει τέκνων, ἀντ.  
ἄρα μάταν γένος φίλιον ἔτεκες, ὦ  
κυανεᾶν λιπούσα Συμπληγάδων  
πετρᾶν ἀξενωτάταν εἰσβολάν.  
δειλαία, τί σοι φρενῶν βαρὺς  
χόλος προσπίτνει καὶ δυσμενῆς  
φόνος ἀμείβεται ;  
χαλεπὰ γὰρ βροτοῖς ὁμογενῇ μιᾶ-  
σματ' † ἐπὶ γαῖαν αὐτοφόνταις συνφ-  
1270 δὰ θεόθεν πίτνοντ' ἐπὶ δόμοις ἄχῃ. †



## MEDEA

Thereafter mourn them    For, although thou slay,  
Yet dear they are, and I—am wretched, wretched !    1250

[*Exit* MEDEA.]

### CHORUS

(*Str.*)

O Earth, O all-revealing splendour  
Of the Sun, look down on a woman accurst,  
Or ever she slake the murder-thirst  
Of a mother whose hands would smite the tender  
Fruit of her womb  
Look down, for she sprang of thy lineage golden :  
Man's vengeance threatens—thy seed are holden  
'Neath the shadow of doom !  
But thou, O heaven-begotten glory,  
Restrain her, refrain her : the wretched, the gory  
Erinys by demons dogged, we implore thee,    1260  
Snatch thou from yon home !

(*Ant.*)

For naught was the childbirth-travail wasted ;  
For naught didst thou bear them, the near  
and the dear,  
O thou who hast fled through the Pass of Fear,  
From the dark-blue Clashing Craggs who hast  
hasted  
Speeding thy flight !  
Alas for her !—wherefore hath grim wrath  
stirred her  
Through depths of her soul, that ruthless  
murder  
Her wrongs must requite ?  
For stern upon mortals the vengeance falleth  
For kin's blood spilt ; from the earth it calleth,  
A voice from the Gods, and the slayers appalleth  
On whose homes it shall light.    1270

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ΠΑΙΣ Α΄

οἷμοι, τί δράσω, ποῖ φύγω μητρὸς χέρας;

ΠΑΙΣ Β΄

οὐκ οἶδ', ἀδελφὲ φίλτατ'· ὀλλύμεσθα γάρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀκούεις βοᾶν ἀκούεις τέκνων;

ἰὼ τλᾶμον, ὦ κακοτυχὲς γύναι.

παρέλθω δόμους; ἀρήξαι φόνον

δοκεῖ μοι τέκνοις.

ΠΑΙΣ Α΄

ναί, πρὸς θεῶν, ἀρήξατ'· ἐν δέοντι γάρ.

ΠΑΙΣ Β΄

ὥς ἐγγὺς ἤδη γ' ἐσμέν ἀρκύων ξίφους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλαιν', ὥς ἄρ' ἦσθα πέτρος ἢ σίδα-

ρος, αἵτις τέκνων δν ἔτεκες

ἄροτον αὐτόχειρι μοίρα κτενεῖς.

μίαν δὴ κλύω μίαν τῶν πάρος

γυναῖκ' ἐν φίλοις χέρα βαλεῖν τέκνοις,

Ἴνῳ μανεῖσαν ἐκ θεῶν, ὅθ' ἡ Διὸς

δάμαρ νιν ἐξέπεμψε δωμάτων ἄλη.

πίτνει δ' ἅ τάλαιν' ἐς ἄλμαν φόνω

τέκνων δυσσεβεῖ,

ἀκτῆς ὑπερτείνασα ποντίας πόδα,

δυοῖν τε παῖδοιν συνθανοῦσ' ἀπόλλυται.

## MEDEA

[CHILDREN'S cries behind the scenes]

CHILD 1

*What shall I do ?—how flee my mother's hands ?*

CHILD 2

*I know not, dearest brother Death is here !*

CHORUS

Ah the cry !—dost thou hear it ?—the children's cry !  
Wretch !—woman of cursèd destiny !  
Shall I enter ? My heart crieth, "Rescue the  
children from murder nigh !"

*[They beat at the barred doors*

CHILD 1

*Help !—for the Gods' sake help ! Sore is our need !*

CHILD 2

*The sword's death-net is closing round us now !*

*[Silence within Blood flows out beneath the door. The  
women shrink back]*

CHORUS

Wretch ! of what rock is thy breast ?—of what steel  
is the heart of thee moulded,  
That the babes thou hast borne, with the selfsame  
hands that with love have enfolded

1280

These, thou hast set thee to slay ?  
Of one have I heard that laid hands on her loved  
ones of old, one only,  
Even Ino distraught of the Gods, when Zeus' bride  
drove her, lonely

And lost, from her home to stray,  
And she fell—ah wretch !—on the brink as she  
stood

Of the sea-scaur . guilt of children's blood  
Dragged downwards her feet to the salt sea-flood,  
And she died with her children twain

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1290 τί δῆτ' οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ἔτι δεινόν , ὦ  
 γυναικῶν λέχος πολύπονον  
 ὅσα βροτοῖς ἔρεξας ἤδη κακά.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

γυναῖκες αἰ τῆσδ' ἐγγὺς ἔστατε στέγης,  
 ἄρ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἢ τὰ δειν' εἰργασμένη  
 Μήδεια τοισίδ', ἣ μεθέστηκεν φυγῇ ;  
 δεῖ γάρ νιν ἦτοι γῆς σφε κρυφθῆναι κάτω,  
 ἣ πτηνὸν ἄραι σῶμ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθος,  
 εἰ μὴ τυράννων δώμασιν δώσει δίκην.  
 πέποιθ' ἀποκτείνασα κοιράνους χθονὸς  
 1300 ἀθῶος αὐτὴ τῶνδε φεύξεσθαι δόμων ;  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ αὐτῆς φροντίδ' ὥς τέκνων ἔχω·  
 κείνην μὲν οὖς ἔδρασεν ἔρξουσιν κακῶς,  
 ἐμῶν δὲ παίδων ἦλθον ἐκσώσων βίον,  
 μή μοί τι δράσωσ' οἱ προσήκοντες γένει,  
 μητρῶον ἐκπράσσοντες ἀνόσιον φόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, οὐκ οἶσθ' οἱ κακῶν ἐλήλυθας,  
 Ἰᾶσον· οὐ γὰρ τούσδ' ἂν ἐφθέγξω λόγους.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

τί δ' ἔστιν ; ἣ που καὶ μ' ἀποκτεῖναι θέλει ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παῖδες τεθνᾶσι χειρὶ μητρῶα σέθεν.

ΙΑΣΩΝ

1310 οἴμοι τί λέξεις ; ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας, γύναι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς οὐκέτ' ὄντων σῶν τέκνων φρόντιζε δή.

## MEDEA

What ghastlier horror remains to be wrought?  
O bride-bed of women, with anguish fraught, 1290  
What scathe upon mortals ere now hast thou  
brought,

What manifold bane !

*Enter JASON, with SERVANTS*

JASON

Women, which stand anear unto this roof—  
Is she within the halls, she who hath wrought  
Dread deeds, Medea, or in flight passed thence ?  
For either must she hide her 'neath the earth,  
Or lift on wings her frame to heaven's far depths,  
Or taste the vengeance of a royal house.  
How, trusts she, having murdered the land's lords,  
Scatheless herself from these halls forth to flee ? 1300  
Yet not for her care I, but for my sons  
Whom she hath wronged shall recompense her  
wrong :

But I to save my children's life am come,  
Lest to my grief the kinsmen of the dead  
Avenge on them their mother's impious murder

CHORUS

Wretch, thou know'st not how deep thou art whelmed  
in woe,  
Jason, or thou hadst uttered not such words

JASON

What now ?—and is she fain to slay me too ?

CHORUS

Thy sons are dead, slain by the mother's hand

JASON

Ah me !—what say'st thou ?—thou hast killed me,  
woman ! 1310

CHORUS

Thy children are no more . so think of them

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

ποῦ γάρ νιν ἔκτειν', ἐντὸς ἧ ἔξωθεν δόμων ;

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πύλας ἀνοίξας σὼν τέκνων ὄψει φόνον.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

χαλᾶτε κλῆδας ὥς τάχιστα, πρόσπολοι,  
ἐκλύεθ' ἄρμούς, ὥς ἴδω διπλοῦν κακόν,  
τοὺς μὲν θανόντας, τὴν δὲ τίσωμαι φόνῳ.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τί τάσδε κινεῖς κἀναμοχλεύεις πύλας,  
νεκροὺς ἐρευνῶν καὶ μὲ τὴν εἰργασμένην ;  
1320 παῦσαι πόνου τοῦδ'· εἰ δ' ἐμοῦ χρεῖαν ἔχεις,  
λέγ' εἴ τι βούλει, χειρὶ δ' οὐ ψαύσεις ποτέ.  
τοιόνδ' ὄχημα πατρός' Ἥλιος πατὴρ  
δίδωσιν ἡμῖν, ἔρυμα πολεμίας χερός.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ μῖσος, ὦ μέγιστον ἐχθρίστη γύναι  
θεοῖς τε καὶ μοῖ παντί τ' ἀνθρώπων γένει,  
ἥτις τέκνοισι σοῖσιν ἐμβαλεῖν ξίφος  
ἔτλης τεκούσα καὶ μ' ἄπαιδ' ἀπώλεσας·  
καὶ ταῦτα δράσας ἥλιόν τε προσβλέπεις  
καὶ γαῖαν, ἔργον τλᾶσα δυσσεβέστατον.  
1330 ὅλοι· ἐγὼ δὲ νῦν φρονῶ, τότ' οὐ φρονῶν  
ὅτ' ἐκ δόμων σε βαρβάρου τ' ἀπὸ χθονὸς  
Ἑλλην' ἐς οἶκον ἡγόμην, κακὸν μέγα,  
πατρός τε καὶ γῆς προδότιν ἧ σ' ἐθρέψατο.  
τὸν σὸν δ' ἀλάστορ' εἰς ἔμ' ἔσκηψαν θεοί·  
κτανούσα γὰρ δὴ σὸν κάσιν παρέστιον,  
τὸ καλλίπρῳρον εἰσέβης Ἀργοὺς σκάφος.  
ἥρξω μὲν ἐκ τοιῶνδε· νυμφευθεῖσα δὲ

## MEDEA

JASON

How?—slew them? Where?—within, without, the  
halls?

CHORUS (*pointing to pavement before doors*)

Open, and thou shalt see thy children's corpses

JASON

Burst in the bolts with all speed, serving-men—  
Force hinges!—let me see this twofold horror,—  
The dead, and her,—and in her blood avenge me!

MEDEA *appears above the palace roof in a chariot  
drawn by dragons.*

MEDEA

Why shakest thou these doors and wouldst unbar,  
Seeking thy dead and me who wrought the deed?  
Cease this essay. If thou wouldst aught of me,  
Say what thou wilt: thine hand shall touch me never 1320  
Such chariot hath my father's sire, the Sun,  
Given me, a defence from foeman's hand

JASON

O thing abhorred! O woman hatefullest  
To Gods, to me, to all the race of men,  
Thou that couldst thrust the sword into the babes  
Thou bar'st, and me hast made a childless ruin!  
Thus hast thou wrought, yet look'st thou on the sun  
And earth, who hast dared a deed most impious?  
Now ruin seize thee!—clear I see, who saw not  
Then, when from halls and land barbarian 1330  
To a Greek home I bare thee, utter bane,  
Traitor to sire and land that nurtured thee!  
Thy guilt's curse-bolt on me the Gods have launched,  
For thine own brother by his hearth thou slewest  
Ere thou didst enter fair-prowed Argo's hull.  
With such deeds thou beganest Wedded then

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1340 παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδε καὶ τεκούσά μοι τέκνα,  
 εὐνῆς ἕκατι καὶ λέχους σφ' ἀπώλεσας.  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἥτις τοῦτ' ἂν Ἑλληνὶς γυνή  
 ἔτλη ποθ', ὧν γε πρόσθεν ἡξιούν ἐγὼ  
 γῆμαί σε, κῆδος ἐχθρὸν ὀλέθριόν τ' ἐμοί,  
 λείναν, οὐ γυναικα, τῆς Τυρσηνίδος  
 Σκύλλης ἔχουσαν ἀγριωτέραν φύσιν.  
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἂν σε μυρίοις ὀνειδέσι  
 δάκοιμι· τοιόνδ' ἐμπέφυκέ σοι θράσος·  
 ἔρρ', αἰσχροποιέ καὶ τέκνων μαιφόνε.  
 ἐμοὶ δὲ τὸν ἐμὸν daίμον' αἰάζειν πάρα,  
 δς οὔτε λέκτρων νεογάμων ὀνήσομαι,  
 οὐ παῖδας οὓς ἔφυσα καῖξεθρεψάμην  
 1350 ἔξω προσειπεῖν ζῶντας, ἀλλ' ἀπώλεσα.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μακρὰν ἂν ἐξέτεινα τοῖσδ' ἐναντίον  
 λόγοισιν, εἰ μὴ Ζεὺς πατήρ ἡπίστατο  
 οἷ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ πέπονθας οἷά τ' εἰργάσω·  
 σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔμελλες τᾶμ' ἀτιμάσας λέχη  
 τερπνὸν διάξειν βίοτον ἐγγελῶν ἐμοί,  
 οὐδ' ἡ τύραννος οὐδ' ὁ σοὶ προσθεὶς γάμους  
 Κρέων ἀνατὶ τῇσδέ μ' ἐκβαλεῖν χθονός.  
 πρὸς ταῦτα καὶ λείναν, εἰ βούλει, κάλει  
 καὶ Σκύλλαν ἣ Τυρσηνὸν ὥκησεν πέδον·†<sup>1</sup>  
 1360 τῆς σῆς γὰρ ὡς χρὴ καρδίας ἀνθηψάμην.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

καὕτῃ γε λυπεῖ καὶ κακῶν κοινωνὸς εἶ.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σάφ' ἴσθι· λύει δ' ἄλγος, ἣν σὺ μὴ ᾔγγελᾷς.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ τέκνα, μητρὸς ὡς κακῆς ἐκύρσατε.

<sup>1</sup> Reading doubtful σπέος and πόρον have been proposed.



## MEDEA

To this man, and the mother of my sons,  
 For wedlock-right's sake hast thou murdered them  
 There is no Grecian woman that had dared  
 This :—yet I stooped to marry thee, good sooth, 1340  
 Rather than these, a hateful bride and fell,  
 A tigress, not a woman, harbouring  
 A fiercer nature than Tyrrhenian Scylla.  
 But—for untold revilings would not sting  
 Thee, in thy nature is such hardness :—  
 Avaunt, thou miscreant stained with thy babes'  
 blood !

For me remains to wail my destiny,  
 Who of my new-wed bride shall have no joy,  
 And to the sons whom I begat and nurtured  
 Living I shall not speak—lost, lost to me ! 1350

### MEDEA

I might have lengthened out long controversy  
 To these thy words, if Father Zeus knew not  
 How I have dealt with thee and thou with me.  
 'Twas not for thee to set my rights at naught,  
 And live a life of bliss, bemocking me,  
 Nor for thy princess, and thy marriage-kinsman,  
 Creon, unscathed to banish me this land !  
 Wherefore a tigress call me, an thou wilt,  
 Or Scylla, haunter of Tyrrhenian shore ;  
 For thine heart have I wrung, as well behaved. 1360

### JASON

Ha, but thou sorrowest too, dost share mine ills !

### MEDEA

O yea : yet grief is gain, so thou laugh not

### JASON

O children mine, what miscreant mother had ye !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ὦ παῖδες, ὡς ὤλεσθε πατρῷά νόσω.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

οὔτοι νυν ἡμῇ δεξιὰ σφ' ἀπώλεσεν.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ὕβρις οἷ τε σοὶ νεοδμήτες γάμοι.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

λέχους σφέ γ' ἡξίωσας εἵνεκα κτανεῖν ;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σμικρὸν γυναικὶ πῆμα τοῦτ' εἶναι δοκεῖς ;

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἥτις γέ σώφρων· σοὶ δὲ πάντ' ἐστὶν κακά.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1370 οἶδ' οὐκέτ' εἰσί· τοῦτο γάρ σε δήξεται.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

οἶδ' εἰσὶν, οἴμοι, σῶ κάρα μιάστορες.

### ■ ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

ἴσασιν ὅστις ἦρξε πημονῆς θεοί.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

ἴσασι δῆτα σὴν γ' ἀπόπτυστον φρένα.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στυγεῖ πικρὰν δὲ βάζειν ἐχθαίρω σέθεν.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σὴν· ῥάδιοι δ' ἀπαλλαγαί.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν ; τί δράσω ; κάρτα γὰρ κἀγὼ θέλω.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

θάψαι νεκρούς μοι τούσδε καὶ κλαῦσαι πάρες.

## MEDEA

MEDEA

O sons, destroyed by your own father's lust !

JASON

Sooth, 'twas no hand of mine that murdered them.

MEDEA

Nay, but thine insolence and thy new-forged bonds

JASON

How, claim the right for wedlock's sake to slay  
them !

MEDEA

A light affliction count'st thou this to a wife ?

JASON

A virtuous wife—in *thy* sight naught were good !

MEDEA

These live no more this, this shall cut thine heart ! 1370

JASON

They live—ah me !—avengers on thine head.

MEDEA

The Gods know who began this misery.

JASON

Yea, verily, thy spirit abhorred they know

MEDEA

Abhorred art thou : I loathe thy bitter tongue.

JASON

And I thine :—yet were mutual riddance easy.

MEDEA

How then ?—what shall I do ?—fain would I this.

JASON

Yield me my dead to bury and bewail

# ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

1380 οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σφᾶς τῇδ' ἐγὼ θάψω χερί,  
 φέρουσ' ἐς Ἥρας τέμενος Ἀκραίας θεοῦ,  
 ὥς μή τις αὐτοὺς πολεμίων καθυβρίση,  
 τύμβους ἀνασπῶν γῇ δὲ τῇδε Σισύφου  
 σεμνὴν ἑορτὴν καὶ τέλη προσάψομεν  
 τὸ λοιπὸν ἀντὶ τοῦδε δυσσεβοῦς φόνου.  
 αὐτὴ δὲ γαῖαν εἶμι τὴν Ἐρεχθέως,  
 Αἰγεί συνοικήσουσα τῷ Πανδίωνος.  
 σὺ δ', ὥσπερ εἰκός, κατθανεῖ κακὸς κακῶς,  
 Ἄργους κára σὸν λειψάνῳ πεπληγμένος,  
 πικρὰς τελευτὰς τῶν νέων<sup>1</sup> γάμων ἰδών.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

1390 ἀλλὰ σ' Ἐρινὺς ὀλέσειε τέκνων  
 φονία τε Δίκη.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

τίς δὲ κλύει σου θεὸς ἢ δαίμων,  
 τοῦ ψευδόρκου καὶ ξειναπάτου;

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

φεῦ φεῦ, μυσαρὰ καὶ παιδολέτορ.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

στείχε πρὸς οἴκους καὶ θάπτ' ἄλοχον.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

στείχω, δισσων γ' ἄμορος τέκνων.

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐπω θρηνεῖς· μένε καὶ γῆρας.

## ΙΑΣΩΝ

ὦ τέκνα φίλτατα.

<sup>1</sup> Weil for MS. ἐμῶν

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Never : with this hand will I bury them,  
To Mountain Hera's precinct bearing them,  
That never foe may do despite to them, 1380  
Rifling their tomb. This land of Sisyphus  
Will I constrain with solemn festival  
And rites to atone for this unhallowed murder.  
But I—I go unto Erechtheus' land,  
With Aegeus to abide, Pandion's son.  
Thou, as is meet, foul wretch, shalt foully die,  
By Argo's wreckage smitten on the skull,  
Who hast seen this new bridal's bitter ending.

JASON

Now the Fury-avenger of children smite thee,  
And Justice that looketh on murder requite thee ! 1390

MEDEA

What God or what spirit will heed thy request,  
Caitiff forsworn, who betrayest the guest ?

JASON

Avaunt, foul thing by whose deed thy children have  
died !

MEDEA

Go hence to thine halls, thence lead to the grave  
thy bide !

JASON

I go, a father forlorn of the two sons reft from his  
home !

MEDEA

Not yet dost thou truly mourn : abide till thine old  
age come.

JASON

O children beloved above all !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

μητρὶ γε , σοὶ δ' οὔ.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

κάπειτ' ἔκανες ;

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

σέ γε πημαίνουσ'.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

1400 ὦμοι, φιλίου χρήζω στόματος  
παίδων ὁ τάλας προσπτύξασθαι.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

νῦν σφε προσανδᾶς, νῦν ἀσπάξει,  
τότ' ἀπώσάμενος.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

δός μοι πρὸς θεῶν  
μαλακοῦ χρωτὸς ψαῦσαι τέκνων.

### ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἔστι· μάτην ἔπος ἔρριπται.

### ΙΑΣΩΝ

1410 Ζεῦ, τὰδ' ἀκούεις ὥς ἀπελαννόμεθ',  
οἷά τε πᾶσχομεν ἐκ τῆς μυσαρᾶς  
καὶ παιδοφόνου τῆσδε λεαίνης ;  
ἀλλ' ὅπόσον γοῦν πάρα καὶ δύναμαι  
τάδε καὶ θρηνῶ κάπιθεάζω,  
μαρτυρόμενος δαίμονας ὥς μοι  
τέκνα κτείνασ' ἀποκωλύεις  
ψαῦσαί τε χεροῖν θάψαι τε νεκρούς,  
οὓς μήποτ' ἐγὼ φύσας ὄφελον  
πρὸς σοῦ φθιμένους ἐπιδέσθαι.

## MEDEA

MEDEA

Of their mother beloved, not of thee

JASON

Yet she slew them !

MEDEA

That thou mightest fall in the net that  
thou spreadest for me.

JASON

Woe's me ! I yearn with my lips to press  
My sons' dear lips in my wretchedness. 1400

MEDEA

Ha, now art thou calling upon them, now wouldst  
thou kiss,  
Who rejectedst them then ?

JASON

For the Gods' sake grant me but this,  
The sweet soft flesh of my children to feel !

MEDEA

No—wasted in air is all thine appeal.

JASON

O Zeus, dost thou hear it, how spurned I am ?—  
What outrage I suffer of yonder abhorred  
Child-murderess, yonder tigress-dam ?  
Yet out of mine helplessness, out of my shame,  
I bewail my beloved, I call to record  
High heaven, I bid God witness the word, 1410  
That my sons thou hast slain, and withholdest  
me,  
That mine hands may not touch them, nor bury  
their clay !  
Would God I had gotten them never, this day  
To behold them destroyed of thee !

## ΜΗΔΕΙΑ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν ταμίας Ζεὺς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ,  
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·  
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,  
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον ἦϋρε θεός.  
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.



## MEDEA

### CHORUS

All dooms be of Zeus in Olympus ; 'tis his to reveal  
them

Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-  
plishment bring

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign  
not to fulfil them ,

And the paths undiscerned of our eyes, the Gods  
unseal them

So fell this marvellous thing

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]



# ALCESTIS



## ARGUMENT

APOLLO, being banished for a season from Olympus, and condemned to do service to a mortal, became herdman of Admetus, King of Pherae in Thessaly. Yet he loathed not his earthly taskmaster, but loved him, for that he was a just man, and hospitable exceedingly. Wherefore he obtained from the Fates this boon for Admetus, that, when his hour of death should come, they should accept in ransom for his life the life of whosoever should have before consented to die in his stead. Now when this was made known, none of them which were nearest by blood to the king would promise to be his ransom in that day. Then Alcestis his wife, the daughter of Pelias King of Iolcos, pledged her to die for him. Of her love she did it, and for the honour of wifehood. And the years passed by, and the tale was told in many lands, and all men praised Alcestis, but Admetus bore a burden of sorrow, for day by day she became dearer to him, a wife wholly true, a mother most loving, and a lady to her thralls gentle exceedingly. But when it was known by tokens that the day was come, Admetus repented him sorely, but it availed not, for no mortal may recall a pledge once given to the Gods. And on that day there came to the pulace Apollo to plead with Death for Alcestis' sake, and a company of Elders of Pherae, to ask of her state and to make mourning for her. And when she was dead, ere she was borne forth to burial, came Hercules, son of Zeus, in his journeying, seeking the guest's right of meat and lodging, but not knowing aught of that which had come to pass. Of him was a great deliverance wrought, which is told herein.

## ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΑΙΝΑ

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ΕΥΜΗΛΟΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

APOLLO

DEATH.

CHORUS, *composed of Elders of Pherae*

HANDMAID

ALCESTIS, *daughter of Pelias, and wife of Admetus*

ADMETUS, *King of Pherae*

EUMELUS, *son of Admetus and Alcestis*

HERCULES.

PERES, *father of Admetus*

SERVANT, *steward of the palace*

*Guards, attendants, handmaids, and mourners*

The scene throughout is in front of the palace of Admetus  
at Pherae

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

- ᾠ δώματ' Ἀδμήτει', ἐν οἷς ἔτλην ἐγὼ  
θῆσαν τράπεζαν αἰνέσαι θεός περ ὦν.  
Ζεὺς γὰρ κατακτὰς παῖδα τὸν ἐμὸν αἴτιος  
Ἀσκληπιόν, στέρνοισιν ἐμβαλὼν φλόγα·  
οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔχολωθεις τέκτονας Δίου πυρὸς  
κτείνω Κύκλωπας· καί με θητεύειν πατὴρ  
θνητῷ παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῶνδ' ἄποιν' ἠνάγκασεν.  
ἐλθὼν δὲ γαῖαν τήνδ' ἐβουφόρβουν ξένω,  
καὶ τόνδ' ἔσφζον οἶκον ἐς τόδ' ἡμέρας.  
10 ὅσιον γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ὅσιος ὦν ἐτύγχανον,  
παιδὸς Φέρητος, ὃν θανεῖν ἐρρυσάμην,  
Μοίρας δολώσας· ἤνεσαν δέ μοι θεαὶ  
Ἀδμητον ἄδην τὸν παραυτίκ' ἐκφυγεῖν,  
ἄλλον διαλλάξαντα τοῖς κάτω νεκρόν.  
πάντας δ' ἐλέγξας καὶ διεξελθὼν φίλους,  
πατέρα γεραιάν θ' ἢ σφ' ἔτικτε μητέρα,  
οὐχ ἡὔρε πλὴν γυναικὸς ὅστις ἤθελε  
θανεῖν πρὸ κείνου μήδ' ἔτ' εἰσορᾶν φάος·  
ἢ νῦν κατ' οἴκους ἐν χεροῖν βαστάζεται  
20 ψυχορραγοῦσα· τῇδε γάρ σφ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ  
θανεῖν πέπρωται καὶ μεταστῆναι βίον.  
ἐγὼ δέ, μὴ μίασμά μ' ἐν δόμοις κίχῃ,  
λείπω μελάρων τῶνδε φιλτάτην στέγην.  
ἤδη δὲ τόνδε Θάνατον εἰσορῶ πέλας,



## ALCESTIS

*Enter APOLLO*

APOLLO

HALLS of Admetus, hail ! I stooped my pride  
Here to brook fare of serfs, yea I, a God !  
The fault was fault of Zeus : he slew my son  
Asclepius—hurled the levin through his heart.  
Wroth for the dead, his smiths of heavenly fire,  
The Cyclopes, I slew ; for blood-atonement  
Allfather made me serf to a mortal man

To this land came I, tended mine host's kine,  
And warded still his house unto this day  
Righteous myself, I found a righteous man, 10  
The son of Pheres : him I snatched from death,  
Cozening the Fates : the Sisters promised me—  
“Admetus shall escape the imminent death  
If he for ransom gives another life ”  
To all he went—all near and dear,—and asked  
Father and grey-haired mother who gave him  
life,

But, save his wife, found none that would consent  
For him to die and never more see light  
Now in his arms upborne within yon home  
She gaspeth forth her life · for on this day 20  
Her weend it is to die and fleet from life  
I, lest pollution taint me in their house,  
Go forth of yonder hall's belovèd roof. [*Enter DEATH*  
Lo, yonder Death ;—I see him nigh at hand,

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ιερῇ θανόντων, ὅς νιν εἰς "Αἰδου δόμους  
μέλλει κατάξειν· συμμέτρως δ' ἀφίκετο,  
φρουρῶν τόδ' ἡμάρ ᾧ θανεῖν αὐτὴν χρεών.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ᾶ ᾶ·

30 τί σὺ πρὸς μελάθροισι, τί σὺ τῇδε πολεῖς,  
Φοῖβ' ; ἀδικεῖς αὐτὴν τιμὰς ἐνέρων  
ἀφοριζόμενος καὶ καταπαύων.  
οὐκ ἤρκεσέ σοι μόρον Ἀδμήτου  
διακωλύσαι, Μοίρας δολίῳ  
σφήλαντι τέχνῃ ; νῦν δ' ἐπὶ τῇδ' αὐτῇ  
χέρα τοξήρη φρουρεῖς ὀπλίσας,  
ἢ τόδ' ὑπέστη πρόσιν ἐκλύσας  
αὐτὴν προθανεῖν Πελίου παῖς.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

θάρσει· δίκην τοι καὶ λόγους κεδνοὺς ἔχω.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

τί δῆτα τόξων ἔργον, εἰ δίκην ἔχεις ;

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

40 σύννηθες αἰεὶ ταῦτα βαστάζειν ἐμοί.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ τοῖσδέ γ' οἴκοις ἐκδίκως προσωφελεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

φίλου γὰρ ἀνδρὸς συμφοραῖς βαρύνομαι.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καὶ νοσφιεῖς με τοῦδε δευτέρου νεκροῦ ;

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐκεῖνον πρὸς βίαν σ' ἀφειλόμην

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ὑπὲρ γῆς ἐστι κοῦ κάτω χθονός ;-

## ALCESTIS

Priest of the dead, who comes to hale her down  
To Hades' halls —well hath he kept his time,  
Watching this day, whereon she needs must die.

DEATH

Ha, thou at the palace ! Wilt not make room,  
Phoebus?—thou wrestest the light yet again ·  
Thou removest the landmarks of Gods of Gloom, 30  
And thou makest their honours vain  
Did this not suffice thee, to thwart that doom  
Of Admetus, when, all by thy cunning beguiled  
Were the Fates, that thou now must be warding the  
wife

With thine hand made ready the bowstring to  
strain,  
Though she pledged her from death to redeem with  
her life

Her lord,—she, Pelias' child ?

APOLLO

Fear not · fair words and justice are with me

DEATH

Justice with thee !—what needeth then the bow ?

APOLLO

This ?—'tis my wont to bear it evermore. 40

DEATH

Yea, and to aid yon house in lawless wise.

APOLLO

Mine heart is heavy for my friend's mischance.

DEATH

What, wilt thou wrest from me this second corpse ?

APOLLO

Nay, not that other did I take by force.

DEATH

Not ?—why on earth then ?—why not underground ?

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

δάμαρτ' ἀμείψας, ἦν σὺ νῦν ἤκεις μέτα.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

καπάξομαί γε νερτέραν ὑπὸ χθόνα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

λαβὼν ἴθ'· οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἂν εἰ πείσαιμί σε.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

κτείνειν γ' ὃν ἂν χρῇ ; τοῦτο γὰρ τετάγμεθα.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

50 οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τοῖς μέλλουσι θάνατον ἐμβαλεῖν.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ἔχω λόγον δὴ καὶ προθυμίαν σέθεν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἔστ' οὖν ὅπως Ἄλκηστις εἰς γῆρας μόλοι ;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστι τιμαῖς καμὲ τέρπεσθαι δόκει.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

οὔτοι πλέον γ' ἂν ἡ μίαν ψυχὴν λάβοις.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

νέων φθινόντων μείζον ἄρνυμαι γέρας.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

καὶν γραῦς ὄληται, πλουσίως ταφήσεται.

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πρὸς τῶν ἐχόντων, Φοῖβε, τὸν νόμον τίθης.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

πῶς εἶπας ; ἀλλ' ἡ καὶ σοφὸς λέληθας ὦν ;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

ὠνοῖντ' ἂν οὓς πάρεστι γηραιοὺς θανεῖν.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

60 οὐκουν δοκεῖ σοι τήνδε μοι δοῦναι χάριν ;

ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐ δῆτ'· ἐπίστασαι δὲ τοὺς ἐμοὺς τρόπους.

## ALCESTIS

APOLLO

She was his ransom, she for whom thou comest.

DEATH

Yea, and will hale her deep beneath the earth.

APOLLO

Take her and go · I trow I shall not bend thee—

DEATH

To slay the victim due ?—mine office this

APOLLO

Nay, but to smite with death the ripe for death. 50

DEATH

I grasp thine argument—and thine earnestness !

APOLLO

And may Alceſtis never ſee old age ?

DEATH

Never :—ſhould I not love mine honours too ?

APOLLO

'Tis ſoon or late,—thou canſt but take one life.

DEATH

Yet mine the goodlier prize when die the young

APOLLO

Though ſhe die old, rich obſequies ſtill are thine

DEATH

Lo, Phoebus making laws to ſhield the rich !

APOLLO

How ſay'ſt thou ?—thou a ſophiſt unawares !

DEATH

Would wealth not buy the boon of dying old ?

APOLLO

So then thou wilt not grant this grace to me ? 60

DEATH

Nay ſurely—doſt not know my wonted way ?

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

### ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἐχθρούς γε θνητοῖς καὶ θεοῖς στυγουμενούς.

### ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν δύναιο πάντ' ἔχειν ἂ μή σε δεῖ.

### ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

70 ἦ μὴν σὺ παύσει καίπερ ὦμὸς ὦν ἄγαν·  
τοῖος Φέρητος εἴσι πρὸς δόμους ἀνὴρ,  
Εὐρυσθέως πέμψαντος ἵππειον μέτα  
ὄχημα Θρήκης ἐκ τόπων δυσχειμέρων,  
ὃς δὴ ξενωθείς τοῖσδ' ἐν Ἀδμήτου δόμοις  
βία γυναῖκα τήνδε σ' ἐξαιρήσεται.  
κοῦθ' ἢ παρ' ἡμῶν σοι γενήσεται χάρις  
δράσεις θ' ὁμοίως ταῦτ', ἀπεχθήσει τ' ἐμοί.

### ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ

πολλ' ἂν σὺ λέξας οὐδὲν ἂν πλεόν λάβοις.  
ἦ δ' οὖν γυνή κάτεισιν εἰς Ἄιδου δόμους.  
στείχω δ' ἐπ' αὐτήν, ὥς κατάρξωμαι ξίφει·  
ἱερὸς γὰρ οὗτος τῶν κατὰ χθονὸς θεῶν  
ὅτου τόδ' ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίση τρίχα.

### ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

τί ποθ' ἥσυχία πρόσθεν μελάθρων ;  
τί σεσίγεται δόμος Ἀδμήτου ;

### ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

80 ἀλλ' οὐδὲ φίλων πέλας οὐδεῖς,  
ὅστις ἂν εἴποι πότερον φθιμένην  
βασίλειαν χρὴ πενθεῖν, ἢ ζῶσ'  
ἔτι φῶς λεύσσει Πελίου τόδε παῖς  
Ἀλκηστις, ἐμοὶ πᾶσι τ' ἀρίστη  
δόξασα γυνή  
πόσιν εἰς αὐτῆς γεγενῆσθαι·

## ALCESTIS

APOLLO

Hateful to mortals this, and loathed of Gods

DEATH

All things beyond thy rights thou canst not have.

APOLLO

Surely thou shalt forbear, though ruthless thou,  
So mighty a man to Pheres' halls shall come,  
Sent of Eurystheus forth, the courser-car  
From winter-dreary lands of Thrace to bring.  
Guest-welcomed in Admetus' palace here,  
By force yon woman shall he wrest from thee  
Yea, thou of me shalt have no thank for this,  
And yet shalt do it, and shalt have mine hate.

70

[*Exit* APOLLO.]

DEATH

Talk on, talk on : no profit shalt thou win.  
This woman down to Hades' halls shall pass  
For her I go : my sword shall seal her ours :  
For consecrated to the Nether Gods  
Is every head whose hair this sword hath shorn.

[*Exit* DEATH.]

*Enter* CHORUS, *dividing to right and left, so that the sections answer one another till they unite at l 112.*

HALF-CHORUS 1

What meaneth this hush afront of the hall ?  
The home of Admetus, why voiceless all ?

HALF-CHORUS 2

No friend of the house who should speak of its plight  
Is nigh, who should bid that we raise the keen  
For the dead, or should tell us that yet on the light  
Alcestis looketh, and liveth the Queen,  
The daughter of Pelias, noblest, I ween—  
Yea, in all men's sight  
Most leal to her lord of all wives hath she been

80

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

κλύει τις ἢ στεναγμὸν ἢ  
χειρῶν κτύπον κατὰ στέγας  
ἢ γόον ὡς πεπραγμένων ;  
οὐ μὰν οὐδέ τις ἀμφιπόλων  
στατίζεται ἀμφὶ πύλας.  
εἰ γὰρ μετακύμιος ἄτας,  
ὦ Παιάν, φανείης

στρ. α'

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

οὐ τὰν φθιμένης γ' ἐσιώπων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

νέκυς ἤδη.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

οὐ δὴ φροῦδός γ' ἐξ οἴκων.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

πόθεν ; οὐκ αὐχῶ. τί σε θαρσύνει ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

πῶς ἂν ἔρημον τάφον Ἄδμητος  
κεδνῆς ἂν ἐπραξε γυναικός ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ α'

πυλῶν πάροιθε δ' οὐκ ὀρῶ  
πηγαῖον ὡς νομίζεται  
χέρνιβ' ἐπὶ φθιτῶν πύλαις,  
χαίτη τ' οὐτὶς ἐπὶ προθύροις  
τομαῖος, ἃ δὴ νεκύων  
πένθει πίτνει· οὐ νεολαία  
δουπεῖ χεῖρ γυναικῶν.

αντ. α'

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ β'

καὶ μὴν τόδε κύριον ἡμαρ—



## ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1

Or hearest thou mourning or sighing (*Str.* 1)

On beating of hands,

Or the wail of bereaved ones outcrying?

No handmaid stands

At the palace-gate [bird flying 90

O Healer, appear for the dying, appear as a bright

'Twixt the surges of fate!

HALF-CHORUS 2

She lives!—were she dead, they had raised the keen

HALF-CHORUS 1

Nay, a corpse is all that was once a queen.

HALF-CHORUS 2

But not forth of the doors is the death-train gone.

HALF-CHORUS 1

Whence cometh thine hope, which I boast not mine  
own?

HALF-CHORUS 2

Would the King without pomp of procession have  
yielded the grave the possession

Of so dear, of so faithful an one?

HALF-CHORUS 1

(*Ant* 1)

Nor the cup in the gateway appeareth,

From the spring that they bear

To the gate that pollution feareth, 100

Nor the severed hair

In the porch for the dead,

Which the mourner in bitterness sheareth, neither  
beating of hands one heareth

On maiden's head

HALF-CHORUS 2

Yet surely is this the appointed day—

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α΄

τί τόδ' αὐδᾶς ;

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β΄

ὦ χρὴ σφε μολεῖν κατὰ γαίης.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α΄

ἔθιγες ψυχῆς, ἔθιγες δὲ φρενῶν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β΄

χρὴ τῶν ἀγαθῶν διακναιομένων  
πενθεῖν ὅστις

110

χρηστὸς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς νενόμισται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὐδὲ ναυκληρίαν

στρ. β'

ἔσθ' ὅποι τις αἶας

στείλας, ἢ Λυκίας

εἴτ' ἐπὶ τὰς ἀνύδρους

Ἀμμωνιάδας ἔδρας

δυστάνου παραλύσαι

ψυχάν· μῶρος γὰρ ἀπότομος

120

πλάθει· θεῶν δ' ἐπ' ἐσχάrais

οὐκ ἔχω ἐπὶ τίνα

μηλοθύταν πορευθῶ.

μόνος δ' ἄν, εἰ φῶς τόδ' ἦν

ἀντ. β'

ὄμμασιν δεδορκῶς

Φοίβου παῖς, προλιποῦς

ἦλθεν ἔδρας σκοτίους

Ἄϊδα τε πύλας·

## ALCESTIS

HALF-CHORUS 1

Ah ' what wilt thou say ?

HALF-CHORUS 2

Whereon of her doom she must pass to the tomb.

HALF-CHORUS 1

With a keen pang's smart hast thou stabbed mine  
heart.

HALF-CHORUS 2

It is meet, when the good are as flowers plucked  
away,

That in sorrow's gloom  
Should the breast of the old tried friend have part 110

CHORUS

Though ye voyage all seas, (Str. 2)  
Ye shall light on no lands,  
Nor on Lycia's leas,  
Nor Ammonian sands,  
Whence redemption shall come for the wretched, or  
loosing of Death's dread bands

Doom's chasm hard by  
Yawns fathomless-deep.  
What availeth to cry 120  
To the Gods, or to heap  
Their altars with costly oblations, to plead with the  
slaughter of sheep ?

Ah, once there was one !— (Ant. 2)  
Were life's light in the eyes  
Of Phoebus's son,  
Then our darling might rise  
From the mansions of darkness, through portals of  
Hades return to our skies ;

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

130 δμαθέντας γὰρ ἀνίστη,  
 πρὶν αὐτὸν εἶλε διόβολον  
 πλήκτρον πυρὸς κεραυνίου.  
 νῦν δὲ τίν' ἔτι βίου  
 ἐλπίδα προσδέχωμαι ;

πάντα γὰρ ἤδη τετέλεσται βασιλεύσι,  
 πάντων δὲ θεῶν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς  
 αἰμόρραντοι θυσίαι πλήρεις,  
 οὐδ' ἔστι κακῶν ἄκος οὐδέν.

140 ἀλλ' ἦδ' ὁπαδῶν ἐκ δόμων τις ἔρχεται  
 δακρυρροοῦσα· τίνα τύχην ἀκούσομαι ,  
 πενθεῖν μὲν, εἴ τι δεσπόταισι τυγχάνει,  
 συγγνωστόν· εἰ δ' ἔτ' ἔστιν ἔμφυχος γυνὴ  
 εἴτ' οὖν ὄλωλεν εἰδέναι βουλοίμεθ' ἄν.

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

καὶ ζῶσαν εἰπεῖν καὶ θανοῦσαν ἔστι σοι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πῶς ἂν αὐτὸς κατθάνοι τε καὶ βλέποι ,

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

ἤδη προνωπῆς ἔστι καὶ ψυχορραγεί

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον, οἷας οἶος ὦν ἁμαρτάνεις.

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

οὐπω τόδ' οἶδε δεσπότης, πρὶν ἂν πάθῃ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλπίς μὲν οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἰσχύεσθαι βίον ;

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

πεπρωμένη γὰρ ἡμέρα βιάζεται.

## ALCESTIS

For he raised up the dead,  
Ere flashed from the heaven,  
From Zeus' hand sped,  
That bolt of the levin.  
But now what remaineth to wait for?—what hope of  
her life is given? 130

No sacrifice more  
Unrendered remaineth ;  
No God, but the gore  
From his altars down-raineth ;  
Yet healing is none for our ills, neither balm that  
the spirit sustaineth.

[Enter HANDMAID  
But hither cometh of the handmaids one,  
Weeping the while What tidings shall I hear?  
For all afflictions that befall thy lords  
Well mayst thou grieve ; but if thy lady lives  
Or even now hath passed, fain would we know. 140

HANDMAID  
She liveth, and is dead : both mayst thou say  
CHORUS  
Ay so !—how should the same be dead and live ?

HANDMAID  
Even now she droopeth, gasping out her life.  
CHORUS  
O stricken king—how noble a queen thou lovest !

HANDMAID  
His depth of loss he knows not ere it come.  
CHORUS  
And hope—is no hope left her life to save ?

HANDMAID  
None—for the day foredoomed constraineth her

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὕκουν ἐπ' αὐτῇ πράσσεται τὰ πρόσφορα ;

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

κόσμος γ' ἔτοιμος, ᾧ σφε συνθάψει πόσις.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

150 ἴστω νυν εὐκλεῆς γε κατθανομένη  
γυνή τ' ἀρίστη τῶν ὑφ' ἡλίῳ μακρῷ.

### ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

πῶς δ' οὐκ ἀρίστη ; τίς δ' ἐναντιώσεται ;  
τί χρὴ γενέσθαι τὴν ὑπερβεβλημένην  
γυναῖκα ; πῶς δ' ἂν μᾶλλον ἐνδείξαιτό τις  
πόσιν προτιμῶς ἢ θέλουσ' ὑπερθανεῖν ;  
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ πᾶς ἐπίσταται πόλις·  
ἃ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔδρασε θαυμάσει κλύων.  
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἦσθεθ' ἡμέραν τὴν κυρίαν  
ἤκουσαν, ὕδασι ποταμίοις λευκὸν χροῖα  
160 ἐλούσατ', ἐκ δ' ἐλούσα κεδρίνων δόμων  
ἐσθῆτα κόσμον τ' εὐπρεπῶς ἡσκήσατο,  
καὶ στᾶσα πρόσθεν Ἑστίας κατηύξατο·  
δέσποιν', ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔρχομαι κατὰ χθονός,  
πανύστατόν σε προσπίτνους αἰτήσομαι,  
τέκν' ὀρφανεῦσαι τὰμά, καὶ τῷ μὲν φίλην  
σύζευξον ἄλοχον, τῇ δὲ γενναῖον πόσιν.  
μηδ' ὥσπερ αὐτῶν ἡ τεκούσ' ἀπόλλυμαι  
θανεῖν ἄωρους παῖδας, ἀλλ' εὐδαίμονας  
ἐν γῇ πατρῷα τερπνὸν ἐκπλῆσαι βίον.  
170 πάντας δὲ βῶμους οἱ κατ' Ἀδμήτου δόμους  
προσηλθε κάξέστεψε καὶ προσηύξατο,  
πτόρθων ἀποσχίζουσα μυρσίνης φόβην,  
ἄκλανστος ἀστένακτος, οὐδὲ τούπιον·  
κακὸν μεθίστη χρωτὸς εὐειδῇ φύσιν.  
κάπειτα θάλαμον εἰσπεσοῦσα καὶ λέχος,

## ALCESTIS

CHORUS

Are all things meet, then, being done for her?

HANDMAID

Yea, ready is her burial-attire.

CHORUS

Let her be sure that glorious she dies 150  
And noblest far of women 'neath the sun.

HANDMAID

Noblest?—how not?—what tongue will dare gain-  
say?

What must the woman be who passeth her?  
How could a wife give honour to her lord  
More than by yielding her to die for him?  
And this—yea, all the city knoweth this;  
But what within she did, hear thou, and marvel.  
For when she knew that the appointed day  
Was come, in river-water her white skin  
She bathed, and from the cedar-chests took forth 160  
Vesture and jewels, and decked her gloriously,  
And before Vesta's altar stood, and prayed.  
“Queen, for I pass beneath the earth, I fall  
Before thee now, and nevermore, and pray—  
Be mother to my orphans mate with him  
A loving wife, with her a noble husband  
Nor, as their mother dieth, so may they,  
My children, die untimely, but with weal  
In the home-land fill up a life of bliss”  
To all the altars through Admetus' halls [prayed, 170  
She went, with wreaths she hung them, and she  
Plucking the while the tresses of the myrtle,  
Tearless, unsighing, and the imminent fate  
Changed not the lovely rose-tint of her cheek.  
Then to her bower she rushed, fell on the bed;

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

180 ἐνταῦθα δὴ ἑτάκρυσσε καὶ λέγει τάδε·  
 ὦ λέκτρον, ἐνθα παρθένει' ἔλυσ' ἐγὼ  
 κορεύματ' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὗ θνήσκω πέρι,  
 χαῖρ'. οὐ γὰρ ἐχθαίρω σ'. ἀπώλεσας δέ με  
 μόνην· προδοῦναι γάρ σ' ὀκνοῦσα καὶ πόσιν  
 θνήσκω. σέ δ' ἄλλη τις γυνὴ κεκτήσεται,  
 σώφρων μὲν οὐκ ἂν μάλλον, εὐτυχῆς δ' ἴσως.  
 κυνεῖ δὲ προσπίτνουσα, πᾶν δὲ δέμνιον  
 ὀφθαλμοτέγκτω δέυεται πλημμυρίδι.  
 ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλῶν δακρύων εἶχεν κόρον,  
 στείχει προνωπῆς ἐκπεσοῦσα δεμνίων,  
 καὶ πολλὰ θαλάμων ἐξιούσ' ἐπεστράφη  
 κᾶρριψεν αὐτὴν αὖθις εἰς κοίτην πάλιν.  
 190 παῖδες δὲ πέπλων μητρὸς ἐξηρητημένοι  
 ἔκλαιον· ἡ δὲ λαμβάνουσ' ἐς ἀγκάλας  
 ἡσπάζετ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον, ὡς θανουμένη.  
 πάντες δ' ἔκλαιον οἰκέται κατὰ στέγας  
 δέσποιναν οἰκτεῖροντες. ἡ δὲ δεξιὰν  
 προὔτειν' ἐκάστω, κοῦτις ἦν οὕτω κακὸς  
 ὃν οὐ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν.  
 τοιαῦτ' ἐν οἴκοις ἐστὶν Ἀδμήτου κακά.  
 καὶ κατθανών τ' ἂν ὄλετ', ἐκφυγὼν δ' ἔχει  
 τοσοῦτον ἄλγος, οὐ ποτ' οὐ λεληῖσεται

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

200 ἡ που στενάζει τοισίδ' Ἀδμητος κακοῖς,  
 ἐσθλῆς γυναικὸς εἰ στερηθῆναί σφε χρή ;

## ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

κλαίει γ' ἄκοιτιν ἐν χεροῖν φίλην ἔχων,  
 καὶ μὴ προδοῦναι λίσσεται, τὰμήχανα  
 ζητῶν· φθίνει γὰρ καὶ μαραίνεται νόσφ,  
 παρειμένη δέ, χειρὸς ἄθλιον βάρος,  
 ὅμως δὲ καίπερ σμικρὸν ἐμπνέουσ' ἔτι



## ALCESTIS

And there, O there she wept, and thus she speaks :  
“ O couch, whereon I loosed the maiden zone  
For this man, for whose sake I die to-day,  
Farewell : I hate thee not    Me hast thou slain,  
Me only : loth to fail thee and my lord    180  
I die ; but thee another bride shall own,  
Not more true-hearted , happier perchance.”  
Then falls thereon, and kisses · all the bed  
Is watered with the flood of melting eyes  
But having wept her fill of many tears,  
Drooping she goeth, reeling from the couch ;  
Yet oft, as forth the bower she passed, returned,  
And flung herself again upon the bed.  
And the babes, clinging to their mother’s robes,  
Were weeping ; and she clasped them in her  
          arms,    190  
Fondling now this, now that, as one death-doomed  
And all the servants ’neath the roof were weeping,  
Pitying their lady. But to each she stretched  
Her right hand forth ; and none there was so  
          mean  
To whom she spake not and received reply.  
Such are the ills Admetus’ home within.  
Now, had he died, he had ended ; but, in ’scaping,  
He bears a pain that he shall ne’er forget.

### CHORUS

Doth not Admetus groan for this affliction  
Of such a noble wife to be bereft ?    200

### HANDMAID

Ay, weeps, and clasps his dear one in his arms,  
And prays, “ Forsake me not ! ”—asking the while  
The impossible, for still she wanes and wastes,  
Drooping her hand, a misery-burdened weight ;  
But yet, albeit hardly breathing still,

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

210 βλέψαι πρὸς αὐγὰς βούλεται τὰς ἡλίου,  
ὥς οὔ ποτ' αὔθις, ἀλλὰ νῦν πανύστατον  
[ἀκτῖνα κύκλον θ' ἡλίου προσόψεται.]  
ἀλλ' εἴμι καὶ σὴν ἀγγελῶ παρουσίαν·  
οὐ γάρ τι πάντες εὖ φρονοῦσι κοιράνοις,  
ὥστ' ἐν κακοῖσιν εὐμενεῖς παρεστάναι.  
σὺ δ' εἰ παλαιὸς δεσπότης ἐμοῖς φίλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

ἰὼ Ζεῦ, τίς ἂν πᾶ πόρος κακῶν  
γένοιτο καὶ λύσις τύχας ἃ πάρεστι κοιράνοις;

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἔξεισί τις ; ἧ τέμω τρίχα,  
καὶ μέλανα στολμὸν πέπλων  
ἀμφιβαλώμεθ' ἤδη ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'

δῆλα μέν, φίλοι, δῆλά γ', ἀλλ' ὅμως  
θεοῖσιν εὐχώμεσθα· θεῶν  
γὰρ δύναμις μεγίστη.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'

220 ὄναξ Παιάν,  
ἔξευρε μηχανάν τιν' Ἀδμήτῳ κακῶν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'

πόριζε δὴ πόριζε· καὶ πάρος γὰρ  
τῷδ' ἐφεύρες τοῦτο,<sup>1</sup> καὶ νῦν  
λυτήριος ἐκ θανάτου γενοῦ,  
φόνιον δ' ἀπόπαυσον Ἄιδαν.

<sup>1</sup> Hermann: for MSS. τοῦδ' ἐφεύρες, καὶ νῦν.

## ALCESTIS

To the sun's rays fain would she lift her eyes,  
As nevermore, but for the last time now  
Destined to see the sun's beam and his orb.  
But I will go and make thy presence known :  
For 'tis not all that love so well then kings 210  
As to stand by them, in afflictions loyal  
But from of old my lords were loved of thee. [*Exit.*

[*Nine members of the CHORUS chant successively :—*

CHORUS 1

O Zeus, for our lords is there naught but  
despair ?  
No path through the tangle of evils, no loosing of  
chains that have bound them ?

CHORUS 2

No tidings ?—remaineth but rending of hair,  
And the stricken ones turned to the tomb with the  
garments of sorrow around them ?

CHORUS 3

Even so—even so ' yet uplift we in prayer  
Our hands to the Gods, for that power from the days  
everlasting hath crowned them.

CHORUS 4

O Healer-king, 220  
Find thou for Admetus the balm of relief, for the  
captive deliverance !

CHORUS 5

Vouchsafe it, vouchsafe it, for heretofore  
Hast thou found out a way ; even now once  
more  
Pluck back our beloved from Hades' door,  
Strike down Death's hand red-reeking with  
gore !

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

### ΧΟΡΟΣ ς'

παπαῖ φεῦ, παπαῖ φεῦ· ἰὼ ἰώ.  
ὦ παῖ Φέρητος, οἶ' ἔπρα-  
ξας δάμαρτος σᾶς στερεῖς.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ ζ'

230 ἄρ' ἄξια καὶ σφαγᾶς τάδε,  
καὶ πλέον ἢ βρόχῳ δέρην  
οὐρανίῳ πελάσσαι ;

### ΧΟΡΟΣ η'

τὰν γὰρ οὐ φίλαν ἀλλὰ φιλτάταν  
γυναῖκα κατθανοῦσαν εἰν  
ἄματι τῷδ' ἐπόψει.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ θ'

ἰδὸν ἰδού,  
ἦδ' ἐκ δόμων δὴ καὶ πόσις πορεύεται.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

240 βόασον ὦ, στέναξον, ὦ Φεραία  
χθών, τὰν ἀρίσταν  
γυναῖκα μαραιομέναν νόσῳ  
κατὰ γᾶς χθόνιον παρ' Αἶδαν.  
οὔποτε φήσω γάμον εὐφραίνειν  
πλέον ἢ λυπεῖν, τοῖς τε πάροιθεν  
τεκμαιρόμενος καὶ τάσδε τύχας  
λεύσσω βασιλέως, ὅστις ἀρίστης  
ἀπλακὼν ἀλόχου τῆσδ' ἀβίωτον  
τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον βιοτεύσει.

## ALCESTIS

### CHORUS 6

Woe's me ! woe's me !—let the woe-dirge ring !  
Ah, scion of Pheres, alas for thy lot, for love's long  
severance !

### CHORUS 7

For such things on his sword might a man not fall,  
Or knit up his throat in the noose 'twixt the heaven  
and the earth that quivereth ? 230

### CHORUS 8

For his dear one—nay, but his dearest of all  
Shall he see on this day lying dead, while her spirit  
by Lethe shivereth.

### CHORUS 9

O look !—look yonder, where forth of the hall  
She cometh, and he at her side whose life by her  
life she delivereth.

### CHORUS, UNITED

Cry, Land Pheraean, shrill the keen !  
Lift up thy voice to wail thy best  
There dying, and thy queenliest  
Slow wasting to the Gates Unseen !

Tell me not this, that wedlock brings  
To them that wed more bliss than woe.  
I look back to the long-ago : 240  
I muse on these unhappiest things.

Lo, here a king—he forfeiteth  
The truest heart, the noblest wife ;  
And what shall be henceforth his life ?  
A darkened day, a living death

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

### ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἽΑλιε καὶ φάος ἀμέρας, στρ. α'  
οὐράνιαί τε δῖναι νεφέλας δρομαίου.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρᾱ σὲ κἀμέ, δύο κακῶς πεπραγότας,  
οὐδὲν θεοὺς δράσαντας ἀνθ' ὅτου θανεῖ.

### ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γαῖά τε καὶ μελάθρων στέγαι ἀντ. α'  
νυμφίδιοί τε κοῖται πατρίας Ἰωλκοῦ.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

250 ἔπαιρε σαυτήν, ὦ τάλαινα, μὴ προδῶς·  
λίσσου δὲ τοὺς κρατοῦντας οἰκτεῖραι θεοὺς.

### ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὄρῳ δίκωπον ὄρῳ σκάφος [ἐν λίμνῃ], στρ. β  
νεκύων δὲ πορθμεὺς  
ἔχων χέρ' ἐπὶ κοντῷ Χάρων  
μ' ἤδη καλεῖ· τί μέλλεις ;  
ἐπείγου· σὺ κατείργεις.  
τάδε τοί με σπερχόμενος ταχύνει.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἴμοι, πικράν γε τήνδε μοι ναυκληρίαν  
ἔλεξας. ὦ δύσδαιμον, οἷα πάσχομεν.

### ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἄγει μ' ἄγει μέ τις—οὐχ ὄρᾱς ;— ἀντ. β'  
260 νεκύων ἐς αὐλὰν  
ὑπ' ὀφρύσι κυαναυγέσι

## ALCESTIS

*Enter female attendants supporting ALCESTIS, accompanied  
by ADMETUS and CHILDREN.*

ALCESTIS

O Sun, and the day's dear light, (Str. 1)  
And ye clouds through the wheeling heaven in the  
race everlasting flying !

ADMETUS

He seeth thee and me, two stricken ones,  
Which wrought the Gods no wrong, that thou shouldst  
die

ALCESTIS

O Land, O stately height (Ant. 1)  
Of mine halls, and my bridal couch in Iolcos my  
fatherland lying !

ADMETUS

Uplift thee, hapless love, forsake me not, 250  
And pray the mighty Gods in ruth to turn.

ALCESTIS

(Str. 2)  
I see the boat with the oars twin-sweeping,  
And, his hand on the pole as in haste aye keeping,  
Charon the Ferryman calleth, "What ho, wilt thou  
linger and linger ?  
Hasten,—'tis thou dost delay me !" he crieth with  
beckoning finger.

ADMETUS

Ah me ! a bitter ferrying this thou namest !  
O evil-starred, what woes endure we now !

ALCESTIS

(Ant. 2)  
One haleth me—haleth me hence to the mansion  
Of the dead !—dost thou mark not the darkling  
expansion

260

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

βλέπων πτερωτὸς Ἴαιδας.  
τί ῥέξεις ; μέθες. οἶαν  
ὁδὸν ἃ δειλαιότατα προβαίνω.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἰκτρὰν φίλοισιν, ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ' ἐμοὶ  
καὶ παισίν, οἷς δὴ πένθος ἐν κοινῷ τόδε.

### ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

μέθετε μέθετέ μ' ἤδη. ἐπ' ὁδ.  
κλίνατ', οὐ σθένω ποσὶν  
πλησίον Ἴαιδας·  
σκοτία δ' ἐπ' ὄσσοις νύξ ἐφέρπει.  
τέκνα τέκν', οὐκέτι δὴ  
οὐκέτι μάτηρ σφῶν ἔστιν.  
χαίροντες, ὦ τέκνα, τόδε φάος ὁρώτον.

270

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οἷμοι· τόδ' ἔπος λυπρὸν ἀκούω  
καὶ παντὸς ἐμοὶ θανάτου μεῖζον.  
μὴ πρὸς σε θεῶν τλῆς με προδοῦναι,  
μὴ πρὸς παίδων οὖς ὀρφανεῖς,  
ἀλλ' ἄνα, τόλμα·  
σοῦ γὰρ φθιμένης οὐκέτ' ἂν εἶην·  
ἐν σοὶ δ' ἐσμέν καὶ ζῆν καὶ μή·  
σὴν γὰρ φιλίαν σεβόμεσθα.

### ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

280

Ἄδμηθ', ὁρᾷς γὰρ τὰ μὰ πράγμαθ' ὥς ἔχει,  
λέξαι θέλω σοι πρὶν θανεῖν ἃ βούλομαι.  
ἐγὼ σε πρεσβεύουσα κἀντὶ τῆς ἐμῆς  
ψυχῆς καταστήσασα φῶς τόδ' εἰσορᾶν,  
θνήσκω, παρόν μοι μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθεν,  
ἀλλ' ἄνδρα τε σχεῖν Θεσσαλῶν ὃν ἤθελον,  
καὶ δῶμα ναίειν ὄλβιον τυραννίδι,



## ALCESTIS

Of the pinnons of Hades, the blaze of his eyes 'neath  
their caverns out-glaring ?  
What wouldst thou ?—Unhand me !—In anguish and  
pain by what path am I faring !

ADMETUS

Woeful to them that love thee : most to me  
And to thy babes, sad sharers in this grief

ALCESTIS

Let be—let me sink back to rest me : (*Epode*)

There is no strength left in my feet.

Hades is near, and the night

Is darkening down on my sight.

Darlings, farewell : on the light

Long may ye look.—I have blessed ye

Ere your mother to nothingness fleet

270

ADMETUS

Ah me ! for thy word rusheth bitterness o'er me,

Bitterness passing the anguish of death !

Forsake me not now, by the Gods I implore thee.

By the babes thou wilt orphan, O yield not thy  
breath !

Look up, be of cheer . if thou diest, before me

Is nothingness Living, we aye live thine,

And we die in thy death , for our hearts are a shrine

Wherein for thy love passing word we adore thee !

ALCESTIS

Admetus,—for thou seest all my plight,—

Fain would I speak mine heart's wish ere I die.

I, honouring thee, and setting thee in place

Before mine own soul still to see this light,

Am dying, unconstrained to die for thee.

I might have wed what man Thessalian

I would, have dwelt wealth-crowned in princely halls ;

280

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐκ ἠθέλησα ζῆν ἀποσπασθεῖσά σου ,  
 σὺν παισὶν ὀρφανοῖσιν· οὐδ' ἐφεισάμην  
 ἡβης ἔχουσα δῶρ', ἐν οἷς ἑτερπόμην.  
 290 καίτοι σ' ὁ φύσας χῆ τεκούσα προὔδοσαν,  
 καλῶς μὲν αὐτοῖς κατθανεῖν ἦκον βίου,  
 καλῶς δὲ σῶσαι παῖδα κεῦκλεῶς θανεῖν.  
 μόνος γὰρ αὐτοῖς ἦσθα, κοῦτις ἐλπίς ἦν  
 σοῦ κατθανόντος ἄλλα φιτύσειν τέκνα.  
 καὶ γὰρ τ' ἂν ἔζων καὶ σὺ τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,  
 κοῦκ ἂν μονωθεῖς σῆς δάμαρτος ἑστενες  
 καὶ παῖδας ὀρφάνευες. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν  
 θεῶν τις ἐξέπραξεν ὥσθ' οὕτως ἔχειν.  
 εἶεν· σὺ νῦν μοι τῶνδ' ἀπόμνησαι χάριν·  
 300 αἰτήσομαι γάρ σ' ἀξίαν μὲν οὐποτε·  
 ψυχῆς γὰρ οὐδέν ἐστι τιμιώτερον·  
 δίκαια δ', ὡς φήσεις σύ· τοῦσδε γὰρ φιλεῖς  
 οὐχ ἦσσον ἢ ἔγω παῖδας, εἴπερ εὖ φρονεῖς·  
 τοὺτους ἀνάσχου δεσπότης ἐμῶν δόμων,  
 καὶ μὴ ἔπιγήμες τοῖσδε μητρὶαν τέκνοις,  
 ἦτις κακίων οὐσ' ἐμοῦ γυνὴ φθόνῳ  
 τοῖς σοῖσι καμοῖς παισὶ χεῖρα προσβαλεῖ.  
 μὴ δῆτα δράσης ταῦτά γ', αἰτοῦμαί σ' ἐγώ.  
 310 ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἢ ἔπιούσα μητρὶα τέκνοις  
 τοῖς πρόσθ', ἐχίδνης οὐδὲν ἠπιωτέρα.  
 καὶ παῖς μὲν ἄρσην πατέρ' ἔχει πύργον μέγαν,  
 ὃν καὶ προσεῖπε καὶ προσερρήθη πάλιν·  
 σὺ δ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, πῶς κορευθήσῃ καλῶς ;  
 ποίας τυχοῦσα συζύγου τῷ σῷ πατρί ;  
 μή σοί τιν' αἰσχρὰν προσβαλοῦσα κληδόνα  
 ἡβης ἐν ἀκμῇ σὺν διαφθείρῃ γάμοις.  
 οὐ γὰρ σε μήτηρ οὔτε νυμφεύσει ποτὲ  
 οὔτ' ἐν τόκοις τοῖσι σοῖσι θαρσυνεῖ

## ALCESTIS

Yet would not live on, torn away from thee,  
 With orphaned children : wherefore spared I not  
 The gifts of youth still mine, wherein I joyed  
 Yet she that bare, he that begat, forsook thee, 290  
 Though fair for death their time of life was come,  
 Yea, fair, to save their son and die renowned.  
 Their only one wert thou : no hope there was  
 To get them sons thereafter, hadst thou died.  
 So had I lived, and thou, to after days :  
 Thou wert not groaning, of thy wife bereaved,  
 Thy children motherless    Howbeit this  
 Some God hath brought to pass : it was to be  
 So be it.    Remember thou what thank is due  
 For this,—I never can ask full requital ; 300  
 For naught there is more precious than the life,—  
 And justly due ; for these thy babes thou lovest  
 No less than I, if that thine heart be right.  
 Suffer that they have lordship in mine home :  
 Wed not a stepdame to supplant our babes,  
 Whose heart shall tell her she is no Alcestis,  
 Whose jealous hand shall smite them, thine and  
     mine  
 Do not, ah, do not this—I pray thee, I !  
 For the new stepdame hateth still the babes  
 Of her that's gone with more than viper-venom. 310  
 The boy—his father is his tower of strength  
 To whom to speak, of whom to win reply ;  
 But, O my child, what gullhood will be thine ?  
 To thee what would she be, thy father's yoke-mate ?  
 What if with ill report she smirched thy name,  
 And in thy youth's flower marred thy marriage-  
     hopes ?  
 For thee thy mother ne'er shall deck for bridal,  
 Nor hearten thee in travail, O my child,

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

320 παροῦς, ἵν' οὐδὲν μητρὸς εὐμενέστερον.  
 δεῖ γὰρ θανεῖν με· καὶ τόδ' οὐκ ἐς αὔριον  
 οὐδ' εἰς τρίτην μοι μηνὸς ἔρχεται κακόν,  
 ἀλλ' αὐτίκ' ἐν τοῖς μηκέτ' οὔσι λέξομαι.  
 χαίροντες εὐφραίνοισθε· καὶ σοὶ μὲν, πόσι,  
 γυναῖκ' ἀρίστην ἔστι κομπάσαι λαβεῖν,  
 ὑμῖν δέ, παῖδες, μητρὸς ἐκπεφυκέναι.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει· πρὸ τούτου γὰρ λέγειν οὐχ ἄξομαι·  
 δράσει τὰδ', εἴπερ μὴ φρενῶν ἀμαρτάνει.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

330 ἔσται τὰδ' ἔσται, μὴ τρέσῃς· ἐπεὶ σ' ἐγὼ  
 καὶ ζῶσαν εἶχον καὶ θανούσ' ἐμὴ γυνή  
 μόνη κεκλήσει, κοῦτις ἀντὶ σοῦ ποτε  
 τόνδ' ἄνδρα νύμφη Θεσσαλὶς προσφθέγγεται.  
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτως οὔτε πατρὸς εὐγενοῦς  
 οὔτ' εἶδος ἄλλως ἐκπρεπεστάτη γυνή.  
 ἄλλῃς δὲ παίδων, τῶνδ' ὄνησιν εὐχομαι  
 θεοῖς γενέσθαι· σοῦ γὰρ οὐκ ὠνήμεθα.  
 οἶσω δὲ πένθος οὐκ ἐτήσιον τὸ σόν,  
 ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἂν αἰὼν οὐμὸς ἀντέχῃ, γύναι,  
 στυγῶν μὲν ἢ μ' ἔτικτεν, ἐχθαίρων δ' ἐμὸν  
 340 πατέρα· λόγῳ γὰρ ἦσαν οὐκ ἔργῳ φίλοι  
 σὺ δ' ἀντιδοῦσα τῆς ἐμῆς τὰ φίλτατα  
 ψυχῆς ἔσωσας. ἄρά μοι στένειν πύρα  
 τοιαῶσδ' ἀμαρτάνοντι συζύγου σέθεν ;  
 παύσω δὲ κώμους συμποτῶν θ' ὁμιλίας  
 στεφάνους τε μοῦσάν θ' ἢ κατεῖχ' ἐμοὺς δόμους.  
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' οὔτ' ἂν βαρβίτου θίγοιμ' ἔτι  
 οὔτ' ἂν φρέν' ἐξαίροιμι πρὸς Λίβυν λακεῖν  
 αὐλόν· σὺ γάρ μου τέρψιν ἐξείλου βίου.  
 σοφῇ δὲ χειρὶ τεκτόνων δέμας τὸ σόν

## ALCESTIS

There, where naught gentler than the mother is.  
For I must die ; nor shall it be to-morn, 320  
Nor on the third day comes on me this doom :  
Straightway of them that are not shall I be.  
Farewell, be happy. Now for thee, my lord,  
Abides the boast to have won the noblest wife,  
For you, my babes, to have sprung from noblest  
mother.

### CHORUS

Fear not ; for I am bold to speak for him :  
This will he do, an if he be not mad

### ADMETUS

It shall, it shall be, fear not : thou alone  
Living wast mine ; and dead, mine only wife 330  
Shalt thou be called : nor ever in thy stead  
Shall bride Thessalian hail me as her lord.  
None is there of a father so high-born,  
None so for beauty peerless among women.  
Children enough have I : I pray the Gods  
For joy in these—lost is our joy in thee !  
Not for a year's space will I mourn for thee,  
But long as this my life shall last, dear wife,  
Loathing my mother, hating mine own sire,  
For in word only, not in deed, they loved me. 340  
Thou gav'st in ransom for my life thine all  
Of precious, and didst save. Do I not well  
To groan, who lose such yokefellow in thee ?  
Revels shall cease, and gatherings at the wine,  
Garlands, and song, which wont to fill mine house  
No, never more mine hand shall touch the lyre:  
Nor will I lift up heart to sing to flute  
Of Libya : stolen is life's joy with thee.  
Fashioned by craftsmen's cunning hands, thy form

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

350 εἰκασθὲν ἐν λέκτροισιν ἐκταθήσεται,  
 ᾧ προσπεσοῦμαι καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας  
 ὄνομα καλῶν σὸν τὴν φίλην ἐν ἀγκάλαις  
 δόξω γυναῖκα καίπερ οὐκ ἔχων ἔχειν,  
 ψυχρὰν μὲν, οἶμαι, τέρψιν, ἀλλ' ὅμως βάρος  
 ψυχῆς ἀπαντλοίην ἄν· ἐν δ' ὀνειράσι  
 φοιτῶσά μ' εὐφραίνουσιν ἄν· ἡδὺ γὰρ φίλους  
 καὶν νυκτὶ λεύσσειν, ὄντιν ἄν παρῇ χρόνον.  
 εἰ δ' Ὀρφέως μοι γλῶσσα καὶ μέλος παρῇν,  
 ὥστ' ἡ κόρην Δήμητρος ἡ κείνης πόσιν  
 ὕμνοισι κηλήσαντά σ' ἐξ Ἀιδου λαβεῖν,  
 360 κατηήλθον ἄν, καί μ' οὔθ' ὁ Πλούτωνος κύων  
 οὔθ' οὐπὶ κώπη ψυχοπομπὸς ἄν Χάρων  
 ἔσχον, πρὶν εἰς φῶς σὸν καταστήσαι βίον.  
 ἀλλ' οὖν ἐκεῖσε προσδόκα μ', ὅταν θάνω,  
 καὶ δῶμ' ἐτοίμαζ', ὡς συνοικήσουσά μοι.  
 ἐν ταῖσιν αὐταῖς γάρ μ' ἐπισκήψω κέδροις  
 σοὶ τοῦσδε θεῖναι πλευρά τ' ἐκτεῖναι πέλας  
 πλευροῖσι τοῖς σοῖς· μηδὲ γὰρ θανῶν ποτε  
 σοῦ χωρὶς εἶην τῆς μόνης πιστῆς ἐμοί.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

370 καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ σοι πένθος ὡς φίλος φίλῳ  
 λυπρὸν συνοίσω τῇσδε· καὶ γὰρ ἀξία.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὦ παῖδες, αὐτοὶ δὴ τάδ' εἰσηκούσατε  
 πατρὸς λέγοντος μὴ γαμεῖν ἄλλην τινὰ  
 γυναῖκ' ἐφ' ὑμῖν μηδ' ἀτιμάσειν ἐμέ.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ νῦν γέ φημι, καὶ τελευτήσω τάδε.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἐπὶ τοῖσδε παῖδας χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς δέχου.

## ALCESTIS

Imaged, shall lie as sleeping on a bed,  
Falling whereon, and clasping with mine hands, 350  
Calling thy name, in fancy shall mine arms  
Hold my belovèd, though I hold her not :—  
A drear delight, I wot : yet shall I lift  
The burden from my soul In dreams shalt thou  
Haunt me and gladden : sweet to see the loved,  
Though but as fleeting phantoms of the night

But, were the tongue and strain of Orpheus mine,  
To witch Demeter's Daughter and her lord,  
And out of Hades by my song to win thee,  
I had fared down ; nor Pluto's Hound had stayed 360  
me,

Nor Spirit-wafter Charon at the oar,  
Or ever I restored thy life to light.  
Yet there look thou for me, whenso I die :  
Prepare a home, as who shall dwell with me  
For in the selfsame cedar chest, wherein  
Thou hest, will I bid them lay my bones  
At thy side : never, not in death, from thee,  
My one true loyal love, may I be sundered !

### CHORUS

Yea, I withal will mourn, as friend with friend,  
With thee for this thy wife, for she is worthy. 370

### ALCESTIS

My children, ye yourselves have heard all this,  
Have heard your father pledge him ne'er to wed  
For your oppression and for my dishonour.

### ADMETUS

Yea, now I say it, and I will perform.

### ALCESTIS

On these terms take the children from mine hand.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

δέχομαι φίλον γε δῶρον ἐκ φίλης χερός.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

σὺ νῦν γενοῦ τοῖσδ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ μήτηρ τέκνους.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πολλή μ' ἀνάγκη, σοῦ γ' ἀπεστερημένοις.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὦ τέκν', ὅτε ζῆν χρῆν μ', ἀπέρχομαι κάτω.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

380 οἷμοι, τί δράσω δῆτα σοῦ μονούμενος ;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χρόνος μαλάξει σ'· οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὁ κατθανών.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄγου με σὺν σοί, πρὸς θεῶν, ἄγου κάτω.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἀρκοῦμεν ἡμεῖς οἱ προθυήσκοντες σέθεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ δαῖμον, οἷας συζύγου μ' ἀποστερεῖς.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

καὶ μὴν σκοτεινὸν ὄμμα μου βαρύνεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην ἄρ', εἴ με δὴ λείψεις, γύναι.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ὥς οὐκέτ' οὔσαν οὐδέν ἂν λέγοις ἐμέ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρθου πρόσωπον, μὴ λίπης παῖδας σέθεν.

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐ δῆθ' ἐκοῦσά γ', ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ τέκνα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

βλέψον πρὸς αὐτοὺς βλέψον.



## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

I take them—precious gift from precious hand

ALCESTIS

Thou in my stead be a mother now to these.

ADMETUS

I must, I must—they are bereft of thee !

ALCESTIS

Darlings, when most I need to live, I die.

ADMETUS

Ah me !—what shall I do, forlorn of thee ? 380

ALCESTIS

Thy wound shall time heal :—nothingness are the  
dead.

ADMETUS

Take me, ah take me with thee to the grave !

ALCESTIS

Suffice it that one dies—she dies for thee

ADMETUS

O Fate, of what a wife dost thou bereave me !

ALCESTIS

Dark—dark—mine eyes are drooping, heavy-laden.

ADMETUS

Oh, I am lost if thou wilt leave me, wife !

ALCESTIS

No more—I am no more . as naught account me.

ADMETUS

Uplift thy face : forsake not thine own children !

ALCESTIS

Sore loth do I—yet O farewell, my babes !

ADMETUS

Look on them—look !

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

390

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐδέν εἰμ' ἔτι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί δράς ; προλείπεις ;

ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

χαῖρ'.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπωλόμην τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

βέβηκεν, οὐκέτ' ἔστιν Ἀδμήτου γυνή.

ΕΥΜΗΛΟΣ

ἰὼ μοι τύχας. μαῖα δὴ κάτω στρ.

βέβακεν, οὐκέτ' ἔστιν, ὦ

πάτερ, ὑφ' ἀλίφ.

προλιποῦσα δ' ἀμὸν βίον

ὠρφάνισεν τλάμων.

ἴδε γὰρ ἴδε βλέφαρον

καὶ παρατόνους χέρας.

400 ὑπάκουσον ἄκουσον, ὦ μᾶτερ, ἀντιάζω

σ' ἐγώ, μᾶτερ, ἐγὼ

\* \* καλοῦμαί σ' ὁ

σὸς ποτὶ σοῖσι πίτνων στόμασιν νεοσσός.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τὴν οὐ κλύουσαν οὐδ' ὀρώσαν· ὥστ' ἐγὼ

καὶ σφὼ βαρεῖα συμφορὰ πεπλήγμεθα.

ΕΥΜΗΛΟΣ

νέος ἐγώ, πάτερ, λείπομαι φίλας ἀντ.

μονόστολός τε ματρός· ὦ

σχέτλια δὴ παθὼν

# ALCESTIS

ALCESTIS

Nothing am I henceforth 390

ADMETUS

Ah, leav'st thou us ?

ALCESTIS

Farewell. [*Dies.*

ADMETUS

O wretch undone !

CHORUS

Gone,—gone ! No more she lives, Admetus' wife !

EUMELUS

(*Str*)

Woe for my lot !—to the tomb hath my mother descended, descended ! [the sun

Never again, O my father, she seeth the light of  
In anguish she leaves us forsaken : the story is  
ended, is ended, [motherless life is begun

Of her sheltering love, and the tale of the  
Look—look on her eyelids, her hands drooping nerveless ! O hear me, O hear me ! 400

It is I—I beseech thee, my mother !—thine own  
little, own little bird ! [me, so near me ;  
It is I—O, I cast me upon thee—thy lips are so near  
Unto mine am I pressing them, mother !—I plead  
for a word—but a word !

ADMETUS

With her who heareth not, nor seeth : ye  
And I are stricken with a heavy doom

EUMELUS

(*Ant.*)

And I am but a little one, father—so young, and forsaken, forsaken, [shall be mine !  
Forlorn of my mother—O hapless ! a weariful lot

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

410

ἐγὼ ἔργα \* \* σύ τε,  
 σύγκασι μοι κούρα,  
 \* \* \* \* \* συνέτλας·  
 \* \* \* \* \* ὦ πάτερ.  
 ἀνόνατ' ἀνόνατ' ἐνύμφευσας, οὐδὲ γήρως  
 ἔβας τέλος σὺν τᾷδ'·  
 ἔφθιτο γὰρ πάρος,  
 οἰχομένας δὲ σοῦ, μᾶτερ, ὄλωλεν οἶκος.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄδμητ', ἀνάγκη τάσδε συμφορὰς φέρειν·  
 οὐ γάρ τι πρῶτος οὐδὲ λοίσθιος βροτῶν  
 γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἤμπλακες· γίγνωσκε δὲ  
 ὥς πᾶσιν ἡμῖν κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

420

ἐπίσταμαί γε, κοῦκ ἄφνω κακὸν τόδε  
 προσέπτατ'· εἰδὼς δ' αὖτ' ἐτειρόμην πάλαι  
 ἄλλ', ἐκφορὰν γὰρ τοῦδε θήσομαι νεκροῦ,  
 πάρεστε καὶ μένοντες ἀντηχήσατε  
 παιᾶνα τῷ κάτωθεν ἀσπόνδῳ θεῷ.  
 πᾶσιν δὲ Θεσσαλοῖσιν ὧν ἐγὼ κρατῶ  
 πένθους γυναικὸς τῆσδε κοινοῦσθαι λέγω  
 κουρᾷ ξυρήκει καὶ μελαμπέπλῳ στολῇ.  
 τέθριππά θ' οὐ ζεύγνυσθε καὶ μονάμπυκας  
 πώλους, σιδήρῳ τέμνετ' αὐχένων φόβην.  
 430 αὐλῶν δὲ μὴ κατ' ἄστνυ, μὴ λύρας κτύπος  
 ἔστω σελήνας δώδεκ' ἐκπληρουμένας·  
 οὐ γάρ τιν' ἄλλον φίλτερον θάψω νεκρὸν  
 τοῦδ' οὐδ' ἀμείνον' εἰς ἔμ'· ἀξία δέ μοι  
 τιμῆς, ἐπεὶ τέθνηκεν ἀντ' ἐμοῦ μόνη.

## ALCESTIS

And thou, little maiden, my sister, the burden hast  
taken, hast taken,  
Which thy brother may bear not alone, and a  
weariful lot shall be thine 410  
O father, of long-living love was thy marriage un-  
cherished, uncherished :  
Thou hast won not the goal of old age with the  
love of thy youth at thy side ;  
For, or ever she came to the fulness of days, she hath  
perished, hath perished ;  
And the home is a wreck and a ruin, for thou, O my  
mother, hast died !

### CHORUS

Admetus, this affliction must thou bear.  
Not first of mortals thou, nor thou the last  
Hast lost a noble wife , and, be thou sure,  
From us, from all, this debt is due—to die

### ADMETUS

I know it : nowise unforeseen this ill 420  
Hath swooped on me : long anguished I foreknew it  
But—for to burial must I bear my dead—  
Stay ye, and, tarrying, echo back my wail  
To that dark God whom no drink-offerings move  
And all Thessalians over whom I rule  
I bid take part in mourning for this woman  
With shaven head and sable-shrouding robe.  
And ye which yoke the cars four-horsed, or steeds  
Of single frontlet, shear with steel their manes.  
Music of flutes the city through, or lyres, 430  
Be none, while twelve moons round their circles out :  
For dearer dead, or kinder unto me  
I shall not bury : worthy of mine honour  
Is she, for she alone hath died for me

[*Exit with attendants bearing in the corpse.*]

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ὦ Πελίου θύγατερ, στρ. α'  
 χαίρουσά μοι εἶν' Αἶδα δόμοισιν  
 τὸν ἀνάλιον οἶκον οἰκετεύοις.  
 ἴστω δ' Αἶδας ὁ μελαγχαίτας θεὸς ὅς τ' ἐπὶ κώπα  
 440 πηδαλίῳ τε γέρων  
 νεκροπομπὸς ἵζει,  
 πολὺ δὴ πολὺ δὴ γυναῖκ' ἀρίσταν  
 λίμναν Ἀχεροντίαν πορεύ-  
 σας ἐλάτῃ δικώπῳ.
- πολλά σε μουσποῖλοι ἀντ. α'  
 μέλψουσι καθ' ἐπτάτονόν τ' ὀρεῖαν  
 χέλυν ἔν τ' ἀλύροις κλέοντες ὕμνοις,  
 Σπάρτα κύκλος ἀνίκα Καρνείου περινίσσεται ὥρας  
 450 μηνος, ἀειρομένας  
 παννύχον σελάνας,  
 λιπαραῖσί τ' ἐν ὀλβίαις Ἀθάναις.  
 τοίαν ἔλιπες θανούσα μολ-  
 πὰν μελέων ἀοιδοῖς.
- εἴθ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὲν εἴη, στρ. β'  
 δυναίμαν δέ σε πέμψαι  
 φάος ἐξ Αἶδα τεράμνων  
 Κωκυτοῦ τε ῥεέθρων  
 ποταμία νερτέρα τε κώπα.  
 46 σὺ γάρ, ὦ μόνα, ὦ φίλα γυναικῶν,  
 σὺ τὸν αὐτᾶς  
 ἔτλας πόσιν ἀντὶ σᾶς ἀμείψαι  
 ψυχᾶς ἐξ Αἶδα. κούφα σοι  
 χθὼν ἐπάνωθε πέσοι, γύναι. εἰ δέ τι  
 καινὸν ἔλοιτο λέχος πόσις, ἢ μάλ' ἂν ἔμοιγ' ἂν εἴη  
 στυγηθεὶς τέκνοις τε τοῖς σοῖς.

## ALCESTIS

### CHORUS

O Pelias' daughter, I hail thee : (Str. 1)  
I wave thee eternal farewell  
To thine home where the darkness must veil thee,  
Where in Hades unsunned thou shalt dwell.  
Know, Dark-haired, thy grey Spirit-wafter  
Hath sped not with twy-plashing oar 440  
Woman nobler, nor shall speed hereafter  
To Acheron's shore.

For the seven-stringed shell, or for pæan (Ant. 1)  
Unharped, shall thy fame be a song,  
When o'er Sparta the moon Carnean  
High rideth the whole night long. 450  
And in Athens the wealthy and splendid  
Shall thy name on her bards' lips ring ;  
Such a theme hast thou left to be blended  
With the lays that they sing.

O that the power were but in me, (Str. 2)  
From the chambers of Hades, to light,  
And from streams of Cocytus, to win thee  
With the oar of the River of Night !  
O dear among women, strong-hearted 460  
From Hades to ransom thy lord !  
Never spirit in such wise departed.  
Light lie on thee, Lady, the sward !  
And, if ever thine husband shall mate him  
Again with a bride in thy stead,  
I will loathe him, his children shall hate him,  
The babes of the dead.

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ματέρος οὐ θελούσας  
πρὸ παιδὸς χθονὶ κρύψαι  
δέμας, οὐδὲ πατρὸς γεραιού,

ἀντ. β'

\* \* \* \* \*

470 ὃν ἔτεκον δ', οὐκ ἔτλαν ῥύεσθαι  
σχετλίω, πολιὰν ἔχοντε χαίταν.  
σύ δ' ἐν ἥβᾳ

νέα προθανοῦσα φωτὸς οἶχει.  
τοιαύτας εἶη μοι κῦρσαι  
συνδυάδος φιλίας ἀλόχου· τοῦτο γὰρ  
ἐν βιότῳ σπάνιον μέρος· ἥ γὰρ ἂν ἔμοιγ' ἄλυπος  
δι' αἰῶνος ἂν ξυνείη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένοι, Φεραίας τῇσδε κωμῆται χθονός,  
Ἄδμητον ἐν δόμοισιν ἄρα κιγχάνω ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

480 ἔστ' ἐν δόμοισι παῖς Φέρητος, Ἡράκλεις.  
ἀλλ' εἰπέ χρεῖα τίς σε Θεσσαλῶν χθόνα  
πέμπει, Φεραῖον ἄστν προσβῆναι τόδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Τιρυνθίῳ πράσσω τίν' Εὐρυσθεὶ πόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ ποῖ πορεύει ; τῷ προσέζευξαι πλάνῳ ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

Θρηκὸς τέτρωρον ἄρμα Διομήδους μέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν δυνήσει ; μὴν ἄπειρος εἰ ξένου ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄπειρος· οὐπω Βιστόνων ἦλθον χθόνα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἵππων δεσπόσαι σ' ἄνευ μάχης.



## ALCESTIS

When his mother would not be contented (*Ant* 2)  
To hide her for him in the tomb,  
Nor his grey-haired father consented,  
Unholpen he looked on his doom. [not,  
Whom they bare—the hard-hearted '—they cared  
Though hoary their locks were, to save ! 470  
Thou art gone, for thy great love spared not  
Thy blossom of youth from the grave  
Ah, may it be mine, such communion  
Of hearts !—'tis vouchsafed unto few :—  
Then ours should be sorrowless union  
Our life-days through

*Enter* HERCULES.

HERCULES

Strangers, who dwell in this Pheraean land,  
Say, do I find Admetus in his home ?

CHORUS

Heicules, in his home is Pheres' son  
Yet say, what brings thee to Thessalian land,  
That thou shouldst come to this Pheraean town ? 480

HERCULES

A toil for King Eurystheus, lord of Tiryns

CHORUS

And whither journeyest ? To what wanderings  
yoked ?

HERCULES

For Thracian Diomedes' four-horsed car

CHORUS

How canst thou ? Sure he is unknown to thee !

HERCULES

Unknown : Bistonian land I never saw

CHORUS

Not save by battle may those steeds be won

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀπειπεῖν τοὺς πόνους οἶόν τ' ἐμοί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κτανὼν ἄρ' ἤξεις ἢ θανὼν αὐτοῦ μενεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ τόνδ' ἀγῶνα πρῶτον ἂν δράμοιμ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

490 τί δ' ἂν κρατήσας δεσπότην πλέον λάβοις ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πώλους ἀπάξω κοιράνῳ Τιρυνθίῳ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ εὐμαρὲς χαλινὸν ἐμβαλεῖν γνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ μὴ γε πῦρ πνέουσι μυκτῆρων ἄπο.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἄνδρας ἀρταμοῦσι λαιψηραῖς γνάθοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

θηρῶν ὀρείων χόρτον, οὐχ ἵππων λέγεις.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φάτνας ἵδοις ἂν αἵμασιν πεφυρμένας.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τίνος δ' ὁ θρέψας παῖς πατρὸς κομπάζεται ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄρεος, ζαχρύσου Θρηκίας πέλτης ἀναξ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

500 καὶ τόνδε τοῦμοῦ δαίμονος πόνον λέγεις,  
σκληρὸς γὰρ αἰὲ καὶ πρὸς αἵπος ἔρχεται,  
εἰ χρή με παισὶν οὓς Ἄρης ἐγείνατο  
μάχην συνάψαι, πρῶτα μὲν Λυκάονι,  
αὐθις δὲ Κύκνῳ, τόνδε δ' ἔρχομαι τρίτον  
ἀγῶνα πῶλοις δεσπότη τε συμβαλῶν.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yet flinch I may not from the appointed toils.

CHORUS

Thy life or his—a triumph or a grave.

HERCULES

Not this the first time I have run such course.

CHORUS

What profit is it if thou slay their lord? 490

HERCULES

Those steeds shall I drive back to Tiryns' king

CHORUS

Hard task, to set the bit betwixt their jaws.

HERCULES

That shall I, if their nostrils breathe not fire.

CHORUS

Yea, but with ravening jaws do they rend men.

HERCULES

Go to—thus mountain-wolves, not horses, feast.

CHORUS

Nay, thou canst see their cribs bespient with gore

HERCULES

Whom boasteth he for father, he that reared them?

CHORUS

Ares, the lord of Thracia's golden shields

HERCULES

Thou say'st: such toil my fate imposeth still,  
Harsh evermore, uphillward straining aye, 500  
If I must still in battle close with sons  
Gotten of Ares; with Lycaon first,  
And Cynus then; and lo, I come to grapple—  
The third strife this—with yon steeds and their lord

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ἀλλ' οὔτις ἔστιν ὃς τὸν Ἀλκμήνης γόνον  
τρέσαντα χεῖρα πολεμίαν ποτ' ὄψεται

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὃδ' αὐτὸς τῇσδε κοίρανος χθονὸς  
Ἄδμητος ἔξω δωμάτων πορεύεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ Διὸς παῖ Περσέως τ' ἀφ' αἵματος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

510 Ἄδμητε, καὶ σὺ χαῖρε, Θεσσαλῶν ἄναξ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θέλοιμ' ἄν· εὖνουν δ' ὄντα σ' ἐξεπίσταμαι.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί χρήμα κουρᾷ τῇδε πενθίμῳ πρέπεις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θάπτειν τιν' ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ μέλλω νεκρόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀπ' οὖν τέκνων σὼν πημονὴν εἵργοι θεός.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ζῶσιν κατ' οἴκους παῖδες οὓς ἔφυσ' ἐγώ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πατήρ γε μὴν ὠραῖος, εἴπερ οἴχεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κάκεινος ἔστι χῆ τεκοῦσά μ', Ἡράκλεις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ μὴν γυνή γ' ὄλωλεν Ἀλκηστis σέθεν ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

διπλοῦς ἐπ' αὐτῇ μῦθος ἔστι μοι λέγειν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

520 πότερα θανούσης εἶπας ἢ ζώσης πέρι ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔστιν τε κούκέτ' ἔστιν, ἀλγύνει δέ με.

## ALCESTIS

But the man lives not who shall ever see  
Alcmena's son flinch from a foeman's hand.

CHORUS

Lo, there himself, the ruler of the realm,  
Admetus, cometh forth his palace-hall.

*Enter* ADMETUS.

ADMETUS

Joy to thee, sprung from Zeus' and Perseus' blood !

HERCULES

Admetus, joy to thee, Thessalia's king ! 510

ADMETUS (*aside*)

*Joy ?—would 'twere mine !* (*aloud*) Thanks !—thy  
good heart I know.

HERCULES

Wherefore for mourning shaven show'st thou thus ?

ADMETUS

This day must I commit to earth a corpse.

HERCULES

Now heaven forbend thou mourn'st for children dead !

ADMETUS

In mine home live the babes whom I begat.

HERCULES

Sooth, death-ripe were thy sire, if he be gone.

ADMETUS

He liveth, and my mother, Hercules

HERCULES

Surely, O surely, not thy wife, Admetus ?

ADMETUS

Twofold must be mine answer touching her.

HERCULES

Or hath she died, say'st thou, or liveth yet ? 520

ADMETUS

She is, and she is not : here lies my grief.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον οἶδ' ἄσημα γὰρ λέγεις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ οἶσθα μοίρας ἧς τυχεῖν αὐτὴν χρεών ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οἶδ' ἀντὶ σοῦ γε κατθανεῖν ὑφειμένην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἔτ' ἔστιν, εἴπερ ἦνεσεν τάδε ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἂ, μὴ πρόκλαι' ἄκοιτιν, εἰς τόδ' ἀμβαλοῦ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τέθνηχ' ὁ μέλλων, κοῦκέτ' ἔσθ' ὁ κατθανών.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

χωρὶς τό τ' εἶναι καὶ τὸ μὴ νομίζεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ τῇδε κρίνεις, Ἡράκλεις, κείνη δ' ἐγώ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

530 τί δῆτα κλαίεις ; τίς φίλων ὁ κατθανών ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

γυνή· γυναικὸς ἀρτίως μεμνήμεθα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὀθνεῖος ἢ σοὶ συγγενὴς γεγῶσά τις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὀθνεῖος, ἄλλως δ' ἦν ἀναγκαία δόμοις

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σοῖσιν ὤλεσεν βίον ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

πατὴρ θανόντος ἐνθάδ' ὠρφανεύετο.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

φεῦ.

εἴθ' ἠϋρομέν σ', Ἀδμητε, μὴ λυπούμενον.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Nothing the more I know : dark sayings thine.

ADMETUS

Know'st not the fate to which she is foredoomed ?

HERCULES

I know she pledged herself to die for thee.

ADMETUS

How lives she then, if she to this consented ?

HERCULES

Mourn not thy wife ere dead : abide the hour.

ADMETUS

One doomed is dead ; the dead hath ceased to be.

HERCULES

Diverse are these—to be and not to be.

ADMETUS

This, Hercules, thy sentence · that is mine.

HERCULES

But now, why weep'st thou ? What dear friend is  
dead ?

530

ADMETUS

A woman—hers the memory we mourn.

HERCULES

Some stranger born, or nigh of kin to thee ?

ADMETUS

A stranger born . yet near and dear to us.

HERCULES

How died a stranger then in house of thine ?

ADMETUS

An orphan here she dwelt, her father dead.

HERCULES

Would I had found thee mourning not, Admetus.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥς δὴ τί δράσων τόνδ' ὑπορράπτεις λόγον;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ξένων πρὸς ἄλλων ἐστίαν πορεύσομαι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦναξ· μὴ τοσόνδ' ἔλθοι κακόν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

540 λυπουμένοις ὀχληρός, εἰ μόλοι, ξένος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τεθνᾶσιν οἱ θανόντες· ἀλλ' ἴθ' εἰς δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰσχροὺν παρὰ κλαίουσι θοινᾶσθαι φίλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χωρὶς ξενῶνές εἰσιν οἱ σ' ἐσάξομεν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μέθες με, καί σοι μυρίαν ἔξω χάριν

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλου σ' ἀνδρὸς ἐστίαν μολεῖν.

ἡγοῦ σὺ τῷδε δωμάτων ἐξωπίους

ξενῶνας οἷξας, τοῖς τ' ἐφ'esτῶσιν φράσον

σίτων παρεῖναι πλῆθος· ἐν δὲ κλήσατε

θύρας μεσαύλους· οὐ πρόπει θοινωμένους

550 κλύειν στεναγμῶν οὐδὲ λυπεῖσθαι ξένους.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δρᾶς, τοιαύτης συμφορᾶς προσκειμένης,

Ἄδμητε, τολμᾶς ξενοδοκεῖν; τί μῶρος εἶ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄλλ' εἰ δόμων σφε καὶ πόλεως ἀπήλασα

ξένον μολόντα, μᾶλλον ἂν μ' ἐπῆνεσας;

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ μοι συμφορὰ μὲν οὐδὲν ἂν

μείων ἐγίγνετ', ἀξενώτερος δ' ἐγώ.



## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Ay so ?—what purpose lurketh 'neath thy word ?

HERCULES

On will I to another host's hearth-welcome.

ADMETUS

It cannot be · may no such grief befall !

HERCULES

A burden unto mourners comes the guest. 540

ADMETUS

Dead are the dead :—but enter thou mine house.

HERCULES

'Twere shame to banquet in the house of weeping.

ADMETUS

Aloof the guest-halls are where we will lodge thee.

HERCULES

Let me pass on : so earn my thanks untold.

ADMETUS

Unto another's hearth thou canst not go  
[*To an attendant*] Ho thou, lead on : open the guest-  
halls looking

Away from these our chambers Tell my stewards  
To set on meat in plenty Shut withal  
The mid-court doors : it fits not that the guests,  
The while they feast, hear wailings, and be vexed. 550

[*Exit* HERCULES.]

CHORUS

What dost thou ?—such affliction at the door,  
And guests for thee, Admetus ? Art thou mad ?

ADMETUS

But had I driven him from my home and city  
Who came my guest, then hadst thou praised me more ?  
Nay, verily : mine affliction so had grown  
No less, and more inhospitable were I !

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

καὶ πρὸς κακοῖσιν ἄλλο τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν κακόν,  
 δόμους καλεῖσθαι τοὺς ἐμοὺς κακοξένους.  
 αὐτὸς δ' ἁρίστου τοῦδε τυγχάνω ξένου,  
 560 ὅταν ποτ' Ἀργούς διψίαν ἔλθω χθόνα.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς οὖν ἔκρυπτες τὸν παρόντα daίμονα,  
 φίλου μολόντος ἀνδρός, ὥς αὐτὸς λέγεις ;

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἠθέλησεν εἰσελθεῖν δόμους,  
 εἰ τῶν ἐμῶν τι πημάτων ἐγνώρισε.  
 καὶ τῷ μέν, οἶμαι, δρῶν τάδ' οὐ φρονεῖν δοκῶ,  
 οὐδ' αἰνέσει με· τὰμὰ δ' οὐκ ἐπίσταται  
 μέλαθρ' ἀπωθεῖν οὐδ' ἀτιμάζειν ξένους.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ πολύξεινος καὶ ἐλεύθερος ἀνδρὸς αἰεί ποτ' οἶκος, στρ. α'  
 σέ τοι καὶ ὁ Πύθιος εὐλύρας Ἀπόλλων  
 570 ἤξιωσε ναίειν,  
 ἔτλα δὲ σοῖσι μηλονόμας  
 ἐν δόμοις γενέσθαι,  
 δοχμῶν διὰ κλιτύων  
 βοσκήμασι σοῖσι συρίζων  
 ποιμνίτας ὑμεναίους.

## ἀντ. α'

σὺν δ' ἐποιμαίνοντο χαρᾷ μελέων βαλῖαι τε λύγκες,  
 ἔβα δὲ λιποῦσ' Ὀθρυος νάπαν λεόντων  
 580 αἱ δαφοινὸς ἴλα·  
 χόρευσε δ' ἀμφὶ σὰν κιθάραν,  
 Φοῖβε, ποικιλόθριξ  
 νεβρὸς ὑψικόμων πέραν  
 βαίνουσ' ἐλατᾶν σφυρῷ κούφῳ,  
 χαίρουσ' εὐφροني μολπαῖ.

## ALCESTIS

And to mine ills were added this beside,  
That this my home were called "Guest-hating Hall."  
Yea, and myself have proved him kindest host  
Whene'er to Argos' thirsty plain I fared. 560

### CHORUS

Why hide then the dread Presence in the house,  
When came a friend ? Thyself hast named him friend.

### ADMETUS

Never had he been won to pass my doors,  
Had he one whit of mine afflictions known.  
To some, I wot, not wise herein I seem,  
Nor will such praise : but mine halls have not learnt  
To thrust away nor to dishonour guests.

### CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

Halls thronged of the guests ever welcome, O  
dwelling  
Of a hero, for ever the home of the free,  
The Lord of the lyre-strings sweet beyond telling, 570  
Apollo, hath deigned to sojourn in thee.  
Amid thine habitations, a shepherd of sheep,  
The flocks of Admetus he scorned not to keep,  
While the shepherds' bridal-strains, soft-swelling  
From his pipe, pealed over the slant-sloped lea.

### (*Ant.* 1)

And the spotted lynxes for joy of thy singing  
Mixed with thy flocks , and from Othrys' dell 580  
Trooped tawny lions . the witchery-winged  
Notes brought dancing around thy shell,  
Phoebus, the dappled fawn from the shadow  
Of the tall-tressed pines tripping forth to the meadow,  
Beating time to the chime of the rapture-ringing  
Music, with light feet tranced by its spell.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

τοιγὰρ πολυμηλοτάταν στρ. β'  
 ἐστίαν οἰκεῖ παρὰ καλλίναον  
 590 Βοιβίαν λίμναν· ἀρότοις δὲ γυνῶν  
 καὶ πεδίων δαπέδοις  
 ὄρον ἀμφὶ μὲν ἀέλιου κνεφαίαν  
 ἱππόστασιν αἰθέρα τὰν Μολοσσῶν [ὀρέων] τίθεται,  
 πόντιον δ' Αἰγαίων' ἐπ' ἅκτὰν  
 ἀλίμενον Πηλίου κρατύνει.

καὶ νῦν δόμον ἀμπετάσας ἀντ. β'  
 δέξατο ξείνον νοτερῷ βλεφάρῳ,  
 τᾶς φίλας κλαίων ἀλόχου νέκυν ἐν  
 600 δώμασιν ἀρτιθανῇ·  
 τὸ γὰρ εὐγενὲς ἐκφέρεται πρὸς αἰδῶ.  
 ἐν τοῖς ἀγαθοῖσι δὲ πάντ' ἔνεστιν σοφίας. ἄγαμαι·  
 πρὸς δ' ἐμᾷ ψυχᾷ θάρσος ἦσται  
 θεοσεβῇ φῶτα κεδνὰ πράξειν.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀνδρῶν Φεραίων εὐμενῆς παρουσία,  
 νέκυν μὲν ἤδη πάντ' ἔχοντα πρόσπολοι  
 φέρουσιν ἄρδην εἰς τάφον τε καὶ πυράν·  
 ὑμεῖς δὲ τὴν θανοῦσαν, ὡς νομίζεται,  
 610 προσείπατ' ἐξιούσαν ὑστάτην ὁδόν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὁρῶ σὸν πατέρα γηραιῷ ποδὶ  
 στείχοντ', ὀπαδούς τ' ἐν χεροῖν δάμαρτι σῇ  
 κόσμον φέροντας, νερτέρων ἀγάλματα.

## ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἦκω κακοῖσι σοῖσι συγκάμνων, τέκνον·  
 ἐσθλῆς γάρ, οὐδεὶς ἀντερεῖ, καὶ σῶφρονος

## ALCESTIS

(*Str* 2)

Wherefore the flocks of my lord unnumbered  
 By the Boebian mere fair-rippling stray : 590  
 Where the steeds of the sun halt, darkness-cumbered,  
 By Molossian mountains, far away  
 The borders lie of his golden grain,  
 And his rolling stretches of pasture-plain ;  
 And the havenless beach Aegean hath slumbered  
 Under Pelion long 'neath the peace of his sway

(*Ant.* 2)

And now, with the tears from his eyes fast-raining,  
 Wide hath he opened his doors to the guest,  
 While newly his heart 'neath its burden is straining,  
 For the wife that hath died in his halls distressed. 600  
 For to honour's heights are the high-born lifted,  
 And the good are with truest wisdom gifted ;  
 And there broods on mine heart bright trust  
 unwaning  
 That the god-reverer shall yet be blest.

ADMETUS

O kindly presence of Pheraean men, [servants  
 This corpse even now, with all things meet, my  
 Bear on their shoulders to the tomb and pyre.  
 Wherefore, as custom is, hail ye the dead,  
 On the last journey as she goeth forth. 610

CHORUS

Lo, I behold thy sire with aged foot  
 Advancing : his attendants in their hands  
 Bear ornaments to deck the dead withal.  
*Enter PHERES with attendants bearing gifts*

PHERES

I come in thine afflictions sorrowing, son :  
 A noble wife and virtuous hast thou lost,

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

620 γυναικὸς ἡμάρτηκας. ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν  
 φέρειν ἀνάγκη καίπερ ὄντα δύσφορα.  
 δέχου δὲ κόσμον τόνδε, καὶ κατὰ χθονὸς  
 ἵτω· τὸ ταύτης σῶμα τιμᾶσθαι χρεών,  
 ἥτις γε τῆς σῆς προὔθανε ψυχῆς, τέκνον,  
 καὶ μ' οὐκ ἄπαιδ' ἔθηκεν οὐδ' εἶασε σοῦ  
 στερέντα γῆρα πενθίμῳ καταφθίνειν,  
 πάσαις δ' ἔθηκεν εὐκλεέστερον βίον  
 γυναιξίν, ἔργον τλᾶσα γενναῖον τόδε.  
 ὦ τόνδε μὲν σώσασ', ἀναστήσασα δὲ  
 ἡμᾶς πίτνοντας, χαῖρε, κὰν "Αἰδου δόμοις  
 εὖ σοι γένοιτο. φημὶ τοιούτους γάμους  
 λύειν βροτοῖσιν, ἢ γαμεῖν οὐκ ἄξιον.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

630 οὔτ' ἦλθες εἰς τόνδ' ἐξ ἐμοῦ κληθεὶς τάφον,  
 οὔτ' ἐν φίλοισι σὴν παρουσίαν νέμω.  
 κόσμον δὲ τὸν σὸν οὔποθ' ἦδ' ἐνδύσεται.  
 οὐ γάρ τι τῶν σῶν ἐνδεὴς ταφήσεται.  
 τότε ξυναλγεῖν χρῆν σ' ὅτ' ὠλλύμην ἐγώ.  
 σὺ δ' ἐκποδῶν στάς καὶ παρεῖς ἄλλῳ θανεῖν  
 νέῳ γέρον ὦν, τόνδ' ἀποιμῶξει νεκρόν ;  
 οὐκ ἦσθ' ἄρ' ὀρθῶς τοῦδε σώματος πατήρ ;  
 οὐδ' ἢ τεκεῖν φάσκουσα καὶ κεκλημένη  
 μήτηρ μ' ἔτικτε ; δουλίου δ' ἀφ' αἵματος  
 640 μαστῶ γυναικὸς σῆς ὑπεβλήθην λάθρα ;  
 ἔδειξας εἰς ἔλεγχον ἐξελθὼν ὃς εἶ,  
 καὶ μ' οὐ νομίζω παῖδα σὸν πεφυκέναι.  
 ἢ τᾶρα πάντων διαπρέπεις ἀψυχία,  
 ὃς τηλικόσδ' ὦν κἀπὶ τέρμ' ἦκων βίου  
 οὐκ ἠθέλησας οὐδ' ἐτόλμησας θανεῖν  
 τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδός, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' εἰάσατε  
 γυναικ' ὀθνεῖαν, ἣν ἐγὼ καὶ μητέρα

## ALCESTIS

None will gainsay : yet these calamities  
We needs must bear, how hard to bear soever.  
Receive these ornaments, and let her pass  
Beneath the earth : well may the corpse be honoured  
Of her who for thy life's sake died, my son , 620  
Who made me not unchilded, left me not  
Forlorn of thee to pine in woeful eld  
In all her sisters' eyes she hath crowned her life  
With glory, daring such a deed as this.  
O saviour of my son, who hast raised us up  
In act to fall, all hail ! May bliss be thine  
Even in Hades. Thus to wed, I say,  
Profiteth men—or nothing-worth is marriage

## ADMETUS

Not bidden of me to her burial comest thou,  
Nor count I thine the presence of a friend. 630  
Thine ornaments she never shall put on ;  
She shall be buried needing naught of thine.  
Thou grieve !—thou shouldst have grieved in my  
death-hour !  
Thou stood'st aloof—the old, didst leave the young  
To die .—and wilt thou wail upon this corpse ?  
Wast thou not, then, true father of my body ?  
Did she that said she bare me, and was called  
Mother, not give me birth ? Of bondman blood  
To thy wife's breast was I brought privily ?  
Put to the test, thou showedst who thou art, 640  
And I account me not thy true-born son  
Peerless of men in soulless cowardice !  
So old, and standing on the verge of life,  
Thou hadst no will, no heart hadst thou to die  
For thine own son ! Ye let her die, a woman  
Not of our house, whom I with righteous cause

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

πατέρα τ' ἂν ἐνδίκως ἂν ἡγοίμην μόνην.  
 καίτοι καλόν γ' ἂν τόνδ' ἀγών' ἡγωνίσω  
 τοῦ σοῦ πρὸ παιδὸς κατθανών, βραχὺς δέ σοι  
 650 πάντως ὁ λοιπὸς ἦν βιώσιμος χρόνος  
 [κἀγὼ τ' ἂν ἔζων χῆδε τὸν λοιπὸν χρόνον,  
 οὐκ ἂν μονωθεὶς ἔστενον κακοῖς ἐμοῖς.]  
 καὶ μὴν ὅσ' ἄνδρα χρή παθεῖν εὐδαίμονα  
 πέπονθας· ἤβησας μὲν ἐν τυραννίδι,  
 παῖς δ' ἦν ἐγὼ σοι τῶνδε διάδοχος δόμων,  
 ὥστ' οὐκ ἄτεκνος κατθανὼν ἄλλοις δόμον  
 λείψειν ἔμελλες ὀρφανὸν διαρπάσαι.  
 οὐ μὴν ἐρεῖς γέ μ' ὥς ἀτιμάζων τὸ σὸν  
 γῆρας θανεῖν προὔδωκά σ'; ὅστις αἰδόφρων  
 660 πρὸς σ' ἦ μάλιστα· κἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ χάριν  
 τοιάνδε καὶ σὺ χῆ τεκοῦς' ἠλλαξάτην.  
 τοιγὰρ φυτεύων παῖδας οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοις,  
 οἳ γηροβοσκήσουσι καὶ θανόντα σε  
 περιστελοῦσι καὶ προθήσονται νεκρόν.  
 οὐ γάρ σ' ἔγωγε τῇδ' ἐμῇ θάψω χερὶ·  
 τέθνηκα γὰρ δὴ τοῦπὶ σ'. εἰ δ' ἄλλου τυχὼν  
 σωτῆρος αὐγὰς εἰσορῶ, κείνου λέγω  
 καὶ παῖδά μ' εἶναι καὶ φίλον γηροτρόφον.  
 μάτην ἄρ' οἱ γέροντες εὐχονται θανεῖν,  
 670 γῆρας ψέγοντες καὶ μακρὸν χρόνον βίου·  
 ἦν δ' ἐγγὺς ἔλθῃ θάνατος, οὐδεὶς βούλεται  
 θνήσκειν, τὸ γῆρας δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύν.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθ', ἄλλις γὰρ ἡ παροῦσα συμφορά,  
 ὦ παῖ· πατρὸς δὲ μὴ παροξύνῃς φρένας.

## ΦΕΡΗΣ

ὦ παῖ, τίν' αὐχεῖς, πότερα Λυδὸν ἢ Φρύγα  
 κακοῖς ἐλαύνειν ἀργυρώνητον σέθεν;



## ALCESTIS

Might count alone my mother and my father.  
 Yet here was honour, hadst thou dared the strife,  
 In dying for thy son    A paltry space  
 To cling to life in any wise was left. 650  
 Then had I lived, and she, through days to come,  
 Nor I, left lorn, should thus mine ills bemoan  
 Yet all that may the fortunate betide  
 Fell to thy lot ; in manhood's prime a king,  
 Me hadst thou son and heir unto thine house,  
 So that thou wast not, dying, like to leave  
 A childless home for stranger folk to spoil

Nor canst thou say that flouting thy grey hairs  
 I had giv'n thee up to death, whose reverence  
 For thee was passing word :—and this the thank 660  
 That thou and she that bare me render me !  
 Wherefore, make haste : beget thee other sons  
 To foster thy grey hairs, to compass thee  
 With death's observance, and lay out thy corpse.  
 Not I with this mine hand will bury thee.  
 For thee dead am I    If I see the light,—  
 Another saviour found,—I call me son  
 To him, and loving fosterer of his age  
 With false lips pray the old for death's release,  
 Plaining of age and weary-wearing time. 670  
 Let death draw near—who hails his coming? None :  
 No more is eld a burden unto them.

### CHORUS

O hush ! Suffice the affliction at the doors.  
 O son, infuriate not thy father's soul.

### PHERES

Son, whom, think'st thou—some Lydian slave or  
     Phrygian  
 Bought with thy money ?—thus beratest thou ?

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὐκ οἶσθα Θεσσαλὸν με καὶ πὸ Θεσσαλοῦ  
πατρὸς γεγῶτα γνησίως ἐλεύθερον;  
ἄγαν ὑβρίζεις, καὶ νεανίας λόγους  
680 ῥίπτων ἐς ἡμᾶς οὐ βαλὼν οὕτως ἄπει.  
ἐγὼ δέ σ' οἴκων δεσπότην ἐγεινάμην  
καῖθρεψ', ὀφείλω δ' οὐχ ὑπερθνήσκειν σέθεν·  
οὐ γὰρ πατρῷον τόνδ' ἐδεξάμην νόμον,  
παίδων προθνήσκειν πατέρας, οὐδ' Ἑλληνικόν.  
σαντῷ γὰρ εἴτε δυστυχῆς εἴτ' εὐτυχῆς  
ἔφυς· ἅ δ' ἡμῶν χρῆν σε τυγχάνειν, ἔχεις.  
πολλῶν μὲν ἄρχεις, πολυπλέθρους δέ σοι γύας  
λείψω· πατρὸς γὰρ ταύτ' ἐδεξάμην πάρα.  
τί δῆτ' αὖ σ' ἠδίκηκα; τοῦ σ' ἀποστερῶ;  
690 μὴ θνήσχ' ὑπὲρ τοῦδ' ἀνδρός, οὐδ' ἐγὼ πρὸ σοῦ.  
χαίρεις ὁρῶν φῶς· πατέρα δ' οὐ χαίρειν δοκεῖς;  
ἢ μὴν πολὺν γε τὸν κάτω λογίζομαι  
χρόνον, τὸ δὲ ζῆν μικρόν, ἀλλ' ὁμῶς γλυκύ.  
σὺ γοῦν ἀναιδῶς διεμάχου τὸ μὴ θανεῖν,  
καὶ ζῆς παρελθὼν τὴν πεπρωμένην τύχην,  
ταύτην κατακτάς· εἴτ' ἐμὴν ἀψυχίαν  
λέγεις, γυναικός, ὧ κάκισθ', ἡσσημένος,  
ἢ τοῦ καλοῦ σοῦ προὔθανεν νεανίου;  
σοφῶς δ' ἐφήνυρες ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν ποτε,  
700 εἰ τὴν παρούσαν κατθανεῖν πείσεις αἰεὶ  
γυναῖχ' ὑπὲρ σοῦ· καὶ τ' ὄνειδίξεις φίλοις  
τοῖς μὴ θέλουσι δρᾶν τάδ', αὐτὸς ὢν κακός;  
σίγα· νόμιζε δ', εἰ σὺ τὴν σαντοῦ φιλεῖς  
ψυχὴν, φιλεῖν ἅπαντας· εἰ δ' ἡμᾶς κακῶς  
ἐρεῖς, ἀκούσει πολλὰ κοῦ ψευδῇ κακά.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

πλείω λέλεκται νῦν τε καὶ τὰ πρὶν κακά·  
παῦσαι δέ, πρέσβυ, παῖδα σὸν κακορροθῶν.

## ALCESTIS

What, know'st thou not that I Thessalian am,  
 Sprung from Thessalian sire, free man true-born ?  
 This insolence passeth !—hurling malapert words  
 On me, not lightly thus shalt thou come off' 680

Thee I begat and nurtured, of mine house  
 The heir : no debt is mine to die for thee.  
 Not from my sires such custom I received  
 That sires for sons should die : no Greek law this.  
 Born for thyself wast thou, to fortune good  
 Or evil : all thy dues from me thou hast.  
 O'er many folk thou rulest ; wide demesnes  
 Shall I leave thee : to me my father left them  
 What is my wrong, my robbery of thee ?  
 For me die thou not, I die not for thee. 690  
 Thou joy'st to see light—shall thy father joy not ?  
 Sooth, I account our time beneath the earth  
 Long, and our life-space short, yet is it sweet  
 Shamelessly hast thou fought against thy death :  
 Thy life is but transgression of thy doom  
 And murder of thy wife ! *My* cowardice !—  
 This from thee, dastard, by a woman outdone  
 Who died for thee, the glorious-gallant youth !

Cunning device hast thou devised to die  
 Never, cajoling still wife after wife 700  
 To die for thee !—and dost revile thy friends  
 Who will not so—and thou the coward, thou ?  
 Peace ! e'en bethink thee, if thou lov'st thy life,  
 So all love theirs Thou, if thou speakest evil  
 Of us, shalt hear much evil, and that true.

### CHORUS

Ye have said too much, thou now, and he before.  
 Refrain, old sire, from railing on thy son.

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

λέγ', ὥς ἐμοῦ λέξαντος· εἰ δ' ἀλγεῖς κλύων  
τάληθές, οὐ χρῆν σ' εἰς ἔμ' ἔξαμαρτάνειν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

710 σοῦ δ' ἂν προθνήσκων μάλλον ἐξημάρτανον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ταῦτόν γὰρ ἡβώντ' ἄνδρα καὶ πρέσβυν θανεῖν;

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ψυχῇ μὲ ζῆν, οὐ δυοῖν ὀφείλομεν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ μὴν Διός γε μείζονα ζώης χρόνον.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἄρᾳ γονεύσιν οὐδὲν ἔκδικον παθών;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μακροῦ βίου γὰρ ἡσθόμην ἐρώντά σε.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ νεκρόν γ' ἀντὶ σοῦ τόνδ' ἐκφέρεις;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σημεῖα τῆς σῆς, ὦ κάκιστ', ἀψυχίας.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

οὔτοι πρὸς ἡμῶν γ' ὦλετ'· οὐκ ἐρεῖς τόδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἀνδρὸς ἔλθοις τοῦδέ γ' εἰς χρεῖαν ποτέ.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

720 μνήστευε πολλές, ὥς θάνωσι πλείονες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σοὶ τοῦτ' ὄνειδος· οὐ γὰρ ἡθελες θανεῖν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

φίλον τὸ φέγγος τοῦτο τοῦ θεοῦ, φίλον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κακὸν τὸ λῆμα κοῦκ ἐν ἀνδράσιν τὸ σόν.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Say on, say on ; I have said : if hearing truth  
Gall thee, thou shouldest not have done me wrong.

PERES

I had done more wrong, had I died for thee. 710

ADMETUS

What, for the young and old is death the same ?

PERES

One life to live, not twain—this is our due.

ADMETUS

Have thy desire—one life outlasting Zeus.

PERES

Dost curse thy parents, who hast had no wrong ?

ADMETUS

Ay, whom I marked love-sick for dateless life.

PERES

What ?—art not burying her in thine own stead ?

ADMETUS

A token, dastard, of thy cowardice

PERES

I did her not to death : thou canst not say it.

ADMETUS

Mayest thou feel thy need of me some day !

PERES

Woo many women, that the more may die. 720

ADMETUS

This taunt strikes thee—'tis thou wast loth to die.

PERES

Sweet is yon sun-god's light, yea, it is sweet.

ADMETUS

Base is thy spirit, and unmeet for men

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΦΕΡΗΣ

οὐκ ἐγγελάς γέροντα βαστάζων νεκρόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θανεῖ γε μέντοι δυσκλεής, ὅταν θάνῃς.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

κακῶς ἀκούειν οὐ μέλει θανόντι μοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ· τὸ γήρας ὡς ἀναιδείας πλέων.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

ἦδ' οὐκ ἀναιδής· τήνδ' ἐφηῦρες ἄφρονα.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄπελθε καὶ μὲ τόνδ' ἔα θάψαι νεκρόν.

ΦΕΡΗΣ

730 ἄπειμι· θάψεις δ' αὐτὸς ὢν αὐτῆς φονεύς,  
δίκας τε δώσεις τοῖσι κηδεσταῖς ἔτι.  
ἦ τᾶρ' Ἀκαστος οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν,  
εἰ μὴ σ' ἀδελφῆς αἷμα τιμωρήσεται.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔρρων νυν αὐτὸς χῆ' ξυνοικήσασά σοι,  
ἄπαιδε παιδὸς ὄντος, ὥσπερ ἄξιοι,  
γηράσκει· οὐ γὰρ τῷδέ γ' εἰς ταῦτ' ὄν στέγος  
νεῖσθ'. εἰ δ' ἀπειπεῖν χρῆν με κηρύκων ὑπο  
740 τὴν σὴν πατρώαν ἐστίαν, ἀπείπον ἄν.  
ἡμεῖς δέ, τοῦν ποσὶν γὰρ οἰστέον κακόν,  
στείχωμεν, ὡς ἂν ἐν πυρᾷ θῶμεν νεκρόν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰώ. σχετλία τόλμης,  
ὦ γενναία καὶ μέγ' ἀρίστη,  
χαῖρε· πρόφρων σὲ χθονίός θ' Ἑρμῆς  
Αἰδῆς τε δέχοιτ'. εἰ δέ τι κακέϊ

## ALCESTIS

PHERES

Not mine old corpse to the grave thou bear'st with  
glee!

ADMETUS

Yet, when thou diest, in ill fame shalt thou die.

PHERES

Ill fame is naught to me when I have died

ADMETUS

Hear him! how full of shamelessness is eld!

PHERES

Not shameless she,—but senseless hast thou found  
her.

ADMETUS

Begone: leave me to bury this my dead.

PHERES

I go: her murderer will bury her! 730  
Thou shalt yet answer for it to her kin.  
Surely Acastus is no more a man,  
If he of thee claim not his sister's blood. [*Exit*

ADMETUS

Avaunt, with her that kennelleth with thee!  
Childless grow old, as ye deserve, while lives  
Your child: ye shall not come beneath one roof  
With me. If need were to renounce by heralds  
Thine hearth paternal, I had renounced it now.  
Let us—for we must bear the present ill—  
Pass on, to lay our dead upon the pyre. 740

CHORUS

Alas for the loving and daring!  
Farewell to the noblest and best!  
May Hermes conduct thee down-faring  
Kindly, and Hades to rest

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

πλέον ἔστ' ἀγαθοῖς, τούτων μετέχουσ'  
 Ἄιδου νύμφη παρεδρεύοις.

## ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

- πολλοὺς μὲν ἤδη καὶ πᾶν παντοίας χθονὸς  
 ξένους μολόντας οἶδ' ἐς Ἀδμήτου δόμους,  
 οἷς δείπνα προὔθηκ'. ἀλλὰ τοῦδ' οὐπω ξένου  
 750 κακίον' εἰς τήνδ' ἐστίαν ἐδεξάμην.  
 ὃς πρῶτα μὲν πενθοῦντα δεσπότην ὀρών  
 εἰσῆλθε κατόλμησ' ἀμείψασθαι πύλας.  
 ἔπειτα δ' οὔτι σωφρόνως ἐδέξατο  
 τὰ προστυχόντα ξένια, συμφορὰν μαθὼν,  
 ἀλλ' εἴ τι μὴ φέροιμεν, ὥτρυνεν φέρειν.  
 ποτῆρα δ' ἐν χεῖρεσσι κίσσινον λαβὼν  
 πίνει μελαίνης μητρὸς εὐζωρον μέθυ,  
 ἕως ἐθέρμην' αὐτὸν ἀμφιβᾶσα φλόξ  
 οἴνου· στέφει δὲ κῆρα μυρσίνης κλάδοις  
 760 ἄμους' ὕλακτῶν· δισσὰ δ' ἦν μέλη κλύειν·  
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἦδε, τῶν ἐν Ἀδμήτου κακῶν  
 οὐδὲν προτιμῶν, οἰκείται δ' ἐκλαίωμεν  
 δέσποιναν· ὅμμα δ' οὐκ ἐδείκνυμεν ξένῳ  
 τέγγοντες· Ἀδμητος γὰρ ὧδ' ἐφίετο.  
 καὶ νῦν ἐγὼ μὲν ἐν δόμοισιν ἐστιῶ  
 ξένον, πανοῦργον κλώπα καὶ ληστήν τινα,  
 ἣ δ' ἐκ δόμων βέβηκεν, οὐδ' ἐφεσπόμεν  
 οὐδ' ἐξέτεινα χεῖρ', ἀποιμώζων ἐμὴν  
 δέσποιναν, ἣ μοί πασί τ' οἰκείταισιν ἦν  
 770 μήτηρ· κακῶν γὰρ μυρίων ἐρρύετο,  
 ὄργας μαλάσσουσ' ἀνδρός. ἄρα τὸν ξένον  
 στυγῶ δικαίως, ἐν κακοῖς ἀφιγμένον;



## ALCESTIS

Receive thee ! If any atonement  
For ills even there may betide  
To the good, O thine be enthronement  
By Hades' bride !

[*Exeunt OMNES in funeral procession.*]

*Enter* SERVANT.

### SERVANT

Full many a guest, from many a land which came  
Unto Admetus' dwelling, have I known,  
Have set before them meat : but never guest  
More pestilent received I to this hearth : 750  
Who first, albeit he saw my master mourning,  
Entered, and passed the threshold unashamed ;  
Then, nowise courteously received the fare  
Found with us, though our woeful plight he knew,  
But, what we brought not, hectoring bade us bring.  
The ivy cup uplifts he in his hands,  
And swills the darkling mother's fiery blood,  
Till the wine's flame enwrapped him, heating him.  
Then did he wreathe his head with myrtle sprays,  
Dissonant-howling Diverse strains were heard : 760  
For he sang on, regardless all of ills  
Darkening Admetus' house ; we servants wept  
Our mistress · yet we showed not to the guest  
Eyes tear-bedewed, for so Admetus bade.  
And now within the house must I be feasting  
This guest,—a lawless thief, a bandit rogue,  
While forth the house she is borne ! I followed  
not,  
Nor stretched the hand, nor wailed unto my mistress  
Farewell, who was to me and all the household  
A mother ; for from ills untold she saved us, 770  
Assuaging her lord's wrath. Do I not well  
To loathe this guest, intruder on our griefs ?

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

## ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὗτος, τί σεμνὸν καὶ πεφροντικὸς βλέπεις;  
 οὐ χρή σκυθρωπὸν τοῖς ξένοις τὸν πρόσπολον  
 εἶναι, δέχεσθαι δ' εὐπροσηγόρῳ φρενί.  
 σὺ δ' ἄνδρ' ἑταῖρον δεσπότην παρόνθ' ὁρῶν,  
 στυγνῷ προσώπῳ καὶ συνωφρυωμένῳ  
 δέχει, θυραίου πῆματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.  
 δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ὅπως ἂν καὶ σοφώτερος γένη.  
 780 τὰ θνητὰ πράγματ' οἶδας ἢν ἔχει φύσιν;  
 οἶμαι μὲν οὐ· πόθεν γάρ; ἀλλ' ἄκουέ μου.  
 βροτοῖς ἅπασι κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται,  
 κοῦκ ἔστι θνητῶν ὅστις ἐξεπίσταται  
 τὴν αὔριον μέλλουσιν εἰ βιώσεται·  
 τὸ τῆς τύχης γὰρ ἀφανὲς οἱ προβήσεται,  
 καστ' οὐ διδακτὸν οὐδ' ἀλίσκεται τέχνη.  
 ταῦτ' οὖν ἀκούσας καὶ μαθὼν ἐμοῦ πάρα,  
 εὐφραине σαυτόν, πῖνε, τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν  
 βίον λογίζου σόν, τὰ δ' ἄλλα τῆς τύχης.  
 790 τίμα δὲ καὶ τὴν πλείστον ἡδίστην θεῶν  
 Κύπριν βροτοῖσιν· εὐμενὴς γὰρ ἡ θεός.  
 τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἔασον ταῦτα καὶ πιθοῦ λόγοις  
 ἐμοῖσιν, εἴπερ ὀρθά σοι δοκῶ λέγειν·  
 οἶμαι μὲν. οὐκ οὖν τὴν ἄγαν λύπην ἀφείς  
 πίει μεθ' ἡμῶν τάσδ' ὑπερβαλὼν τύχας,  
 στεφάνοις πυκασθείς; καὶ σάφ' οἶδ' ὀθούνεκα  
 τοῦ νῦν σκυθρωποῦ καὶ ξυνεστῶτος φρενῶν  
 μεθορμιεῖ σε πίτυλος ἐμπεσὼν σκύφου.  
 ὄντας δὲ θνητοὺς θνητὰ καὶ φρονεῖν χρεῶν,  
 800 ὥς τοῖς γε σεμνοῖς καὶ συνωφρυωμένοις  
 ἅπασιν ἔστιν, ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ χρήσθαι κριτῇ,  
 οὐ βίος ἀληθῶς ὁ βίος, ἀλλὰ συμφορά.

*Enter* HERCULES.

HERCULES

Ho, fellow, why this solemn brooding look ?  
The servant should not lower upon the guest,  
But welcome him with kindly-beaming cheer  
Thou, seeing here in presence thy lord's friend,  
With visage sour and cloud of knitted brows  
Receiv'st him, fretting o'er an alien grief.  
Hither to me, that wiser thou mayst grow.  
The lot of man—its nature knowest thou ? 780  
I trow not : how shouldst thou ? Give ear to me.

From all mankind the debt of death is due,  
Nor of all mortals is there one that knows  
If through the coming morrow he shall live :  
For trackless is the way of fortune's feet,  
Not to be taught, nor won by art of man  
This hearing then, and learning it from me,  
Make merry, drink : the life from day to day  
Account thine own, all else in fortune's power.

Honour withal the sweetest of the Gods 790  
To men, the Cyprian Queen—a gracious Goddess !  
Away with other thoughts, and heed my words,  
If thou dost think I speak wise words and true .  
So think I Hence with sorrow overwrought ;  
Rise above this affliction · drink with me,  
Thy brows with garlands bound Full well I wot,  
From all this lowering spirit prison-pent  
Thine anchor shall Sir Beaker's plash upheave  
What, man !—the mortal must be mortal-munded  
So, for your solemn wights of knitted brows, 800  
For each and all,—if thou for judge wilt take me,—  
Life is not truly life, but mere affliction.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἐπιστάμεσθα ταῦτα· νῦν δὲ πράσσομεν  
οὐχ οἷα κώμου καὶ γέλωτος ἄξια.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυνὴ θυραῖος ἢ θανούσα· μὴ λίαν  
πένθει· δόμων γὰρ ζῶσι τῶνδε δεσπότες.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

τί ζῶσιν; οὐ κάτοισθα τὰν δόμοις κακά;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ μὴ τι σός με δεσπότης ἐψεύσατο.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἄγαν ἐκεῖνός ἐστ' ἄγαν φιλόξενος.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

810 οὐ χρὴν μ' ὀθνεῖον γ' εἶνεκ' εὖ πάσχειν νεκροῦ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἦ κάρτα μέντοι καὶ λίαν θυραῖος ἦν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μὲν ξυμφορὰν τιν' οὖσαν οὐκ ἔφραζέ μοι;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

χαίρων ἴθ'. ἡμῖν δεσποτῶν μέλει κακά.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὄδ' οὐ θυραίων πημάτων ἄρχει λόγος.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐ γάρ τι κωμάζοντ' ἂν ἡχθόμην σ' ὀρώων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἦ πέπονθα δαίμ' ὑπὸ ξένων ἐμῶν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

οὐκ ἡλθες ἐν δέοντι δέξασθαι δόμοις·  
πένθος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἐστι· καὶ κουρὰν βλέπεις  
μελαμπέπλους στολμούς τε.

## ALCESTIS

SERVANT

All this we know : but now are we in plight  
Not meet for laughter and for revelry

HERCULES

The woman dead is alien-born : grieve not  
Exceeding much. Yet live the household's lords.

SERVANT

Live, quotha !—know'st thou not the house's ills ?

HERCULES

Yea, if thy master lied not unto me.

SERVANT

Guest-fain he is—ah, guest-fain overmuch !

HERCULES

A stranger dead—and no guest-cheer for me ?

810

SERVANT

O yea, an alien—overmuch an alien !

HERCULES

Ha ! was he keeping some affliction back ?

SERVANT

Go thou in peace . our lords' ills are for us

*Turns away , but HERCULES seizes him, and  
makes him face him.*

HERCULES

Grief for a stranger—such words mean not that !

SERVANT

Else had I not sore vexed beheld thy revel.

HERCULES

How ! have I sorry handling of mine hosts ?

SERVANT

Thou cam'st in hour unmeet for welcoming,  
For grief is on us ; and thou see'st shorn hair  
And vesture of black robes.

# ΛΑΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

820 μῶν ἢ τέκνων τι φροῦδον ἢ πατὴρ γέρων;  
τίς δ' ὁ κατθανών;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

γυνὴ μὲν οὖν ὄλωλεν Ἀδμήτου, ξένε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί φής; ἔπειτα δῆτά μ' ἐξενίζετε;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἦδεῖτο γάρ σε τῶνδ' ἀπώσασθαι δόμων.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ὦ σχέτλι', οἷας ἤμπλακες ξυναόρου.

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ἀπωλόμεσθα πάντες, οὐ κείνη μόνη.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

830 ἀλλ' ἦσθόμην μὲν ὅμμ' ἰδὼν δακρυρροῦν  
κουράν τε καὶ πρόσωπον· ἀλλ' ἔπειθέ με  
λέγων θυραῖον κῆδος εἰς τάφον φέρειν.  
βία δὲ θυμοῦ τάσδ' ὑπερβαλὼν πύλας  
ἐπινον ἀνδρὸς ἐν φιλοξένου δόμοις  
πράσσοντος οὕτω. κατὰ κωμάζω κára  
στεφάνοις πυκασθεῖς; ἀλλὰ σοῦ τὸ μὴ φράσαι,  
κακοῦ τοσούτου δώμασιν προσκειμένου.  
ποῦ καὶ σφε θάπτει; ποῦ νιν εὐρήσω μολών;

ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ

ὀρθὴν παρ' οἶμον, ἢ πὶ Λάρισαν φέρει,  
τύμβον κατόψει ξεστὸν ἐκ προαστίου.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

840 ὦ πολλὰ τλᾶσα καρδία καὶ χεῖρ ἐμή,  
νῦν δεῖξον οἷον παῖδά σ' ἢ Τιρυνθία  
'Ηλεκτρύονος ἐγείνατ' Ἀλκμήνη Διί.  
δεῖ γάρ με σῶσαι τὴν θανούσαν ἀρτίως

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

But who hath died ?

Not of the children one, or grey-haired sire ? . 820

SERVANT

Nay, but Admetus' wife is dead, O guest.

HERCULES

How say'st thou ?—Ha, even then ye gave me  
welcome ?

SERVANT

For shame he could not thrust thee from these doors

HERCULES

O hapless ! what a helpmeet hast thou lost !

SERVANT

We have all perished, and not she alone.

HERCULES

I felt it, when I saw his tear-drowned eyes,  
His shaven hair, his face : yet he prevailed,  
Saying he bare a stranger-friend to burial  
I passed this threshold in mine heart's despite,  
And drank in halls of him that loves the guest, 830  
When thus his plight ! And am I revelling  
With wreathed head ? O my friend, that thou  
shouldst say

Naught, when on thine home such affliction lay ! . . .  
Where doth he bury her ? Where shall I find her ?

SERVANT

By the straight path that leads Larissa-wards  
Shalt see the hewn-stone tomb without the walls.

HERCULES

O much-enduring heart and hand of mine,  
Now show what son the Lady of Tiryns bare,  
Electryon's child Alcmena, unto Zeus.  
For I must save the woman newly dead, 840

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

γυναῖκα κείς τόνδ' αὖθις ἰδρῦσαι δόμον  
 Ἄλκηστιν, Ἄδμήτῳ θ' ὑπουργῆσαι χάριν.  
 ἐλθὼν δ' ἄνακτα τὸν μελάμπεπλον νεκρῶν  
 Θάνατον φυλάξω, καὶ νιν εὐρήσειν δοκῶ  
 πίνοντα τύμβου πλησίον προσφαγμάτων.  
 κἄνπερ λοχαίας αὐτὸν ἐξ ἔδρας συθεῖς  
 μάρψω, κύκλον δὲ περιβαλὼ χεροῖν ἐμαῖν,  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅστις αὐτὸν ἐξαιρήσεται  
 μογοῦντα πλευρά, πρὶν γυναῖκ' ἐμοὶ μεθῇ.  
 850 ἦν δ' οὖν ἀμάρτω τῇσδ' ἄγρας, καὶ μὴ μόλῃ  
 πρὸς αἵματηρὸν πέλανον, εἰμι τῶν κάτω  
 Κόρης Ἄνακτός τ' εἰς ἀνηλίους δόμους  
 αἰτήσομαί τε· καὶ πέποιθ' ἄξειν ἄνω  
 Ἄλκηστιν, ὥστε χερσὶν ἐνθεῖναι ξένου,  
 ὅς μ' εἰς δόμους ἐδέξατ' οὐδ' ἀπήλασε,  
 καίπερ βαρεῖα συμφορᾷ πεπληγμένος,  
 ἔκρυπτε δ' ὦν γενναῖος, αἰδεσθεῖς ἐμέ.  
 τίς τοῦδε μᾶλλον Θεσσαλῶν φιλόξενος,  
 τίς Ἑλλάδ' οἰκῶν; τοιγὰρ οὐκ ἐρεῖ κακὸν  
 860 εὐεργετῆσαι φῶτα γενναῖος γεγώς.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰώ. στυγναὶ πρόσοδοι, στυγναὶ δ' ὄψεις  
 χήρων μελάνθρων· ἰώ μοί μοι. αἰαῖ.  
 ποῖ βῶ; πᾷ στῶ; τί λέγω; τί δὲ μή;

πῶς ἂν ὀλοίμαν;  
 ἦ βαρυδαίμονα μήτηρ μ' ἔτεκεν.  
 ζηλῶ φθιμένους, κείνων ἔραμαι,  
 κεῖν' ἐπιθυμῶ δώματα ναίειν.



## ALCESTIS

And set Alcestis in this house again,  
 And render to Admetus good for good  
 I go The sable-vestured King of Corpses,  
 Death, will I watch for, and shall find, I trow,  
 Drinking the death-draught hard beside the tomb.  
 And if I lie in wait, and dart from ambush,  
 And seize, and with mine arms' coil compass him,  
 None is there shall deliver from mine hands  
 His straining sides, ere he yield up his prey.  
 Yea, though I miss the quarry, and he come not 850  
 Unto the blood-clot, to the sunless homes  
 Down will I fare of Cora and her King,  
 And make demand I doubt not I shall lead  
 Alcestis up, and give to mine host's hands,  
 Who to his halls received, nor drave me thence,  
 Albeit smitten with affliction sore,  
 But hid it, like a prince, respecting me.  
 Who is more guest-fain of Thessalians?  
 Who in all Hellas? O, he shall not say  
 That one so princely showed a base man kindness 860

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ADMETUS, with CHORUS and Attendants,  
 returning from the funeral.*

ADMETUS

O hateful returning!  
 O hateful to see  
 Drear halls full of yearning  
 For the lost—ah me!

What aim or what rest have I?—silence or speech,  
 of what help shall they be?

Would God I were dead!  
 O, I came from the womb  
 To a destiny dread!  
 Ah, those in the tomb—

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

οὔτε γὰρ αὐγὰς χαίρω προσορῶν,  
οὔτ' ἐπὶ γαίᾳ πόδα πεζεύων·  
870 τοῖον ὄμηρόν μ' ἀποσυλήσας  
ἝΑιδῇ Θάνατος παρέδωκεν.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρόβα πρόβα. βάθι κεῦθος οἴκων.                      στρ.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέπονθας ἄξι' αἰαγμάτων.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔ ἔ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

δι' ὀδύνας ἔβας,  
σάφ' οἶδα.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰν νέρθεν οὐδὲν ὠφελείς.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μοί μοι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὸ μήποτ' εἰσιδεῖν φιλίας ἀλόχου  
πρόσωπον ἅντα λυπρόν.

## ALCESTIS

How I envy them ! How I desire them, and long to  
abide in their home !

To mine eyes nothing sweet  
Is the light of the heaven,  
Nor the earth to my feet ,  
Such a helpmeet is riven

By Death from my side, and my darling to Hades  
the spoiler hath given.

870

CHORUS

Pass on thou, and hide thee      (*Str*)  
In thy chambers

ADMETUS

Ah woe !

CHORUS

Wail the griefs that betide thee :  
How canst thou but so ?

ADMETUS

O God !

CHORUS

Thou hast passed through deep waters  
of anguish—I know it, I know

ADMETUS

Woe ! darkest of days !

CHORUS

No help bringeth this  
To thy love in that place.

ADMETUS

Woe !

CHORUS

Bitter it is  
The face of a wife well-belovèd for ever and ever to  
miss

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

880

ἔμνησας ὃ μου φρένας ἤλκωσεν  
τί γὰρ ἀνδρὶ κακὸν μείζον ἁμαρτεῖν  
πιστῆς ἀλόχου ; μή ποτε γήμας  
ὄφελον οἰκεῖν μετὰ τῆσδε δόμους.

ζῆλῳ δ' ἀγάμους ἀτέκνους τε βροτῶν  
μία γὰρ ψυχὴ, τῆς ὑπεραλγείν  
μέτριον ἄχθος.

παίδων δὲ νόσους καὶ νυμφιδίους  
εὐνὰς θανάτοις κεραϊζομένας  
οὐ τλητὸν ὄραν, ἐξὸν ἀτέκνους  
ἀγάμους τ' εἶναι διὰ παντός.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

τύχα τύχα δυσπάλαιστος ἦκει· ἀντ.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

αἰαῖ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέρας δέ γ' οὐδὲν ἀλγῶν τίθης.

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

890

ἐ ἔ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

βαρέα μὲν φέρειν,  
ὅμως δὲ—

### ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Thou hast stricken mine heart  
Where the wound will not heal.  
What is worse than to part  
From the loving and leal?

880

Would God I had wedded her not, home-bliss with  
Alcestis to feel!

O, I envy the lot  
Of the man without wife,  
Without child: single-wrought  
Is the strand of his life:

No soul-crushing burden of sorrow, no strength-over-  
mastering strife.

But that children should sicken,  
That gloom of despair  
Over bride-beds should thicken,  
What spirit can bear,

When childless, unwedded, a man through life's calm  
journey might fare?

CHORUS

Thee Fortune hath met,  
Strong wrestler, and thrown;  
Yet no bounds hast thou set—

(*Ant*)

890

ADMETUS

Woe's me!—

CHORUS

To thy moan.

O, thy burden is heavy!

ADMETUS

Alas!

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τλᾶθ'· οὐ σὺ πρῶτος ὤλεσας—

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἰὼ μοί μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

γυναῖκα· συμφορὰ δ' ἑτέρους ἑτέρα  
πιέζει φανείσα θνατῶν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ μακρὰ πένθη λῦπαί τε φίλων  
τῶν ὑπὸ γαῖαν.  
τί μ' ἐκώλυσας ῥῖψαι τύμβου  
τάφρον εἰς κοίλην καὶ μετ' ἐκείνης  
τῆς μέγ' ἀρίστης κεῖσθαι φθίμενον;

900

δύο δ' ἀντὶ μιᾶς Ἀιδης ψυχὰς  
τὰς πιστοτάτας σὺν ἂν ἔσχεν, ὁμοῦ  
χθονίαν λίμνην διαβάντε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμοί τις ἦν  
ἐν γένει, ᾧ κόρος ἀξιόθρηνος  
ὤλετ' ἐν δόμοισιν  
μονόπαις· ἀλλ' ἔμπας  
ἔφερε κακὸν ἄλις, ἄτεκνος ὢν,  
πολιὰς ἐπὶ χαίτας

στρ.

## ALCESTIS

CHORUS

Yet endure it · thou art not alone.  
Not thou art the first  
Of bereaved ones

ADMETUS

Ah me !

CHORUS

Such tempest hath burst  
Upon many ere thee.  
Unto each his mischance, when the surges roll up from  
Calamity's sea.

ADMETUS

O long grief and pain  
For belovèd ones passed !  
Why didst thou restrain,  
When myself I had cast  
Down into her grave, with the noblest to lie peace-  
lulled at the last ?  
Not one soul, but two 900  
Had been Hades' prey,  
Souls utterly true  
United for aye,  
Which together o'er waves of the underworld-mere  
had passed this day.

CHORUS

Of my kin was there one, (Str)  
And the life's light failed  
In his halls of a son,  
One meet to be wailed, [prevailed ;  
His only belovèd : howbeit the manhood within him  
And the ills heaven-sent  
As a man did he bear,  
Though by this was he bent  
Unto silvered hair,

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

910 ἤδη προπετῆς ὦν  
βιότου τε πόρσω.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ σχῆμα δόμων, πῶς εἰσέλθω ;  
πῶς δ' οἰκήσω μεταπίπτοντος  
δαίμονος; οἴμοι. πολὺ γὰρ τὸ μέσον·

τότε μὲν πεύκαις σὺν Πηλιάσιν  
σύν θ' ὑμεναίοις ἔστειχον ἔσω,  
φιλίας ἀλόχου χέρα βαστάζων·

920 πολυάχητος δ' εἶπετο κῶμος,  
τὴν τε θανούσαν καὶ ἅμ' ὀλβίζων,  
ὥς εὐπατρίδαι καὶ ἀπ' ἀμφοτέρων  
ὄντες ἀριστέων σύζυγες ἦμεν.

νῦν δ' ὑμεναίων γόος ἀντίπαλος  
λευκῶν τε πέπλων μέλανες στολμοὶ  
πέμπουσί μ' ἔσω  
λέκτρων κοίτας ἐς ἐρήμους.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

παρ' εὐτυχῇ  
σοὶ πότμον ἦλθεν ἀπειροκάκῳ τόδ'  
ἄλγος· ἀλλ' ἔσωσας  
βίοτον καὶ ψυχάν.

ἀντ·



## ALCESTIS

Far on in life's path, without son for his remnant of  
weakness to care. 910

ADMETUS

O, how can I tread  
Thy threshold, fair home?  
How shelter mine head  
'Neath thy roof, now the doom  
Of my fate's dice changeth?—ah me, what change  
upon all things is come!

For with torches aflame  
Of the Pelian pine,  
And with bride-song I came  
In that hour divine,  
Upbearing the hand of a wife—thine hand, O  
darling mine!

Followed revellers, raising  
Acclaim ever broke  
From the lips of them praising,  
Of the dead as they spoke,  
And of me, how the noble, the children of kings,  
Love joined 'neath his yoke. 920

But for bridal song  
Is the wail for the dead,  
And, for white-robed throng,  
Black vesture hath led  
Me to halls where the ghost of delight lieth couched  
on a desolate bed.

CHORUS

To the trance of thy bliss (Ant)  
Sudden anguish was brought.  
Never lesson like this  
To thine heart had been taught:  
Yet thy life hast thou won, and thy soul hast  
delivered from death:—is it naught?

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

930 ἔθανε δάμαρ, ἔλιπε φιλίαν·  
τί νέον τόδε; πολλοὺς  
ἤδη παρέλυσεν  
θάνατος δάμαρτος.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φίλοι, γυναικὸς δαίμον' εὐτυχέστερον  
τοῦμοῦ νομίζω, καίπερ οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ὅμως·  
τῆς μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἄψεταιί ποτε,  
πολλῶν δὲ μόχθων εὐκλεῆς ἐπαύσατο.  
ἐγὼ δ', ὃν οὐ χρεὴν ζῆν, παρεῖς τὸ μόρσιμον  
940 λυπρὸν διάξω βίοτον· ἄρτι μανθάνω.  
πῶς γὰρ δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσόδους ἀνέξομαι;  
· τίν' ἂν προσειπῶν, τοῦ δὲ προσρηθεῖς ὑπο  
τερπνῆς τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰσόδου; ποῖ τρέψομαι;  
ἢ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον ἐξελαῖ μ' ἐρημία,  
γυναικὸς εὐνὰς εὐτ' ἂν εἰσίδω κενὰς  
θρόνους τ' ἐν οἷσιν ἵξε, καὶ κατὰ στέγας  
αὐχμηρὸν οὐδας, τέκνα δ' ἄμφι γούνασι  
πίπτοντα κλαίῃ μητέρ', οἱ δὲ δεσπότην  
στένωσιν οἷαν ἐκ δόμων ἀπώλεσαν.  
950 τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους τοιάδ'· ἔξωθεν δέ με  
γάμοι τ' ἐλῶσι Θεσσαλῶν καὶ ξύλλογοι  
γυναικοπληθεῖς· οὐ γὰρ ἐξανέξομαι  
λεύσσω· δάμαρτος τῆς ἐμῆς ὁμήλικας.  
ἐρεῖ δέ μ' ὅστις ἐχθρὸς ὢν κυρεῖ τάδε·  
ἰδοῦ τὸν αἰσχυρῶς ζῶνθ', ὃς οὐκ ἔτλη θανεῖν,  
ἀλλ' ἦν ἔγνημεν ἀντιδοὺς ἀψυχία  
πέφευγεν· Αἰδὴν· εἴτ' ἀνὴρ εἶναι δοκεῖ;  
σττυγεῖ δὲ τοὺς τεκόντας, αὐτὸς οὐ θέλων  
θανεῖν. τοιάνδε πρὸς κακοῖσι κληδόνα  
960 ἔξω. τί μοι ζῆν δῆτα κύδιον, φίλοι,  
κακῶς κλύουντι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι;

## ALCESTIS

Thy wife hath departed :  
 Love tender and true 930  
 Hath she left :—stricken-hearted,  
 Wherein is this new ?  
 Hath Death not unyoked from the chariot of Love  
 full many ere you ?

### ADMETUS

Friends, I account the fortune of my wife  
 Happier than mine, albeit it seem not so  
 For naught of grief shall touch her any more,  
 And glorious rest she finds from many toils.  
 But I, unmeet to live, my doom outrun,  
 Shall drag out bitter days · I know it now. 940  
 How shall I bear to enter this mine home ?  
 Speaking to whom, and having speech of whom,  
 Shall I find joy of entering ?—whither turn me ?  
 The solitude within shall drive me forth,  
 Whenso I see my wife's couch tenantless,  
 And seats whereon she sat, and, 'neath the roof,  
 All foul the floor ; when on my knees my babes  
 Falling shall weep their mother, servants moan  
 The peerless mistress from the mansion lost  
 All this within · but from the world without 950  
 Me shall Thessalian bridals chase, and throngs  
 Where women gossip—oh, I shall not bear  
 On these, young matrons like my wife, to look !  
 And whatsoever foe I have shall scoff :  
 “ Lo there who basely liveth—dared not die,  
 “ But whom he wedded gave, a coward's ransom,  
 “ And 'scaped from Hades. Count ye him a man ?  
 “ He hates his parents, though himself was loth  
 “ To die ! ” Such ill report, besides my griefs,  
 Shall mine be. Ah, what honour is mine to live, 960  
 O friends, in evil fame, in evil plight ?

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ μούσας  
καὶ μετάρσιος ἦξα, καὶ  
πλείστων ἀψάμενος λόγων  
κρείσσον οὐδὲν Ἀνάγκας  
ἡῦρον, οὐδέ τι φάρμακον  
Θρήσσαις ἐν σανίσιν, τὰς  
Ὀρφεία κατέγραψεν  
γῆρυς, οὐδ' ὅσα Φοῖβος Ἀ  
970 σκληπιάδαις ἔδωκε  
φάρμακα πολυπόνοις  
ἀντιτεμῶν βροτοῖσιν.

στρ. α'

μόνας δ' οὔτ' ἐπὶ βωμοὺς  
ἔστιν οὔτε βρέτας θεᾶς  
ἐλθεῖν, οὐ σφαγίων κλύει.  
μή μοι, πότνια, μείζων  
ἔλθοις ἢ τὸ πρὶν ἐν βίῳ.  
καὶ γὰρ Ζεὺς ὃ τι νεύσῃ,  
σὺν σοὶ τοῦτο τελευτᾷ.  
980 καὶ τὸν ἐν Χαλύβοις δαμά-  
ζεις σὺ βία σίδαρον,  
οὐδέ τις ἀποτόμου  
λήματός ἐστιν αἰδώς.

ἀντ. α'

καὶ σ' ἐν ἀφύκτοισι χερῶν εἴλε θεὰ δεσμοῖς.  
τόλμα δ' οὐ γὰρ ἀνάξεις ποτ' ἔνερθεν

στρ. β'

## ALCESTIS

### CHORUS

(*Str.* 1)

I have mused on the words of the wise,  
Of the mighty in song,  
I have lifted mine heart to the skies,  
I have searched all truth with mine eyes,  
But naught more strong  
Than Fate have I found : there is naught  
In the tablets of Thrace,  
Neither drugs whereof Orpheus taught,  
Nor in all that Apollo brought

970

To Asclepius' race,  
When the herbs of healing he severed, and out of  
their anguish delivered  
The pain-distraught.

There is none other Goddess beside (*Ant* 1)

To the altars of whom  
No man draweth near, nor hath cried  
To her image, nor victim hath died,  
Averting her doom.

O Goddess, more mighty for ill  
Come not upon me  
Than in days overpast : for his will  
Even Zeus may in no wise fulfil  
Unholpen of thee.

Steel is molten as water before thee, but never  
relenting came o'er thee,  
Who art ruthless still.

980

(*Str.* 2)

Thee, friend, hath the Goddess gripped : from her  
hands never wrestler hath slipped  
Yet be strong to endure · never mourning shall bring  
our belovèd returning

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

990 κλαίων τοὺς φθιμένους ἄνω.  
καὶ θεῶν σκότιοι φθίνουσι  
παῖδες ἐν θανάτῳ.  
φίλα μὲν ὅτ' ἦν μεθ' ἡμῶν,  
φίλα δὲ †καὶ θανούσ' ἔσται†.  
γενναιοτάταν δὲ πασᾶν  
ἔξεύξω κλισίαις ἄκοιτιν.

ἀντ. β

μηδὲ νεκρῶν ὡς φθιμένων χῶμα νομιζέσθω  
τύμβος σᾶς ἀλόχου, θεοῖσι δ' ὁμοίως  
τιμάσθω, σέβας ἐμπόρων.  
1000 καί τις δοχμίαν κέλευθον  
ἐμβαίνων τόδ' ἐρεῖ·  
αὐτὰ ποτὲ προὔθαν' ἀνδρός,  
νῦν δ' ἐστὶ μάκαιρα δαίμων·  
χαῖρ', ὦ πότνι', εὖ δὲ δοίης.  
τοῖαί νιν προσερούσι φᾶμαι.

καὶ μὴν ὅδ', ὡς ἔοικεν, Ἀλκμήνης γόνος,  
Ἄδμητε, πρὸς σὴν ἐστίαν πορεύεται.

## ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

φίλον πρὸς ἄνδρα χρὴ λέγειν ἐλευθέρως,  
Ἄδμητε, μομφὰς δ' οὐχ ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοις ἔχειν  
1010 σιγῶντ'. ἐγὼ δὲ σοῖς κακοῖσιν ἡξίου  
ἐγγὺς παρεστὼς ἐξετάζεσθαι φίλος·  
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔφραζες σῆς προκείμενον νέκυν  
γυναικός, ἀλλὰ μ' ἐξένιζες ἐν δόμοις,  
ὡς δὴ θυραίου πῆματος σπουδὴν ἔχων.

## ALCESTIS

From the nethergloom up to the light.  
 Yea, the heroes of Gods begotten,  
 They fade into darkness, forgotten  
 In death's chill night.

990

Dear was she in days ere we lost her,  
 Dear yet, though she lie with the dead  
 None nobler shall Earth-mother foster  
 Than the wife of thy bed.

(*Ant.* 2)

Not as mounds of the dead which have died, so  
 account we the tomb of thy bride ;  
 But O, let the worship and honour that we render to  
 Gods rest upon her :

Unto her let the wayfarer pray.  
 As he treadeth the pathway that trendeth      1000  
 Aside from the highway, and bendeth  
 At her shrine, he shall say :  
 " Her life for her lord's was given ;  
 With the Blest now abides she on high  
 Hail, Queen, show us grace from thine  
 heaven ! "

Even so shall they cry.

But lo, Alcmena's son, as seemeth, yonder,  
 Admetus, to thine hearth is journeying.

*Enter HERCULES, leading a woman wholly veiled.*

HERCULES

Unto a friend behoveth speech outspoken,  
 Admetus, not to hide within the breast  
 Murmurs unvoiced. I came mid thine affliction :      1010  
 Fair claim was mine to rank amidst thy friends :  
 Thou told'st me not how lay thy wife a corpse ;  
 Thou gavest me guest-welcome in thine home,  
 Making pretence of mourning for a stranger.

# ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

1020 καῖστεψα κράτα καὶ θεοῖς ἐλειψάμην  
 σπονδάς ἐν οἴκοις δυστυχοῦσι τοῖσι σοῖς.  
 καὶ μέμφομαι μὲν μέμφομαι παθὼν τάδε,  
 οὐ μὴν σε λυπεῖν ἐν κακοῖσι βούλομαι.  
 ὦν δ' εἵνεχ' ἤκω δεῦρ' ὑποστρέψας πάλιν  
 λέξω. γυναῖκα τήνδε μοι σῶσον λαβών,  
 ἕως ἂν ἵππους δεῦρο Θρηκίας ἄγων  
 ἔλθω, τύραννον Βιστόνων κατακτανών.  
 πράξας δ' ὃ μὴ τύχοιμι, νοστήσαιμι γάρ,  
 δίδωμι τήνδε σοῖσι προσπολεῖν δόμοις.  
 πολλῷ δὲ μόχθῳ χεῖρας ἤλθεν εἰς ἐμάς·  
 ἀγῶνα γὰρ πάνδημον εὐρίσκω τινὰς  
 τιθέντας, ἀθληταῖσιν ἄξιον πόνον,  
 ὅθεν κομίζω τήνδε νικητήρια  
 λαβών· τὰ μὲν γὰρ κοῦφα τοῖς νικῶσιν ἦν  
 1030 ἵππους ἄγεσθαι, τοῖσι δ' αὖ τὰ μείζονα  
 νικῶσι, πυγμὴν καὶ πάλην, βουφόρβια·  
 γυνὴ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς εἶπετ'· ἐντυχόντι δὲ  
 αἰσχροὺν παρῆναι κέρδος ἦν τόδ' εὐκλεές.  
 ἀλλ', ὥσπερ εἶπον, σοὶ μέλειν γυναῖκα χρή·  
 οὐ γὰρ κλοπαίαν, ἀλλὰ σὺν πόνῳ λαβών  
 ἤκω· χρόνῳ δὲ καὶ σύ μ' αἰνέσεις ἴσως.

## ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1040 οὗτοι σ' ἀτίζων οὐδ' ἐν ἐχθροῖσιν τιθεῖς  
 ἔκρυψ' ἐμῆς γυναικὸς ἀθλίους τύχας·  
 ἀλλ' ἄλγος ἄλγει τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν προσκείμενον,  
 εἴ του πρὸς ἄλλου δώμαθ' ὠρμήθης ξένου·  
 ἄλγος δὲ κλαίειν τοῦμὸν ἦν ἐμοὶ κακόν.  
 γυναῖκα δ', εἴ πως ἔστιν, αἰτοῦμαί σ', ἄναξ,  
 ἄλλον τιν' ὅστις μὴ πέπονθεν οἷ' ἐγὼ  
 σῶζειν ἄνωχθι Θεσσαλῶν· πολλοὶ δὲ σοὶ  
 ξένοι Φεραίων· μὴ μ' ἀναμνήσης κακῶν.



## ALCESTIS

I wreathed mine head, I spilled unto the Gods  
Drink-offerings in a stricken house, even thine  
I blame thee, thus mishandled, yea, I blame ;  
Yet nowise is my will to gall thy grief.

But wherefore hither turning back I come,  
This will I tell. Take, guard for me this maid, 1020  
Till, leading hitherward the Thracian mares,  
I come from slaughter of Bistonia's lord.  
But if I fall—no, no ! I *must* return !—  
I give her then, for service of thine halls.  
Prize of hard toil unto mine hands she came :  
For certain men I found but now arraying  
An athlete-strife, toil-worthy, for all comers,  
Whence I have won and bring this victor's meed.

Horses there were for them to take which won  
The light foot's triumph ; but for hero-strife, 1030  
Boxing and wrestling, oxen were the guerdon ;  
A woman made it richer. Shame it seemed  
To hap thereon, and ship this glorious gain.  
But, as I said, this woman be thy care ;  
For no thief's prize, but toil-achieved, I bring her  
Yea, one day thou perchance shalt say 'twas well

## ADMETUS

Not flouting thee, nor counting among foes,  
My wife's unhappy fate I hid from thee.  
But this had been but grief upplied on grief,  
Hadst thou sped hence to be another's guest ; 1040  
And mine own ills sufficed me to bewail.  
Yon maid—I pray thee, if it may be, prince,  
Bid some Thessalian ward her, who hath not  
Suffered as I : thou hast many friends in Phrae  
Oh, waken not remembrance of my grief !

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

- οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην τήνδ' ὀρώων ἐν δώμασιν  
 ἄδακρυς εἶναι· μὴ νοσοῦντί μοι νόσον  
 προσθῆς· ἄλλης γὰρ συμφορᾷ βαρύνομαι.  
 ποῦ καὶ τρέφοιτ' ἂν δωμάτων νέα γυνή;  
 1050 νέα γάρ, ὥς ἐσθῆτι καὶ κόσμῳ πρέπει.  
 πότερα μετ' ἀνδρῶν δῆτ' ἐνοικήσει στέγην;  
 καὶ πῶς ἀκραιφνῆς ἐν νέοις στρωφωμένη  
 ἔσται; τὸν ἡβῶνθ', Ἡράκλεις, οὐ ῥάδιον  
 εἶργειν· ἐγὼ δὲ σοῦ προμηθίαν ἔχω.  
 ἢ τῆς θανούσης θάλαμον εἰσβήσας τρέφω;  
 καὶ πῶς ἐπείσφρῳ τήνδε τῷ κείνης λέχει;  
 διπλὴν φοβοῦμαι μέμψιν, ἓκ τε δημοτῶν,  
 μή τίς μ' ἐλέγξῃ τὴν ἐμὴν εὐεργέτιν  
 προδόντ' ἐν ἄλλης δεμνίοις πίτνειν νέας,  
 1060 καὶ τῆς θανούσης· ἀξία δ' ἐμοὶ σέβειν·  
 πολλὴν πρόνοιαν δεῖ μ' ἔχειν. σὺ δ', ὦ γύναι,  
 ἥτις ποτ' εἰ σύ, ταῦτ' ἔχουσ' Ἀλκήστιδι  
 μορφῆς μέτρ' ἴσθι καὶ προσήϊξαι δέμας·  
 οἴμοι. κόμιζε πρὸς θεῶν ἐξ ὀμμάτων  
 γυναῖκα τήνδε, μή μ' ἔλῃς ἡρημένον.  
 δοκῶ γὰρ αὐτὴν εἰσορῶν γυναῖχ' ὀρᾶν  
 ἐμὴν· θολοῖ δὲ καρδίαν, ἓκ δ' ὀμμάτων  
 πηγαὶ κατερρώγασιν· ὦ τλήμων ἐγώ,  
 ὥς ἄρτι πένθους τοῦδε γεύομαι πικροῦ.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1070 ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἔχοιμ' ἂν εὖ λέγειν τύχην·  
 χρὴ δ', ὅστις εἴσι, καρτερεῖν θεοῦ δόσιν.

### ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ τοσαύτην δύναμιν εἶχον ὥστε σὴν  
 εἰς φῶς πορεῦσαι νερτέρων ἐκ δωμάτων  
 γυναῖκα καὶ σοι τήνδε πορσῦναι χάριν.

## ALCESTIS

I could not, seeing her mine halls within,  
Be tearless : add not hurt unto mine hurt ;  
Burdened enough am I by mine affliction.  
Nay, in mine house where should a young maid  
lodge?—

For vesture and adorning speak her young .— 1050  
What, 'neath the men's roof shall her lodging be ?  
And how unsullied, dwelling with young men ?  
Not easy is it, Hercules, to curb  
The young : herein do I take thought for thee  
Or shall I ope to her my dead wife's bower ?  
How '—cause her to usurp my lost love's bed ?  
Twofold reproach I dread—first, from my folk,  
Lest any say that, traitor to my saviour,  
I fall upon another woman's bed ;  
Then, from my dead wife—oh, she is reverence-  
worthy !— 1060

Of her must I be heedful. Woman, thou,  
Whoso thou art, know that thy body's stature  
Is as Alcestis, and thy form as hers  
Ah me '—lead, for the Gods' sake, from my sight  
This woman ! Take not my captivity captive.  
For, as I look on her, methinks I see  
My wife : she stirs mine heart with turmoil : fountains  
Of tears burst from mine eyes. O wretched I !  
Now first I taste this grief's full bitterness.

### CHORUS

In sooth thy fortune can I not commend : 1070  
Yet all Heaven's visitations must we bear.

### HERCULES

O that such might I had as back to bring  
To light thy wife from nethergloom abodes,  
And to bestow this kindness upon thee !

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σάφ' οἶδα βούλεσθαί σ' ἄν. ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε,  
οὐκ ἔστι τοὺς θανόντας εἰς φάος μολεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μή νυν ὑπέρβαλλ', ἀλλ' ἐναισίμως φέρε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ῥᾶον παραινεῖν ἢ παθόντα καρτερεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί δ' ἂν προκόπτοις, εἰ θέλοις ἀεὶ στένειν ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1080

ἔγνωκα καὺτός, ἀλλ' ἔρωσ τις ἐξάγει.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τὸ γὰρ φιλήσαι τὸν θανόντ' ἄγει δάκρυ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀπώλεσέν με, κάτι μᾶλλον ἢ λέγω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς ἤμπλακες· τίς ἀντερεῖ ,

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥστ' ἄνδρα τόνδε μηκέθ' ἥδεσθαι βίω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

χρόνος μαλάξει, νῦν δ' ἔθ' ἡβᾷ σοι κακόν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρόνον λέγοις ἄν, εἰ χρόνος τὸ κατθανεῖν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

γυνή σε παύσει καὶ νέου γάμου πόθοι.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σίγησον· οἶον εἶπας. οὐκ ἂν ῥόμην.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τί δ' ; οὐ γαμεῖς γάρ, ἀλλὰ χηρεύσει λέχος ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1090

οὐκ ἔστιν ἥτις τῷδε συγκλιθήσεται.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Fain would'st thou, well I know. But wherefore this?  
It cannot be the dead to light should come

HERCULES

O'ershoot not thou the mark; bear bravely all.

ADMETUS

Easier to exhort than suffer and be strong.

HERCULES

But what thy profit, though for aye thou moan?

ADMETUS

I too know this; yet love drives me distraught. 1090

HERCULES

Love for the lost—ay, that draws forth the tear

ADMETUS

She hath undone me more than words can tell.

HERCULES

A good wife hast thou lost, who shall gainsay?

ADMETUS

So that thy friend hath no more joy in life.

HERCULES

Time shall bring healing; now is thy grief young

ADMETUS

Time—time?—O yea, if this thy Time be Death!

HERCULES

A young wife, new love-yearning, shall console thee.

ADMETUS

Hush!—what say'st thou?—I could not think there-  
on!

HERCULES

How?—wilt not wed, but widowed keep thy couch?

ADMETUS

Lives not the woman that shall couch with me. 1090

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

μῶν τὴν θανοῦσαν ὠφελεῖν τι προσδοκᾷς ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

κείνην ὅπου περ ἔστι τιμᾶσθαι χρεών.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αἰνῶ μὲν αἰνῶ· μωρίαν δ' ὀφλισκάνεις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὥς μή ποτ' ἄνδρα τόνδε νυμφίον καλῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἐπῆνεσ' ἀλόχῳ πιστὸς οὔνεκ' εἰ φίλος.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θάνοιμ' ἐκείνην καί περ οὐκ οὔσαν προδούς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

δέχου νυν εἴσω τήνδε γενναίων δόμων.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μή, πρὸς σε τοῦ σπείραντος ἄντομαι Διός.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

καὶ μὴν ἁμαρτήσῃ γε μὴ δράσας τάδε.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1100 καὶ δρῶν γε λύπη καρδίαν δηχθήσομαι.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πιθοῦ· τάχ' ἂν γὰρ εἰς δέον πέσοι χάρις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἐξ ἀγῶνος τήνδε μὴ ἴλαβές ποτε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

νικῶντι μέντοι καὶ σὺ συννικᾷς ἐμοί.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας· ἢ γυνὴ δ' ἀπελθέτω.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἄπεισιν, εἰ χρή· πρῶτα δ' εἰ χρεὼν ἄθρει.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Look'st thou that this shall profit aught the dead ?

ADMETUS

I needs must honour her where'er she be.

HERCULES

Good—good—yet this the world calls foolishness.

ADMETUS

So be it, so thou call me bridegroom never

HERCULES

I praise thee, in that leal thou art to her

ADMETUS

I ?—false to her, though dead ?—may I die first !

HERCULES

Receive this woman then these halls within.

ADMETUS

Nay !—I implore thee by thy father Zeus !

HERCULES

Yet shalt thou err if thou do not this thing.

ADMETUS

Yet shall mine heart be tortured, if I do it. 1100

HERCULES

Yield thou · this grace may prove perchance a duty.

ADMETUS

O that in strife thou ne'er hadst won this maid !

HERCULES

Yet thy friend's victory is surely thine.

ADMETUS

Well said · yet let the woman hence depart.

HERCULES

Yea—if need be First look well—need it be ?

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

χρή, σοῦ γε μὴ μέλλοντος ὀργαίνειν ἐμοί.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰδώς τι κἀγὼ τήνδ' ἔχω προθυμίαν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

νίκα νυν. οὐ μὴν ἀνδάνοντά μοι ποιεῖς.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἔσθ' ὅθ' ἡμᾶς αἰνέσεις· πιθοῦ μόνον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

1110 κομίζετ', εἰ χρή τήνδε δέξασθαι δόμοις.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἂν μεθείην τὴν γυναῖκα προσπόλοις.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

σὺ δ' αὐτὸς αὐτὴν εἴσαγ', εἰ βούλει, δόμους.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

εἰς σὰς μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε θήσομαι χέρας.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

οὐκ ἂν θίγοιμι· δώματ' εἰσελθεῖν πάρα.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τῇ σῇ πέποιθα χειρὶ δεξιᾷ μόνη.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἄναξ, βιάζει μ' οὐ θέλοντα δρᾶν τάδε.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τόλμα προτείνει χεῖρα καὶ θιγεῖν ξένης.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

καὶ δὴ προτείνω, Γοργόν' ὥς καρατομῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις ;

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἔχω.



## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

Needs must—save thou wilt else be wroth with me.

HERCULES

I too know what I do, insisting thus.

ADMETUS

Have then thy will : thy pleasure is my pain.

HERCULES

Yet one day shalt thou praise me : only yield.

ADMETUS (*to attendants*)

Lead ye her, if mine halls must needs receive. 1110

HERCULES

Nay, to no servants' hands will I commit her.

ADMETUS

Thou lead her in then, if it seems thee good

HERCULES

Nay, but in thine hands will I place her—thine.

ADMETUS

I will not touch her ! Open stand my doors.

HERCULES

Unto thy right hand only trust I her.

ADMETUS

King, thou dost force me, sore against my will !

HERCULES

Be strong : stretch forth thine hand and touch thy  
guest.

ADMETUS (*turning his face away*)

I do, as one who doth behead a Gorgon.

HERCULES

Hast her ?

ADMETUS

I have.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1120

ναί, σῶζέ νυν, καὶ τὸν Διὸς  
φήσεις ποτ' εἶναι παῖδα γενναῖον ξένον.  
βλέψον πρὸς αὐτήν, εἴ τι σῇ δοκεῖ πρέπειν  
γυναικί· λύπης δ' εὐτυχῶν μεθίστασο.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, τί λέξω ; θαῦμ' ἀνέλπιστον τόδε  
γυνᾶϊκα λεύσσω τὴν ἐμὴν ἐτητύμως,  
ἢ κέρτομός με θεοῦ τις ἐκπλήσσει χαρά ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ τήνδ' ὄρα's δάμαρτα σήν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὄρα γε μή τι φάσμα νερτέρων τόδ' ἦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐ ψυχαγωγὸν τόνδ' ἐποιήσω ξένον.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' ἦν ἔθαπτον εἰσορῶ δάμαρτ' ἐμήν ,

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1130

σάφ' ἴσθ'. ἀπιστεῖν δ' οὐ σε θαυμάζω τύχην.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

θίγω, προσείπω ζῶσαν ὥς δάμαρτ' ἐμήν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

πρόσειπ'. ἔχεις γὰρ πᾶν ὅσονπερ ἤθελες.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ φιλτάτης γυναικὸς ὄμμα καὶ δέμας,  
ἔχω σ' ἀέλπτως, οὐποτ' ὄψεσθαι δοκῶν.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

ἔχεις· φθόνος δὲ μὴ γένοιτό τις θεῶν.

## ALCESTIS

HERCULES

Yea, guard her    Thou shalt call  
The child of Zeus one day a noble guest. 1120

[*Raises the veil, and discloses* ALCESTIS.]

Look on her, if in aught she seems to thee  
Like to thy wife.    Step forth from grief to bliss

ADMETUS

What shall I say?—Gods!    Marvel this unhopèd for!  
My wife do I behold in very sooth,  
Or doth some god-sent mockery-joy distract me?

HERCULES

Not so; but this thou seest is thy wife.

ADMETUS

What if this be some phantom from the shades?

HERCULES

No ghost-upraiser hast thou ta'en for guest

ADMETUS

How?—whom I buried do I see—my wife?

HERCULES

Doubt not: yet might'st thou well mistrust thy  
fortune. 1130

ADMETUS

As wife, as living, may I touch, address her?

HERCULES

Speak to her: all thou didst desire thou hast.

ADMETUS

Oh dearest!—wife!—sweet face!—belovèd form!  
Past hope I have thee!    Never I thought to see  
thee!

HERCULES

Thou hast: may no God of thy bliss be jealous.

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ὦ τοῦ μεγίστου Ζηνὸς εὐγενὲς τέκνον,  
εὐδαιμονοίης, καὶ σ' ὁ φυτύσας πατὴρ  
σῶζοι· σὺ γὰρ δὴ τᾶμ' ἀνώρθωσας μόνος.  
πῶς τήνδ' ἔπεμψας νέρθεν εἰς φάος τόδε ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

1140 μάχην συνάψας δαιμόνων τῷ κυρίῳ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ποῦ τόνδε Θανάτῳ φῆς ἀγῶνα συμβαλεῖν ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

τύμβον παρ' αὐτὸν ἐκ λόχου μάρψας χεροῖν.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

τί γάρ ποθ' ἦδ' ἀναυδος ἔστηκεν γυνή ;

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

οὐπω θέμις σοι τῆσδε προσφωνημάτων  
κλύειν, πρὶν ἂν θεοῖσι τοῖσι νερτέροις  
ἀφαγνίσηται καὶ τρίτον μόλῃ φάος.  
ἀλλ' εἴσαγ' εἴσω τήνδε· καὶ δίκαιος ὦν  
τὸ λοιπόν, Ἄδμητ', εὐσέβει περὶ ξένους.  
καὶ χαῖρ'· ἐγὼ δὲ τὸν προκείμενον πόνον  
1150 Σθενέλου τυράννῳ παιδί πορσυνῶ μολών.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

μείνον παρ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνέστιος γενοῦ.

ΗΡΑΚΛΗΣ

αὐθις τόδ' ἔσται, νῦν δ' ἐπείγεσθαί με δεῖ.

ΑΔΜΗΤΟΣ

ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης, νόστιμον δ' ἔλθοις ὁδόν  
ἀστοῖς δὲ πάσῃ τ' ἐννέπω τετραρχίᾳ,  
χοροὺς ἐπ' ἐσθλαῖς συμφοραῖσιν ιστάναι  
βωμούς τε κισᾶν βουθύτοις προστροπαῖς.

## ALCESTIS

ADMETUS

O scion nobly-born of Zeus most high,  
Blessings on thee ! The Father who begat thee  
Keep thee ! Thou only hast restored my fortunes.  
How didst thou bring her from the shades to light ?

HERCULES

I closed in conflict with the Lord of Spirits. 1140

ADMETUS

Where, say'st thou, didst thou fight this fight with  
Death ?

HERCULES

From ambush by the tomb mine hands ensnared him.

ADMETUS

Now wherefore speechless standeth thus my wife ?

HERCULES

'Tis not vouchsafed thee yet to hear her voice,  
Ere to the Powers beneath the earth she be  
Unconsecrated, and the third day come  
But lead her in, and, just man as thou art,  
Henceforth, Admetus, reverence still the guest.  
Farewell. But I must go, and work the work  
Set by the king, the son of Sthenelus. 1150

ADMETUS

Abide with us, a sharer of our hearth.

HERCULES

Hereafter this : now must I hasten on.

ADMETUS

O prosper thou, and come again in peace !

[*Exit* HERCULES

Through all my realm I publish to my folk  
That, for these blessings, dances they array,  
And that atonement-fumes from altars rise

## ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ

νῦν γὰρ μεθ'ηρμόσμεσθα βελτίῳ βίῳ  
τοῦ πρόσθεν· οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχῶν ἀρνήσομαι.

### ΧΟΡΟΣ

1160

πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,  
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί·  
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,  
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον ἡῦρε θεός.  
οἷόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.

## ALCESTIS

For now to happier days than those o'erpast  
Have we attained. I own me blest indeed.

### CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they  
reveal them :

Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-  
plishment bring.

1160

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign  
not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undiscernèd of our eyes, the Gods  
unseal them

So fell this marvellous thing.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

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